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DIARY OF AN M. P.

Feb. 19—12 *o'clock.*—The new House of Commons opened for the first time for the reception of Members. As compared with the old, ugly place, (which Mr Philip Howard, in a flight of school-boy rhetoric, strangely compared with the Roman Forum,) it is a beautiful and commodious room. Many mistakes, however, have been made; which, it is to be hoped, will be a warning to the architect of the permanent House. Among the most serious of these, was the leaving a large space behind the Speaker's chair, for a gossip-shop. This was done, I suspect, under the command of the Speaker, Sir Charles Manners Sutton. In fact, all the bad points in the new house, arise from a servile imitation of the old one. However, this day is too important to allow me to waste time in criticising walls, and seats, and floors. Men, and not things, are the topics of this day.

I never saw so large an assemblage of Members: every seat, in every part of the House, taken; while the most anxious and animated conversation was going on, among the numerous groups formed on the floor. The Reformers are confident of success, (more sanguine, most of them, than I am,) and bets to a large amount are being taken among the legislators! An Englishman will bet on the life of his father. Lord Stanley is here, looking ill and sour. The other Whigs are grown curiously civil. We Radicals are, to use a mercantile phrase, *looking up.* The truth is, that, deprived of our support, the Whigs would be utterly insignificant. They look to riding into place on our backs; and will then be as insolent as ever. They are not in yet; and I sincerely hope that they may be kept out long enough to be deeply pledged to a liberal course of conduct. I much fear them, however. Talk about having no confidence in the Tories! If the truth were to be spoken, I have very little more in the Whigs. Now, indeed, their case is becoming desperate. During the flush of victory after the Reform Bill, they rode a high horse, and looked on us and the people *de haut en bas.* Two years served to destroy, utterly to ruin, the prestige in their favour; and now the people hold them "good cheap." This adversity will be of essential use to them, and the people. Before they can win back a tithe of their former popularity, many popular acts must have been performed—a good municipal reform—no half-and-half measure, but a large and liberal one—must have been brought forward and obtained. That Augean stable, the Irish Church, must have been cleansed; and so also the English one. We must have triennial parliaments; and, above all things, we must have the ballot, spite of Lord John Russell and his nonsense.

2 *o'clock.*—Three admonitory raps tell us that the Usher of the Black Rod is at the door. In he comes, in his sky-blue coat; and gives us to understand that the Lords' Commissioners are waiting for us. Having delivered his message, he backs down the House—we admiring the feat. By the time he reaches the door, a general laugh has arisen, and a shout follows his exit. I remarked that, among many of the Members, the soubriquet of the Usher is, Sir Augustus Humbug. The Ministers followed Mr Ley to the Lords; but the Members generally remained, lest they should lose their places. In a few minutes, Mr Ley and his train returned; and, the moment he took his seat, Lord Francis Egerton, who sat on the ministerial bench, rose, with a large book in his hand, which turned out to be a report of speeches. A dead silence immediately; and Lord Francis commenced the first debate in the new House. This young Lord belongs to the Lord Morpeth class—solemn, and pompous, and empty. His speech was much, in sound—nothing, in idea. In proposing Sir Charles Manners Sutton for the Speaker, the first argument he adduced was the necessity we were under of having an experienced person to preside over our debates, from having changed our place of meeting; to use his own phrase, "from our new locality." What, in the name of commonsense, could have been floating in the young gentleman's brain? About twenty yards from where we were then sitting, was the site of the old House. The arrangements of that House had been too scrupulously followed in the new; and, whether in the one room or the other, could make no difference as to any from our custom. Let us try by example, and begin by a very important matter indeed. Was the locality likely to affect the shape, size, and colour of the Speaker's wig? or of his tucker, or of his sword, or of his inexpressibles? Was not the table on which the

noble orator was leaning, of exactly the size of the old one? Was not this proved most satisfactorily, by the appearance of the old oil cloth covering used in the former House, and saved providentially, as the Speaker would have said, from "the devastations committed by the flames." To descend from these high considerations, I would ask, Are our rules of debate likely to be changed, because we have gone across the long gallery? or the rules of our proceedings generally to be affected thereby? In short, I should like to know what single additional difficulty is thrown upon a new Speaker, by the change from one House to the other? This was a bad commencement, an unfortunate *locus*, to use a logical term, for the young Lord's rhetoric. The rest of the harangue had nothing remarkable in it. The whole affair had been greatly laboured:—an amazing pomposity of phrase—much roundabout speech—a strained and exaggerated manner employed respecting trifles—a painful absence of all simplicity, as well as manliness of thought and expression:—these were the things that rendered this oratorical effort a dull business at best. Added to these many defects, was another, and a very common one amongst this class of House of Commons speakers—a disagreeable sing-song, a sort of chaunt, more grating than a charity-boy's singing.

To the noble Lord succeeded Sir Charles Burrell; the very beau ideal of an ignorant, imperious, narrow-minded, bigoted, old country gentleman; a very offensive specimen of a very offensive class. With all these drawbacks, his speech had one superlative excellence—it did not last five minutes.

To the proposer and seconder of Sir Charles Manners Sutton succeeded the proposer and seconder of Mr Abercromby—Mr Dennison of Surrey, and Mr Ord of Newcastle. The speech of the former needs no particular remark. It was not much to the purpose; it was not well delivered. In it, however, all unwise topics were judiciously avoided—shewing that Mr Dennison very properly adhered to his instructions. To any greater praise he could lay no claim.*

The speech of Mr Ord was of a very different character. Briefly, pithily, and honestly, he stated the case of the Whigs. He did not justify the putting Sir Charles Manners Sutton into the chair of the last Parliament; but, at the same time, he stated the only circumstances which could, in any way, rescue the Whigs from the charge of inconsistency. This was done without asperity. All was in good taste, and much to the purpose.

Sir Charles Manners Sutton himself followed. The appearance of the right honourable gentleman was, by no means, so striking in the plain dress of every-day life, as when he was habited in his long-flowing wig and gown, the tight breeches, and silk stockings of the Speaker. People are always talking of his dignity, his grace, his ease, his insinuating and polished manners. It was evident, to-day, that all these excellences were in the wig and dress of Speaker. In place of grace, ease, and dignity, there was much stiffness—a clumsy, awkward manner—a wooden, stolid fixity in his whole body. He stuck his arms a-kimbo; putting his thumbs into his breeches pockets; lolling his head sometimes towards one shoulder, sometimes towards the other. His brown George-the-Fourth wig was a bad substitute for the long flowing one of the Speaker—added to which, his ominous squint was now portentously remarkable. The House was now all attention. A most lachrymose appeal then commenced. Nobody, unfortunately, in the House had attacked him. The question had been carefully guarded against all personal appeals, by being placed solely on public grounds. But still Sir Charles would talk about himself, his character, his honour. If any Member had been so indiscreet as to make a personal attack—to have charged him with meddling in the making and dissolving of Ministers—we should have heard much contempt of newspaper attacks, and declarations of a determination to notice nothing but what was said in that House. As, however, no such convenient handle was afforded, the right honourable gentleman came down from the high stilts of his dignity, and condescended to remark on newspaper charges. His honour, as a gentleman, was at stake. And how, in heaven's name, did he clear himself? One of the charges brought against him was, that, being Speaker of the House of Commons, he busied himself in the formation of a Ministry, the existence of which necessarily led to the dissolution of the House. His answer to this was a curious specimen of blunder and assurance mixed together. In most pompous, solemn, and sonorous phrase, he asserted, on the honour of a gentleman, that he had nothing to do with—had taken no part in the formation of a new Ministry; because he had advised respecting none of the appointments, *excepting those of his noble friend the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Wellington, and the right honourable member for Tamworth.* In the name of commonsense, we ask, Did he suppose the charge meant that he was with Sir Robert Peel, and counselling respecting the selection of every underling and supernumerary? The very spirit and power of the Ministry, its character, and what strength it has, are wholly derived from the three persons, as to the choice of whom he himself allows he did give counsel. He then triumphantly asserts that he has answered this charge. So I say he has answered it—and his answer proves its truth. He did busy himself in the formation of a Ministry, the existence of which necessarily led to the dissolution of that House of which he was the organ and the servant. After this, his long-winded and balanced sentences failed in their effect. His "on the one hand,

* This Mr Dennison is another country gentleman; and filled, I suspect, with much self-importance. The pitiful desire of having a large number of plumpers, to shew his own great power, kept out the Liberal candidate, Mr Long. One word from Mr Dennison would have secured two Liberals for Surrey; and that word he would not utter. Out upon such vulgar vanity!

and on the other," his empty, hollow, and almost unmeaning speech, was sound, and nothing more; and, when he sat down, he must have felt that his apology had appeared anything rather than an exculpation.

Mr Abercromby followed, and properly confined himself to mere formal expressions. What little he said was characterised by his usual good taste and good sense.

But the grand exhibition of the evening was Lord Stanley's. The noble Lord's petulance, conceit, and snarling manner, appeared in excellent relief, following immediately upon Mr Abercromby's calm and regulated deportment. This young gentleman, as I have long since said, has been prodigiously over-rated. While speaking under the battery of three hundred loud-tongued cheerers of the Ministerial benches, his oratory might be sometimes effective; but now, when depending solely on his own powers and worth, his weakness is palpably manifest. On this occasion, not only was he weak, but also malignant. It is evident that he craves after power; and his wish is to damage his former friends, in the hope of being the King's next choice. God help those who may join him! At present, followers has he none. As I heard an Irish Member say of him—"They talk of Stanley's tail; but it is cut." His evident labouring to disparage Mr Abercromby, told much against him; and I now find his former associates very ready to acknowledge his defects as a Minister. Everybody is beginning to see that he has not intelligence, talent, or prudence, sufficient to make a statesman. His reputation is a hot-bed plant, and is dying under the chilling atmosphere of opposition. He is gone, body and spirit, over to the Tories. He may call himself what he pleases—the world sees that he is an enemy to liberal measures. He hates the ballot; he is for maintaining all the disabilities of the Dissenters; and wishes to maintain an overgrown church establishment. In these times, this is the creed of the Tories.

Lord John Russell answered Stanley; and that, too, far more effectively than I had expected. Lord John is now the leader of the Whig opposition; and, as the Whigs are nothing in themselves, will, I suppose, be mightily liberal, in order to please the Radicals. For myself, I cannot but regard all this with great suspicion. This sudden friendship for us, this overdone civility, and newly-born liberality, may please and impose upon the public; but I think, being somewhat behind the scenes, that it is a poor kind of imposition. Let them again be seated in office, and the old insolence and illiberality will not be long absent. However, for the nonce, Lord John must do as a leader; and his liberal professions must be accepted. The Radical leaders have much responsibility upon them, however. If they allow the Whigs to creep back to office without some exceedingly definite pledges as to their future conduct, they will forfeit, and deservedly, the confidence of their party and the country.

Sir Robert Peel's speech was a remarkable failure. In the last parliament, he was accustomed to choose his time and his subject; and, above all things, he spoke to a favourable audience. The Whigs, to their shame be it spoken, were always careful to gain him not merely a patient, but a flattering hearing. They played him off against the Radicals, and have reaped their reward. Day by day, in consequence of this Whig manœuvre, he gained power and influence in the House; and the result has been, that he has ousted the Whigs. This rendering them indignant, they now join the Radicals; and, with them, receive with coldness or contempt the shallow sophistries of the artful Baronet. Against this freezing opposition, he could make no head. The House neglected him; a general buzz was going on during his whole speech; and, towards the close, very evident symptoms of impatience were evinced; "Question!" "Question!" and "Divide!" "Divide!" very significantly notifying to him that, though premier, he was not leader of the House. One incident was curious: he attempted once to bluster, and bully the House; but the sudden and marked "hear, hear," that followed the outbreak of his passion, immediately checked him, and brought from him a very humble apology. The hint was a useful one, and will doubtless be hereafter attended to.

Vociferous were the clamours for a division, when Sir Robert sat down. It was remarked that none of these calls for a division came from the Tory side of the House; and it was augured from thence, that they were not confident of success. There are certain bores, dull stupid fellows, upon whom it is impossible to make any impression whatever, and who are sure to wish to address the House, when everybody else wishes for a division. Mr Robinson, as usual, played the part of bore to perfection. A more empty and conceited coxcomb than this Mr Robinson, the House does not contain. Without an idea, he goes talking on, to the evident satisfaction of himself, and the annoyance of every one else. In the first five minutes, everything in his mind on the matter in hand, is really said by him; and, if he were blessed with a particle of discretion, he would immediately thereupon sit down: in place of such prudent proceedings, he, being as it were determined to exhibit his nakedness, talks on, and repeats the nonsense he had before uttered. I have known him thus repeat his rubbish four times over. Mr Robinson thus makes a long speech; and, as "to the lowest depth, a lower still succeeds"—that is, as there, unhappily, are greater fools even than Mr Robinson, some are found who fancy him a very clever fellow. We succeeded, nevertheless, in spite of his bore pertinacity, in quickly silencing him, this evening.

One curious incident, marking the character of Sir Charles M. Sutton, ought not to be forgotten. Poor Mr Ferguson of Raith had the misfortune, it seems, of being a friend of the late Speaker; and was, like the rest, canvassed at an early day. Unwisely, in the belief that Mr Aber-

cromby would not be proposed, Mr Ferguson promised not to vote against Sir Charles Sutton. Finding, however, that he had been mistaken, and also, (which, indeed, was the material point,) that his constituents insisted on his voting for Mr Abercromby, he asked Sir Charles to relieve him. Sir Charles, in substance, refused! How strong must have been his lust for office, when he could treat an honourable friend after this shabby fashion! Let Members, for the future, be careful how they promise respecting their votes. They would do well, also, to acquire a precise knowledge of their duties as representatives. Had Mr Ferguson possessed such knowledge, he would have felt that his first great duty was that to his country and his constituents. He had taken upon himself a trust, to use it for the interests of his country. To this great interest, all others ought to be made to yield. Private friendships cannot justify public derelictions. He had made an unwise promise: the punishment should have fallen upon the person in fault, viz. himself, and not upon his innocent constituents—not upon his country. What would that country have said, if Sir Charles Sutton had been elected by a majority of one? How would Mr Ferguson then have answered for his conduct, to his constituents, and to himself? To gratify his private feelings, he sacrificed his public duty, and put in jeopardy the dearest privileges of his country. I believe Mr Ferguson to be an honest, worthy representative, led into error. May he take warning, and never suffer himself again to be cajoled!

The counting of the House was a nervous affair. My heart sank when I heard 306 counted on the Tory side; and one of the friends of Mr Abercromby, who had taken much pains to ascertain the strength of parties, and who had been exceedingly sanguine up to that moment, exclaimed to me, "We are beaten, by G—!" As the tellers came to the last bench on our side, a deathlike stillness pervaded the House: all faces were white; Sir Robert Peel looked haggard and downcast; men held their breath to hear more distinctly the voices of the tellers—298, 299, 300. When they had reached this point, necks were stretched forward to estimate the distance that remained, and thereby to form a notion of the number that could sit on the yet uncounted portion of the bench. The counting went rapidily on—301, 2, 3, 4, 5. The anxiety became intense, as very few could see what was going, and could only hear the voice of the tellers. When 306 was counted, and immediately followed by 307, there was a sort of suppressed shout, which was silenced immediately by a universal "*hush*." The victory was gained, and men now sought to know the extent of the triumph. 316 ended the tale. When it was announced, O'Connell, who had, during the whole debate, suppressed himself with great difficulty, jumped upon his feet and gave one loud HURRAH! The House followed this lead; and a loud cheer proclaimed the defeat of the Tories; and, in less than a minute, we heard the cheers of the people outside, who, during the stormy evening, in spite of rain and wind, had been anxiously waiting the result. The Whigs had previously determined to keep down all expression of triumph in the House; and the first act of authority, on the part of Mr Abercromby, was to raise his hand, in taking the chair, and to put down the exulting cries of his friends. This was in good taste. The question, in spite of all declarations that it was a public question, (declarations true, indeed,) was still a personal one also. It was impossible not to feel that Sir Charles Sutton was in a painful position, one exceedingly grating to his personal vanity. A Reformed House of Commons had consented (however unwisely) to try him, on the recommendation of the Ministry; and the result of that trial was, that they dismissed him on the first opportunity. His successful rival felt for his position; and handsomely checked all expression of exultation, necessarily so wounding to his personal feelings.

Feb. 24.—The fine weather, and the expectation of seeing the King's fine equipage, have brought immense crowds round the House of Parliament to-day. There was also a large muster of Honourable Members; and the crush into the House of Lords, in obedience to the summons by the Black Rod, surpassed any that I ever experienced into the pit of the Opera, to see Sontag, or into Drury Lane, to see Kean. Once I seriously thought that I should be stifled. However, I got safely in, whole in body, though sorely disordered in my habiliments.

Breathless was the attention with which we listened to the Speech. It was expected, and, indeed, asserted by the Tories, that we were to hear a *chef d'œuvre*—an exquisite specimen of political craft. For myself, I must own, that, knowing the sort of power possessed by Sir Robert Peel—his dexterity in shifting, and putting a gloss upon all deeds, whether bad or good—I did believe that a very artful, skilful piece of deception would have been attempted. No such thing. The Speech promised nothing, held out no hopes, and did not even pretend to liberality. This certainly shewed want of dexterity somewhere. The people are, according to Tory tactics, to be bamboozled, and their representatives to be furnished with plausible pretences for roguery. The Speech afforded none of these. So much the better.

Their Lordships are amazingly shorn of their beams. Their now insignificant House is a type of their political condition. Bright colours and much shew, in an awkward, small, uncomfortable room—in my opinion, however, quite good enough. The whole body being useless, or something worse, it matters little into what place you cram them.

The evening's debate was distinguished only by Sir R. Peel's speech, in which he made ample amends for his want of art exhibited in his Majesty's speech. A more dexterous, shifting, plausible piece of roguery, the House never witnessed. But, fortunately, the art was only efficient within the walls of the House. Out of doors, the effect

was lost; because the force of the attempt lay in the manner, and not the matter. The bald report—unaccompanied by the glozing manner, the apparent candour, the sarcasm of tone, and voice, and gesture—would fall dead upon the reader; while the hearer, and particularly one wishing for an excuse, would find it of irresistible efficiency.

Feb. 25.—A dull, prosy, stupid debate. Lord John Russell made an effective answer to Sir Robert Peel. His Lordship appears to more advantage in his old place of Opposition than as a Minister. 'Tis a sad thing, nevertheless, that the Opposition has no more able hand. What with roguery and imbecility, the cause of the people has little chance of success. What but both of these qualities could have framed such an amendment as was concocted by the Whigs on this occasion? And to this the Radicals submitted! Of what stuff are men made, to put up with such things? Here is a body—a small body, viz., the Whigs—upon the strength of their being members of an ousted Ministry, giving the law to the large body of the Opposition—this Opposition being mostly Radical: and the leaders of that Radical body acquiesce, and consent to be dragged with their friends through the mire! If their friends submit to this any longer, they deserve to be bespattered, and rendered dirty and foul for the rest of their lives. Of all things in the world, a body of Liberals in a representative assembly, chose, as the ground of complaint, that an appeal has been made to the people. This is no just cause of complaint; and the talk about Sir R. Peel's dismissing the late Parliament without meeting them, is mere rubbish. He knew that the old Parliament would have put him into a minority; he knew that thereby a strong excitement would have been got up against him; and he was justified in choosing to avoid the danger. But the Whigs wished to oust the Tories; they desired to frame an amendment that would ensure a majority. They dreaded a minority, and, therefore, sacrificed the interests of the country to the chance of getting in. But, as tacticians, they are unwise. Sir R. Peel will not resign on any side-wind motion. He will stay until a downright vote tells him he cannot remain. There are two resolutions that will do this: one, stopping the supplies—the other, declaring that the House of Commons have no confidence in his Administration. The Whigs did not dare to propose either one or the other. Lord Howick frightened them into milk-and-water ways. Now, the sooner this crabbed ill-conditioned person shifts his position, the better for the public. He says he wishes the Tories to remain in. Let him, then, range himself with the Tories. We do not want him. He has no power, either in numbers of votes or in his own strength of intellect. He is a weak and petulant person, with an amazing quantity of pride, and no small portion of assurance. Let him join the *section*—let him go and be the humble servant of Lord Stanley, who turned him out of the Colonial Office. Then, moreover, there is Lord Dudley Stuart, whom the Whigs run after; and, running after his one vote, endanger the safety of a hundred others. These men do not count votes, but estimate them. Now, the vote of Lord D. Stuart counts for one, and no more. He has no *tail*, though Lord Stanley pretends to one. In this manner, the country is allowed to become apathetic—to be careless who is in, as the effect to them in both cases is likely to be the same. If things are to continue on in this manner, no honest man can remain in Parliament and be of the Whig Opposition. If he have not strength of mind sufficient to enable him to stand aloof, he had better retire at once, and not damn himself, to please the cowards who now direct the affairs of the Opposition.

The conduct of the Whigs, too, on this occasion, as a mere matter of courtesy, was of a strange complexion. The amendment, to be carried, must command the votes of the Radicals: it ought, then, in common courtesy, to have been shewn to them—they ought to have been consulted. But no such course was pursued. The Radicals were told, on the first night of the debate, the amendment determined on by the Whigs; and were expected thereupon, without remonstrance, to vote for it. Besides, it appeared that certain of those calling themselves Radicals, though God only knows how they got the name, ran about like a hen in the agony of egg-laying, and went cackling about prudence. Two of these worthies, of super-sublimated discretion, whose whole political life is passed in confidential whispering to each other, were specially active on the occasion, and, by their amazing prudence and profound policy, nearly succeeded in setting the whole Opposition together by the ears. Now, I do protest against listening to such silly fools as these men. Let the poor creatures talk to one another, and obliquely regard both themselves and the world; let them prate about prudence, and, in their own conceit, erect themselves into judges of every one; but do not, in the name of commonsense, let others give a sanction to this impudent folly. In good sooth, these two wiseacres took upon themselves to represent all the intelligence and respectability of the English Liberals, and went about preaching against the Irish Members, and actually represented to the Whigs the necessity of doing nothing that should make it appear that a good understanding existed between the English and the Irish. Whereupon the Whigs acted on the spirit of this advice; and when I complained to one of them that the Irish Church was not sufficiently prominent in the amendment, he actually gave me the sapient advice of these prudence-mongers as the reason of the omission, saying, "We avoided speaking of the Irish Church more strongly, in order to please the English Radicals." A greater piece of impudence than this assumption, by these persons, I never heard of. They the chosen of the English Radicals! Heaven help the Radicals, if they be so! Such trimming, trembling waverers as these, have ever endeavoured to thwart every

noble and bold proceeding. They obtain their consequence by preaching doubts and fears; and keep themselves up to the level of their fellows, by damping all ardour and chilling every warm impulse. They were, unfortunately, listened to by one side and the other on this occasion, and, as I said, had nearly produced a rupture. These weak and miserable politicians must be exposed and laughed to scorn, so that they shrink into that nothingness which is really their own.*

Feb. 26. Again they resumed the adjourned debate. Two speeches only deserved notice—O'Connell's and Mr Gisborne's. The first was a partial failure. The early part consisted of jokes down to the level of the House of Commons; and O'Connell succeeded in fastening a joke upon Stanley and his tail. The Derby dilly is now usually employed to designate his little set; and the contemptuous nature of the appellation suits well men's notions of the thing signified. The conduct of Lord Stanley is pitiful—a poor, paltry scheme to get into power. He courts place; and sees that the people so mistrust him that he cannot form part of a liberal ministry. He, therefore, leans to the Tories. Yet, as he fears to make them too strong, and, by thus merging into their body, to lose his individual importance, he stands aloof and gets a tail; and, because the House is nearly divided, is able to occupy a prominent position. A set of knaves and silly weak people, whose sole hope of importance rests upon this state of affairs continuing, have joined him; and, for the moment, some people think him a great man. This bladder will soon burst; and Stanley and Graham will sink to rise no more. This constellation of the Gemini, as they are called, appears somewhat ludicrous. They come into the House together—they sit together—they talk together. When one speaks, the other applauds. "Two cherries on one stalk." "Pity they are not more of a size," said a north-country Member to me the other day: "they don't make a good pair." In truth, they are not well matched. The dandy baronet talks in an affected tone, smiles, to shew his white teeth, and is, altogether, what vulgar women are apt to call "a lump of affectation." The other twin, Lord Stanley, is cross, looks cross, snarls, and always puts one in mind of a cur ready to bite: he snaps at everything, and will, by and by, I suspect, snap at and bite his own tail, when all other things and persons happen to be out of the reach of his fury.

Mr Gisborne's speech told well, was happily expressed, and well delivered. He closed it by an allusion that marred its effect in an assembly of pseudo-liberals. I mean the allusion to Messrs Warburton and Grote forming part of a Ministry. That they would make excellent Ministers, I myself have no doubt; but they are not the men to work their way into the Cabinet against the host of prejudices which now oppose them. Neither can they, as wise and honest politicians, desire office. Their place is opposition for many a year to come. They may be able to push on a Minister to do more good than they could effect were they in his place. This I believe to be their opinion; and, indeed, it has been since so expressed by one of them.

The division created little sensation. Whether we were beaten or not, was a matter of little consequence, as Sir R. Peel had plainly stated that he would not resign even if placed in a minority: and he was right for so saying. We knew the result before we returned out of the lobby; and, although a cheer was raised on the declaration of the numbers, very little real exultation was felt by the more liberal portion of the majority.

Peel looked painfully downcast. He was as pale as the paper on which I am writing. There was a convulsive motion of his mouth that gave one pain to look at. He seemed to sink under the blow, and walked out of the House as would a man stunned by a fall. He must feel that he is in a false position; and, doubtless, would give half his fortune to be on the liberal side of the House. Had he not bound himself to the Tory party too firmly for retreat, we should have him as an advocate of the *movement*; a shuffling advocate without doubt, but still a powerful one.

* This little knot of self-sufficient persons have, in the House, the nickname of *Prigs*.

TRADITIONARY BALLADS. BY MARY HOWITT.

NO. II.—LILIEN MAY; AN EASTER LEGEND.

PART I.

'Twas on the Easter Sunday morn,
That, from the blessed skies,
Came down the holy angels,
To see our Lord arise;—

To see our dear Lord Jesus rise
From death, whose bonds were riven;
And give him back unto his friends,
Before he went to heaven.

Oh, happy Easter Sunday morn!
Of old they bless'd the day;
And gifts, in memory of that time,
In love they gave away.

The rich gave gifts abundantly—
The poor gave gifts also;
For every heart, at Easter then,
With love did overflow.

But those old times are past and gone;
None come in haste to bring
The happy resurrection news,
And hymns of Easter sing.

Yet, here and there, among the hills,
In places far and lone,
Some memory of the time yet lives—
Some Easter love is shewn.

And the kindly countrywomen yet
Their Pasch-eggs ready make;
Of divers colours beautiful,
To give for Jesus' sake.

And the little country children go,
Far o'er the hills away,
From door to door, with cheerful hymns,
To celebrate the day.

Oh, happy Easter Monday,
It shineth clear and bright!
And they shall go a dozen miles
Among the hills ere night!

O'er the bleak fells, and down the dells,
That lie so warm and low,
To the cottage and the grey farm-house,
Shall the neighbour-children go.

Each hand in hand, a loving band,
They go with joy along;
And tune their voices, sweet and low,
To a holy Easter song.

And far along the sunny hills
Were heard their voices clear—
"Be glad, for our Lord Jesus rose
At this time of the year!"

And the pleasant voice of singing came
To a cottage on the moor,
Where sate the lovely Lilien May
Beside her mother's door.

Her locks were yellow as shining gold,
Her eyes as hare-bells blue,
And the red, red rose of summer
Had given her cheeks its hue.

Sweet Lilien May was four years old;
"And I am strong," said she;
"And I'll run after them with speed,
And sing in company.

"And I'll be back by the night, mother,
And I'll be back before:"
But the careful mother heard her not,
Nor missed her from the door.

On went the cheerful singing band,
Like merry birds, away;
And on, among the budding broom,
Went after, Lilien May.

The sky was bright above her head,
The earth beneath her feet,
And the little maiden sang aloud
Her carol wild and sweet.

Down, down the glen, she wandered down,
Where the mountain stream ran clear;
Across the moor, and up the fell,
Without a thought of fear.

She watched the glancing lizard slide
Into his narrow hold,
And the little birds that built their nests
All on the open wold.

Beside her fed the mountain flocks,
On the hills so wild and high,
And the gentle herd looked after her,
As she went singing by.

On, on with little nimble feet,
She wandered farther still,
Up to the heights of rocky stone,
Where the whistling winds blew shrill.

Through those bright locks of golden hair,
The strong, cold winds did blow;
And the red, red rose upon her cheek
All rosier yet did glow.

She saw the raven sitting there,
She heard his croaking cry,
She saw him look askance at her,
Yet did not fear his eye.

The place was wild, and stern, and drear,
An herbless waste of stone;
Yet merry, singing Lilien
Feared not to be alone.

On, on again, she wandered on,
Down from the mountain grey;
Where all before her, brown and wild,
The wide fell stretched away.

On, on she went: her mother's door
Lay many a mile behind;
And now a strange and lonesome dread
Came creeping o'er her mind.

She saw the fells so wild and brown;
She saw the grey rocks hoar;
And all at once she saw them look
As they had not looked before:
The fells were wild, and drear, and brown,
And the mountains stern and hoar.

The sky so blue, no more was blue;
The golden sun was set;
The air was keen, and thin, and cold;
And the spongy turf was wet.

Sweet Lilien May looked all around,
Yet nothing could she see,
But afar a flock of mountain sheep,
And a-nigh a grey thorn-tree.

Sweet Lilien May she listened then;
But nothing could she hear,
Save afar a sound of running streams,
And a croaking raven near.

"The water is deep," quoth Lilien,
"And the raven's beak is strong,
And goblins three dance 'neath the tree,
Thorough the night so long."
"I wish the blind man had not sung,"
Said she, "that evil song!

"And the night grows dark," quoth Lilien,
"And the fells are brown and drear:
Oh, mother! mother! come to me,"
Cried Lilien, "mother dear!"

Adown the fells went Lilien,
But she wist not whither at all;
And against the stones and twisted roots
She struck her feet so small.

Among the night-black furze she went,
Still calling for her mother;
And now, she lost one little shoe,
And then, she lost the other;

And all among the prickly furze
That grew so black around,
Sweet Lilien thrust her pretty hands,
But never a shoe she found.

And ever as she groped about,
The streaming tears did fall;
And the prickles of the thorny furze
They pierced her fingers small.

And ever as she groped about,
Beneath the darksome sky,
Where'er she trod, a little trace
Of crimson blood did lie;
And "Mother, mother, come to me!"
Was still her moaning cry.

Three paces on went Lilien May,
With bare and aching feet;
When, lo! she heard among the furze
A soft and gentle bleat—

The bleating of a mountain sheep
That lay in quiet there.
Down by its side sank Lilien May—
No farther could she fare.

Down by its side sank Lilien,
Her little heart so full,
And her yellow locks of dewy hair
Fell o'er its snow-white wool.

And God who saw her, all alone
In the darkness, where she lay,
He sent a heavy sleep that took
Her misery all away.

PART II.

Now turn we to her mother's house:
"And where is Lilien gone—
My little, merry Lilien?"
Quoth she to many a one.

Said they, "We saw thy Lilien
Go with the singing train;
Fear not, they'll bring the pretty child
At night-fall back again!"

The eve is come, and up the fell
Is heard a sound, a glee:
The mother rose, for she said, "They bring
My Lilien back to me."

And down she reached the wheaten bread,
The new-baked and the sweet:
"My Lilien shall have that she loves,"
Said she, "this night to eat."

And out unto her door she went
To meet the merry train—
"And wherefore is't ye bring me not
My Lilien back again?"

"We have not seen thy Lilien—
With us she did not go!"
"A wretched woman am I, then!"
The mother shrieked, in wo.

"Now fetch my husband from the fold—
Call up my neighbours dear—
And seek with me my Lilien,
Be she afar or near!"

Up came the father from the fold,
A woful man was he;
And up came neighbours, many a one,
A kindly company.

"And we will seek thy Lilien
Through all the country round;"
"We will not sleep," cried every one,
"Till Lilien May is found."

And north and south, and east and west,
The neighbour-folks divide;
And all that night sweet Lilien's name,
Was echoed far and wide.

All drear and dark the night came on,
And the cutting winds did blow;
Yet ever on, throughout the night,
Did the weeping parents go.

"I ne'er shall see my child again!"
The woful mother cried:
"We'll find her," said the father good,
"Please Heaven to be our guide!"

And on they went, throughout the night,
Still calling Lilien May—
"Oh, answer us, dear Lilien!"
They cried, till break of day.

Then came they to the spongy bog,
The running stream a-nigh—
And the raven from the grey thorn-tree,
Croaked low as they went by.

And then the waste of darksome furze,
Stretched out before them wide;—
Down dropped the mother on her knees,
For a gladsome sight she spied:—

The little shoe of Lilien:—
And she kissed it o'er and o'er,
And from her eyes the joyful tears,
Like streaming rain, did pour.

"Now blessed be God," the father said,
"That he with us did keep!"
—Three paces on and they beheld
Sweet Lilien fast asleep!

'Tis not for me to tell their joy—
By them alone 'tis wist;—
Sometimes they kissed her snow-white cheek,
Sometimes her lips they kissed;

They kissed her wounded hands and feet,
Likewise her curling hair:
Then cheering drops of healing wine
They gave with tender care.

At length her feeble eyes she oped
Unto the dawning day,
And gently spake—"Oh, mother dear,
Let me go home, I pray!"

They bore her in their careful arms,
A dozen miles and more;—
And joyful were the neighbours dear,
As they came to their door.

All warm within the snow-white sheets,
They laid her on her bed,
And o'er her a green coverlet,
And a pillow 'neath her head.

And in that heavy sleep she lay,
Unto the evening bell;
Then rose she up, sweet Lilien,
All rosy-red and well.

And, on the Sabbath next, the priest
Bare-headed, blessed the Lord,
Before all men, within the church,
That Lilien was restored.

THE HOLY ALLIANCE OF 1835.

BY O. P. Q.

Brussels, 16th March.

My Dear Tait,—"*Well, thanks to Providence, we have done with the Tories!!*" "*Well, praise be blest, there's an end of the Holy Alliance!!*" "At any rate, we shall hear no more of the Wellingtons, Murrays, and Aberdeens, of the old times!!" "Though we get on but slowly, and though our friends are not so active as they ought to be, at any rate, the Tories, the Holy Alliance, and the Inquisition, have fallen for ever!!"

I have said all this—*you* have said all this—and tens of thousands of good and true men have said all this—hundreds, nay, thousands of times, during the last four years; and yet, here are the Tories back again!!

Perhaps, it might not be wholly useless to examine into the preliminary question, of Whose fault is this? But, in times of action, we must be *doing*, and not deploring—rousing, and not weeping—and uniting, not reproaching. I remember, in a village near Limoges, all the authorities of the place were convoked, by "bell and crier," to consider whose fault it was, that the infant child of a peasant had been carried off by a wolf! The mayor was accused of not offering an adequate reward for the heads of all wolves which should be slain in the village or its environs. The mayor exculpated himself, by declaring, that the communal officers refused, at the last general audit, to pass his accounts, because he had paid ten francs for the last wolf's head. The communal officers said, that it was the fault of the inhabitants, for they objected to pay large taxes for even wolves' heads; and so two hours were occupied in useless debate and unprofitable reproaches. At length, an able-bodied farmer, who could have faced the devil in a passion, and have eaten, as well as killed a wolf, called all the assembly a parcel of fools, for discussing two hours about such matters; and, seizing hold of the mayor by his shoulders with one hand, and of the huissier (a sort of sheriff's officer) by the other, he roared out, "Get your gun, M. le Maire, and go over the meadows, up to the hill, in that direction;" and to the huissier, "Take your bull-dog, and as many other dogs as you can get, in the other direction; whilst I will go into the woods, and find out the beast; and, if he is to be found, we will bring him, dead or alive, to the 'Mairie,' without reward or remuneration." Two hours afterwards, the carcass of the wolf lay at the mayor's feet, though, alas! the baby had been devoured. There was no help for the matter, but a subscription; and this was rapidly filled. Thus ended the reproaches, in noble and in generous action. It will not be amiss to follow the example of these French villagers. We will no longer reproach Lord Grey for his fears of the Tories, or for his "love of his order." We will no longer censure Lord Althorp for his dread of the influence of the clergy, and his horror at touching the Church, and for his fears of Mr O'Connell. We will no longer attack Lord Melbourne, for his amiable optimism; or Lord John Russell, for his hopes of conciliation and coalition; and even (which is hard work) we will cover with a mantle the errors and the weaknesses of Lord Palmerston, who has done the State more mischief than all his coadjutors. There is a wolf in the village! First of all, we must find him—hunt him—kill him—skin him; and then, when there is no longer any danger, we will write a page of history, and endeavour to profit for the future, by the mistakes of the past. But, first of all, to "The Wolf!!" "The Wolf!!" All hands must be engaged—all plans resorted to—all stratagems brought to bear. Our sheep and our lambs are in danger. Our homes and our hearths are in question! Our birth-rights and our pottage are in jeopardy. So, first of all, let us kill the wolf; and then we shall have a little breathing time.

I am unwilling to meddle with your portion of the common duty—of the general task. You can do a vast deal of good at home. You *have* done a vast deal of good already. Your Exposure of the *Tory Spy System* was worth a man living a long life to succeed in. I will, therefore, leave you to combat the "Tory Church Reforms," and the "Tory Corporation Commission," and the "Tory Measures for putting down sedition (*i. e.* public opinion) in Ireland." Removed as I am from the sphere of your labours, and the scene of your exploits, I must be content to watch you from the distance, and to sympathize with you in your efforts. But the Foreign Policy of the Tories—their Foreign schemes—their Foreign tricks—their Foreign cowardice—and their Foreign influence, I can understand and appreciate better than you. They pass under my eyes every day of my life. I know these men, and their communications: and so, whilst you are engaged in the environs of the village, (to pursue the metaphor,) and are hunting after the wolf, I will scour the country round, blow the bugle, and beat the drum, light fires on the mountains, and aid in scaring these beasts of prey; and then, when we get not only one, but all the wolves into a sort of "general preserve," we will finish with our enemies—and rid us and our children of Tories, Holy Alliances, and Inquisitions, for ever.

I have read a great deal of what is called controversy, between the English Ministerial prints and the English Opposition journals, relative to the causes which led to the change of Ministry in England. I have read all this with attention, though sadly heavy and overpoweringly "*classical.*" But the real truth has not yet been told, or not yet been insisted on; and that is one of my reasons for writing this article. You know very well that I was no admirer of Lord Melbourne's Administration. I wished it about as well as en-

lightened Radicals wished it. I think (though I know not) that, on this matter, we were of the same mind. Lord Melbourne was not our notion of what the premier of a reform government should be; but he looked very much like an honest forerunner. Lord Melbourne was, therefore, entitled to our respect, if not to our entire confidence; and, with the man who was starving, we said, "*Better half a loaf than no bread.*" The dismissal of Lord Melbourne was then not calculated to excite my satisfaction, or to secure my confidence in the King or the court.

But why was Lord Melbourne thus dismissed? why was he so unceremoniously told that his services were no longer wanted? and how came it to pass, that a whole regiment of Tories, with Sir Charles Manners Sutton at their head, were ready, at a moment's notice, to rush to St James's, or scamper down to the Pavilion, breathing out threatenings and slaughters against Lord Melbourne, Earl Grey, and all the Whigs? This question has been variously answered. Some have imputed it to the personal affection of the King for the Tories. This is false. Some have ascribed it to divisions in the Melbourne cabinet. This is false. Some have attributed it to the impossibility of the Minister going on and meeting the late House of Commons without the creation of a large batch of peers. This is partly false. Some have even gone so far as to declare that Lord Melbourne concurred with the King in his opinion, that a change, in the Conservative sense, was necessary. This, likewise, is false. Lord Melbourne could have scrambled on a great while longer—not very comfortably, to be sure—but still he could have gone on; and, most assuredly, the public service would not have been stopped, nor the supplies have been refused. None of these reasons were the true ones. Lord Palmerston must know that there were others of a very different nature which prevailed; and to these I am about to address myself.

FOREIGN INFLUENCE—THE FOREIGN RELATIONS OF THE COURT—Foreign Intrigues—and Foreign Representations and Protests—exercised by and through The Queen—and by and through other active agents—led to the changes which have taken place in the British Ministry!! This is a very grave assertion; but, be assured, it is not made on slight grounds, and can be substantiated to the very letter.

First—The Queen's visit to the Continent was a political, and not a family visit.* It was the prelude to the measures which were to succeed Prior to that visit, the German Diet was disposed to relax in its severities: afterwards, those rigours were increased. Prior to that visit, the King of Holland was so much disposed to yield, that his diplomatic agents, both avowed and secret, at Paris, London, Brussels, and Francfort, openly avowed that Toryism was defeated; that there was no chance for the Tories returning to office; that the King of Holland could not much longer persist in his resolutions; and that concessions must be made to Belgium and her new monarch. Prior to that visit, the Diet of the German confederation had relaxed in its views of that portion of the Pays Bas question which concerned the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg; but, from the moment after, the Diet became inexorable; and those, who, like myself, have daily communications with Francfort, know quite well that the language now made use of, and that adopted prior to the Queen's visit, are as different as war and peace, concession and obstinate refusal. Prior to the Queen's visit to Germany, the party of the Prince Royal of Prussia was much dejected. It admitted that, with a Whig administration, and an English and French alliance, it was impossible to aid "Henry V.," to assist "Charles V.," or to regain the advantages which the Dutch king had lost by his wrong-headed policy at Antwerp: but no sooner had the Queen visited the Continent than another language was talked and written, by the Prussian Prince Royal's party; and the Gazette of Augsburgh soon contained correspondences from Turin, Naples, Rome, Berlin, Francfort, and Vienna, which were specially inserted, in order to keep up the hopes and animate the drooping spirits of the European Tories. Before the Queen's visit to the Continent, the Carlists in Biscay and Navarre only dreamt of carrying on a warfare in behalf of their own "*Fueros*," and in defence of their own local privileges. If the government of Christina had, at that time, charged its then Commander-in-chief to assure to the Basque provinces and Navarre, those sort of republican hereditary usages with which they were so unwilling to part, they would gladly have accepted the boon, and the arms of nine-tenths of them would have been deposited in the arsenals of the young Queen. But, as soon as the Queen of Great Britain had visited the Con-

* The main drift of this curious communication has been incidentally corroborated since it was written, by a fresh attack made by the *Courier*, upon the occasion of Lord Brougham's first admirable speech in the present session. On the morning following the dismissal of the Melbourne Administration, paragraphs appeared in four of the morning papers, differently worded, but each stating, in substance, that "*The Queen had done it all.*" These paragraphs are, by the *Courier*, attributed directly to Lord Brougham. It was by him, or through his agency, that they were despatched to the journals; and the door thus closed, it is alleged, against the King's repentance. In all probability, Lord Brougham is not guilty of the indiscretion charged against him. But was it an indiscretion? Those trimmers and waiters upon Providence, who, for a long period, appear to have entertained a premeditated purpose of stabbing the Whig government through the sides of the late Chancellor, may deprecate that premature explosion which deprived the court and the Tory party of seizing upon, or creating some more decent pretext than the death of Earl Spencer. The *Quarterly's* only regret was, that his Majesty had not found a more convenient season or a more plausible reason; which merely required a little delay and management. From what source soever the information came, which made further temporizing impossible, and saved the Whig government from illusive negotiations, and a hollow truce, entered upon only to gain time, it was the policy of honesty, and therefore the best; and it has, moreover, done the public cause essential service, by shewing men and measures in their true colours.—*Editor T. M.*

tinent—had received the diplomatic communications which were then made to her, and the assurances which were then given—the Carlist Juntas received money; loans were at once spoken of; the possibility of Don Carlos succeeding was then, for the first time, hinted at; and money, arms, and ammunition, succeeded with fearful rapidity. Since that time, the exigencies of the Carlists in Spain have gradually increased; and, at this moment, it is more than ever impossible really to hope for any other arrangement of Spanish affairs than that which shall be the result of combats with the sword. And let it be distinctly understood, that all the accounts which are transmitted each day to the French and English papers from the frontiers, complaining, on the part of the Carlists, of the non-arrival of arms, ammunition, and money, for that prince, are pure delusion. Don Carlos has all the money he requires; all the arms he can wish for; and all the resources which he needs. It is an affectation put on by his partisans and agents, when they pretend that Don Carlos is left by Europe without resources. The King of Holland began the subscription; the Emperors of Russia and Austria followed in his train; and, since then, almost every court in Europe has caused money to be transmitted to that prince—so that he has no need of anything for himself or followers which gold and silver can obtain. The exact amount of the sums transmitted, at different times, by the Tories, as a political party, I cannot supply, as the channels made use of have been various; but certainly not less than one hundred thousand pounds have been so forwarded. Before the Queen's visit to the Continent, Lord Palmerston stood very well with all the ambassadors of all foreign powers; and Talleyrand and himself dictated to Europe the policy, which, against their wills, the other cabinets were compelled to pursue. God forbid that I should be suspected of approving the conduct of Lord Palmerston, or of holding him up as a model for imitation! I owe him too much of hate, and too many reproaches, for allowing POLAND to perish, and GERMANY to be crushed by the vile Confederation which enslaves it, ever to become his apologist—and, much more, his eulogist. But it is, nevertheless, a fact, that his political system, such as it was, necessarily guided the proceedings of the Northern Courts, up to the time that the Queen visited the Continent. After her return, all was changed. One by one, the foreign ambassadors all left the court of St James's; the theatre of intrigue was removed from London to Paris; and then to Berlin and Vienna; and Lord Palmerston was given to understand, in language which could not be mistaken, (and the King of Great Britain had all that passed faithfully reported to him,) that the Northern Powers would be unable to disarm, and unable to come to any arrangement on any pending question, so long as he, Lord Palmerston, and his coadjutors, were in office. Lord Palmerston knows quite well, that prior to the Queen's visit to the Continent, he was surrounded by able foreign diplomatists, and by ambassadors of great note; but, subsequently, one after the other withdrew, until his Lordship was finally enabled to address himself to mere "Charges d' affaires." When his Lordship endeavoured to set on foot some conferences as to the affairs of SPAIN, he found all his efforts useless! When he tried (I mean, after the return of the Queen from the Continent) to revive the "Pays Bas negociations," he was met by an unanimous negative. And Talleyrand himself was by no means ignorant of the plots which were organized, and of the conspiracies which had been concocted. The King of Great Britain was thus made to understand, that the foreign powers (except France, Belgium, Spain, and Portugal) had all resolved on discountenancing the Whigs—on refusing to conduct to any termination with them the questions which were pending—and on attempting at least, to crush, what is everywhere called "the movement party." From that moment the Queen's mission to the Continent had effected the object it had in view. Monarchical Europe had become confident. Instead of yielding, it now resolved on standing firm, and conceding no more to the spirit of the age, and to the wants of the people. The German Diet renewed all its abandoned schemes of arbitral tribunals, and measures against foreign universities, and native workmen in foreign countries. The KING of HOLLAND, either by himself or his ministers, wrote to his foreign agents to take courage, and to look for better days; and those who, during two years, had lived in retirement, watching passing events, speaking to none, spending nothing, and counting their fingers instead of their florins, now appeared once more on the public and diplomatic theatre, with smiling faces, and full purses; never failing to drink as their first, or, at any rate, second toast, "*To the Queen of Great Britain!*" From that moment, too, the personal friends of the Prince Royal of Prussia, both in that country and in France and Great Britain, as well as at the Hague, Francfort, and Brussels, held high their heads; and repeated, as they do to this day, the saying of their master, "That the French revolution of 1830 is a volcano which will expend itself."

To these facts, so numerous and so undeniable, it will doubtless be replied, that "the Queen had nothing to do with the change of the Melbourne Administration—that she was not aware of the intentions of the King till they had been carried into effect—and that she was as much surprised as she could be, at the decision of his Majesty." All this may or may not be true, and yet not one of the facts which I have recorded be disputable. Some weeks elapsed—several—between the return of the Queen from the Continent and the departure of Prince Talleyrand; and yet no one, who is not as ignorant of foreign politics as Sir Edward Knatchbull himself, will refuse to admit that when the Prince left England for France, he had no idea of again returning to London. Though the Duke of Wellington had *failed* in persuading [the

University of Oxford to confer on the Duke of Wellington and on Prince Talleyrand the honour of a Doctor's title—and though, in consequence of that refusal, the Prince did not assist at the Duke's inauguration as Chancellor—still the Prince did not feel less grateful for the flattering attentions and intentions of his Grace; and Talleyrand returned to France, resolved to proclaim the necessity for the return of the Tories to office. The Queen of Great Britain might, perhaps, have felt some surprise, that the King had dismissed the whole of his late servants on occasion of the death of the Earl of Spencer; but this surprise must have originated, if it existed at all, in an inward conviction that her illustrious husband, though a plain British sailor, had too much plain common sense to adopt so daring and so unwise a proceeding. Still his decision was exactly proportionate to the counsels given him—to the language which was reported to him from Berlin, Vienna, St Petersburgh, and the Hague—to the intrigues by which his Majesty was left with the least brilliant court ever known in London, (I speak with reference to foreign diplomatists,) and to the fact constantly staring him in the face, of a refusal, on the part of all foreign ministers and governments, to conclude with his Ministers any one of the important questions then and still dividing the whole of Europe. In one word, the King of Great Britain was made to understand and to feel, that unless the Tories should be recalled, the affairs of the Pays Bas and Spain would never be settled—that the influence of Russia in the East must necessarily augment—that France and Paris would be the focus of diplomatic negociations, instead of Great Britain and London—that the Court of St James' would be powerless—that Russia and America would become mistresses of the ocean—and that the Protestant House of Brunswick would have but one ally—that ally being the "Roman Catholic," "revolutionary," and "infidel" France. I repeat, then, that the decision of the King was exactly proportionate to the counsels he received, and to the intrigues by which he was mystified and duped. If, then, the Queen were really surprised at the dismissal of the Melbourne Cabinet, that surprise could not be, and was not felt, because she had not laboured to attain that result, or because she was unaware of the exertions which had been made to assure it, but because she still doubted of the resolution of "the Sailor King."

But, *second*, The intended change of the Melbourne Cabinet was a matter of public notoriety in certain circles, several weeks before it took place.

Prince Talleyrand knew it! When he returned to France, before proceeding to *Valençay*, he said to more than one or a dozen individuals, and also to the King, that the continuance of the Melbourne Cabinet in office was impossible. When he resigned the post of ambassador at London, by a letter from Valençay, on the occasion of the nomination of the Duke de Bassano as President of the Council, he did not take that step, as was then alleged, because he was so averse to Maret, as to be unable and unwilling to serve under him; for, if that had been the case, as Talleyrand's letter of resignation was not made public till many weeks afterwards, when Bassano and his "Clique" were all out of office, nothing would have been easier than for Talleyrand to have withdrawn his letter, and to have returned to his post, since the very same men (the Doctrinaires) re-accepted office long before Talleyrand's letter of resignation was inserted in the *Moniteur*. Nor is it true that he, Prince Talleyrand, was so ill or so feeble, either in mind or body, as to be unable to resume his duties. At the very time these excuses were being penned, he was going nearly every day to the Tuileries, when in Paris, or entertaining the Duke of Orleans at Valençay; and he himself boasted "that his mind felt as unencumbered and fresh as it did forty years ago." Prince Talleyrand retired from public life, and from the embassy at London, because he was well aware of the intrigues of all foreign powers at London—of the influence of the Queen over the King of Great Britain—of the success of all the schemes which had been entered into, to control the mind of the British Monarch—and of the inmost intentions of William IV., whenever the convenient time should arrive. Prince Talleyrand had accomplished the mission which had been assigned him. He could not bear to witness its overthrow. He had a personal affection and respect for the Duke of Wellington. He could not expect the same success with the Tories as with the Whigs. He did not dream of Tories becoming Radicals—or of Lord Aberdeen belonging to a Cabinet which should be the first to entreat the Pope to recognise Donna Maria as Queen of Portugal. He argued that Tories would be Tories—and that his mission had therefore clearly ended. He professed, indeed, in his letter of resignation, to believe that men with more advanced opinions than his own were about to come upon the stage in Great Britain. He knew better. He had predicted in private, and at the palace, the return of the Tories to office; and just as he predicted, so came it to pass.

And not only was the Prince Talleyrand aware that the Tories were to return to office, but the *Journal des Debats* was charged, weeks before hand, to communicate it to the French public. A very long and powerful article was inserted in the *Debats* as soon as Talleyrand had passed through Paris for *Valençay*, intended to prove that the Tories were clever men, practical men, men used to public affairs; and that nothing need be dreaded from them, should the King of Great Britain place them at the helm of the State vessel. This article was copied into the German journals, and, I believe, noticed in the French and English newspapers.

The interview at Berlin, between the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, was *not* a family visit, a mere friendly call, or a fortuitous circumstance. It was a visit made by the former to the latter monarch, to prevail on the

latter to concur with the other Northern Cabinets in postponing for a while the settlement of the Pays-Bas question, and of the Spanish succession, BECAUSE THE TORIES WERE EXPECTED VERY SHORTLY TO RETURN TO OFFICE. The Emperor of Russia has since followed up his confidence in their retention of office, by removing M. Pozzo di Borgo from Paris, and sending him, notoriously against his will, to London. The King of Prussia has not succeeded so rapidly as his son-in-law; but he has gone the length of preventing the settlement of any of the questions in dispute in Europe, up to the present time. Besides this, both himself and the Emperor of Austria have devised a nominal and partial disarming, "in order to shew to the British Parliament the confidence felt by foreign powers in the integrity, moderation, and principles of Sir Robert Peel's Cabinet."

The "Pays-Bas question" would have been settled last Autumn, but for the Queen's visit to the Continent, and the assurances so positively given by the Court of St James's of the return of the Tories to power.

The Northern courts would not have subscribed five francs to the cause of Don Carlos, but for the assurances given at Berlin and at the Hague, that, as soon as possible, the Melbourne Cabinet should be broken up.

The Austrian government would have pressed the Court of the Tuileries for the evacuation of Ancona; but that it was agreed that the honour of procuring that evacuation should be reserved to increase the Tory triumphs.

The foolish affairs of Switzerland, and the Austrian government and Berne, have been kept alive by diplomatic intrigue, merely that it might thereafter be said, when the Tories should be installed, "See how soon the Tories were able to settle the affairs of Europe."

Thus every scheme was resorted to, and every plan made use of, which the Bulows, Esterhazys, and Metternichs of Europe could suggest, aided by court intrigue and family influence, in order to compel the King of Great Britain to change, on the death of Earl Spencer, his Majesty's advisers.

Have I proved my case? I have done so most assuredly; and that without any unnecessary exposure of private individuals, or of private correspondences. Yet it is a fact, that the changes which have taken place in the British Ministry, have so taken place by and through foreign influence, the foreign relations of the court of St James', foreign intrigues, and foreign representations and protests, exercised by and through the Queen, and by and through other active agents.

Thus the Tories are back in office! Thus the Tories are now once more upon their trial! Thus all monarchical Europe is exulting at the moment I am writing in the success of its schemes, and in the triumph of its agents and principles. Now, the ambassadors of olden times are flocking back to London! Now, Prince Esterhazy and Count Pozzo di Borgo are charged to heap civility on civility, and homage upon homage! Now, the King of Great Britain and Ireland is assured, by all foreign powers, that, as he has listened to their advice and to their dictation, they will hasten to settle (of course monarchically) all the undecided and difficult questions still upon the tapis! Now, the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia have sent the news of a sham and feigned reduction of their armies, in order to demonstrate their confidence in the Peel Administration; and even that poor, weak, silly creature, the Queen of Spain, has sent General Alava to London—the bosom friend, the grateful debtor, the confidential correspondent of the Duke of Wellington—to represent her interests, and to plead her cause with the Tories!!

But my heart sickens, and my hand fails me; and I cannot continue this history of foreign domination and intrigue in Great Britain. There are a rudeness and a roughness in English character, which may not, perchance, bear a comparison with French civility or Italian politeness; but yet that rudeness or roughness has its merit and its uses. Thus, John Bull is "*maitre chez lui.*" Thus John Bull's "house is his castle! Thus, "honesty is considered the best policy." Thus, in no country are political or religious Jesuits so much loathed and execrated as in "Old England." But this roughness and rudeness of character avail you no longer; for foreign influence prevails at the court of St James's; and the Tories are called back to office, to gratify the German Diet, which is crushing the fatherland; to please the Czar of the North, who is reducing Poland to a military province; to satisfy the Emperor of Austria, who is labouring to establish an Italian confederation; and to secure the alliances of the Kings of Prussia and Holland, who make it the "*sine qua non*" of their friendship, that LUXEMBOURG shall be wrenched from Belgium, and that the Rhenish provinces shall continue to be deprived of their long-promised constitution.

And shall this be permanent?——I ask the question——and subscribe myself, my dear Tait,

Faithfully yours, O. P. Q.

POETRY OF THE LOOM;

BY ONE OF THE VICTIMS OF THE SPY SYSTEM.

TO MR TAIT.

MY DEAR SIR,—If your readers wish to know what sort of men they were, whom the Castlereaghs and Sidmouths, eighteen or twenty years ago, dragged from prison to prison, or stamped into their convict ships, or pacified on the scaffold, let them read a little book, printed at Manchester, and called "Hours in the Bowers,"

by Samuel Bamford, a weaver of Middleton, near Oldham, one of the victims of Castles, Oliver, and Co. A correspondent, who is proud of being called a poet of the poor,* met with this book, by accident, at an inn in Oldham, after having crossed the magnificent mountains and sweet pastoral valleys, in the neighbourhood of the weaver-poet's dwelling. I introduce it to your readers, without apology—for it needs none. The author is a genuine poet; and great, indeed, must have been his literary and other disadvantages, even when compared with those of Burns or Bloomfield. Learned critics may smile in scorn at the lyrics of the poet of the handloom; but there is a fine peculiarity in his *vowe'ed* and un-book-learned English:—it *is* English. What poet might not be proud to have written the following poem on the death of Canning! I doubt much whether there is a finer ballad in the language, except, perhaps, one or two of Campbell's. The author, in a note, says, "It was published in the *Morning Herald*, immediately after the death of Mr Canning; yet there is a great similarity, both in thought and expression, between it and the 'King Death' of Barry Cornwall." I see no similarity, except such as might naturally be expected in the compositions of two men of genius, writing, without concert, on the same subject.

THE PASS OF DEATH.

Another's gone!—and who comes next
Of all the sons of pride?
And is humanity perplex'd
Because this man hath died?
The sons of men did raise their voice,
And cried in despair—
"We will not come, we will not come,
While death is waiting there!"

But Time went forth and dragg'd them on,
By one, by two, by three;
Nay, sometimes, thousands came as one—
So merciless was he.
And still they go, and still they go—
The slave, the lord, the king;
And disappear, like flakes of snow
Before the sun of spring.

For Death stood in the Pass of Time,
And slew them as they came;
And not a soul escaped his hand,
So certain was his aim.
The beggar fell across his staff,
The soldier on his sword,
The king sunk down beneath his crown,
The priest beside the Word.

And Youth came in the blush of health,
And in a moment fell;
And Avarice, grasping still at wealth,
Was rolled into hell.
And Age stood trembling at the Pass,
And would have turned again;
But Time said, "No—'tis never so:
Thou canst not here remain."

The bride came in her wedding robe;
But that did nought avail;
Her ruby lips went cold and blue,
Her rosy cheek turn'd pale.
And some were hurried from the ball,
And some came from the play,
And some were eating to the last,
And some with wine were gay.

And some were ravenous for food,
And raised seditious cries;
But, *being a legitimate*,
Death quickly stopp'd their noise.
The father left his infant brood
Amid the world to weep;
And the mother died, whilst her babe
Lay smiling in its sleep.

And some did offer bribes of gold,
If they might but survive;
But he drew his arrow to the head,
And none were left alive.
And some were plighting vows of love,
When their very hearts were torn;
And eyes that shone so bright at eve,
Were closed ere the morn.

And one had just attained to power,
And wist not he should die—
Till the arrow smote his stream of life,
And left the cistern dry.
Another's gone!—And who comes next
Of all the sons of pride?
And is humanity perplex'd
Because this man hath died?

And still they come, and still they go,
And still there is no end—
The hungry grave is yawning yet,
And who shall next descend?
Oh! shall it be a crowned head?
Or one of noble line?
Or doth the slayer turn to smite
A life so frail as mine?

If your readers suppose that the volume is filled with poems equal in merit to this, they expect to find, in Samuel Bamford, a greater lyric poet than Britain ever yet could boast; but, if they only expect to meet with much that will bear comparison with the best productions of their greatest favourites, they will not be disappointed. The lines on "Tim Bobbin's Grave" (I have only altered the spelling) will be relished by those who have laughed, or grinned (not at, but) *with* his caricatures; or read his "Lancashire Dialect." They are full of the graphic power and humour of Burns.

TIM BOBBIN'S GRAVE.

I stoode beside Tim Bobbin's grave,
That looks o'er Rochdale town;
And th' owld lad woke within his earth,
And said, "Where art thou bown?"

I'm going into th' Packer Street,
As far as th' Gowden Bell,
To taste o' Daniel Kesmus' ale.
Tim.—"I could like a sup mysel'."

And, by this hand o' my right arm,
If from that hole thou'lt reawk;
Thou'st have a sup o' th' best brown ale
That ever lips did suck.

The ground it stirr'd beneath my feet,
And then I heard a groan;
He shook the dust fro' off his skull,
A rowled away the stone.

I brought him up a deep brown jug
That a gallon did contain,
And he took it at one *blessed* draught,
And laid him down again.

Hath the spirit of the classic Gray descended on a Lancashire weaver? Or did he of the Ode to the Passions, "meet him at the loom and throw his inspiring mantle over him?" Read!

* Ebenezer Elliott, probably.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF BYRON.

I saw the sun go down ;
And, in that darkening time,
From earth to sky uprose the cry
Of many a tongue and clime.
By Valtos, where Botzaris fell,
The mailed chieftain stood and cried
Until his fount of tears was dried ;
And Britain, too, could tell
How she had gloried in his day !
How mourn'd, when he had pass'd away !

But, when I look'd again, I saw
A fearful sight advance ;
For up there came the cold, cold moon,
That dream'd not of a night so soon.
I mark'd her placid glance :
Serenely still, she kept the sky ;
Her head unbowed, her tearless eye,
Betrayed a mien that might not move
At death, or agony, or love ;
And, curled around her crested horn,
I saw a snake of fire,
That uttered words of bitter scorn.
Interminable ire
Dwelt on the tongue of that strange thing
That round and round the moon did cling ;
Of broken vows, and pride that bled,
The burning reptile ever spoke,
And toss'd and toss'd its scaly head,
That flash'd as if the lightning broke ;
While cruel words and passions woke,
That nurs'd the flame and kept it burning
To love, to pity, *no* returning !
No sigh ! *no* tear !

Oh, by all means, you who are deaf to thunder, and curse the lightning's flash for its slowness !—by all means, drag such men as this through your dungeons, or stamp them into your prison-ships, or sacrifice them on the scaffold ; for, certainly, where such men are found at the loom, base drones (like you) will not much longer be suffered to feed on its produce, and (while they cram) "blaspheme their feeders."

I cannot spend with you, Sir, all "These hours more dear than drops of gold ;" but, "When the tender buds unfold," let the readers of *Tait* wander with Samuel Bamford,

——— "To field and glen,
Far as they may for the gentlemen."

Is there a man, worth calling a man, that cannot relish the sweet Doric simplicity of this pretty song ?

SONG.

A little rosy beauty
I chanced once to spy ;
Within the lonely woodlands,
Were only she and I.
"Oh, tell me, precious jewel,
Why strayest thou alone ?"
She smiling said, "I'm not afraid,
For I have injured none.

"I come each morn a-milking,
I come on every eve ;
But Cushy now hath wander'd,
Till lost, I do believe."
"I'll go with thee and find her ;
Each dell and copse I know,
And where the grass is sweetest,
And where the waters flow."

Where posies gay were springing,
I led the artless maid ;
And where the birds were singing,
Forgetfully we strayed.
Where blossoms were the whitest,
And where the sward was green,
And where the rill was brightest,
We found a path unseen.

What fallen angel, before the Fall, ever wrote lines more impressive than these, "On Wolsey's Grave ?" Oh, they remind me of strains that seem sent from Heaven, to be steeped in the tears of mortality ! Ay, and they remind me, too, of the "Something large and round," discovered by "Little Peterkin," on the battle-field of Blenheim.

WOLSEY'S GRAVE.

Now, Wolsey was, in olden time,
A man of high renown ;
And I went forth to seek his grave,
Close by fair Leicester town :
I stood beside the ruined wall,
And a damsel passed by,
And I said, "Come, shew me, maiden fair,
Where doth Lord Wolsey lie ?"

"Lord Wolsey, Sir ? There is no Lord
Within these abbey gates :
There's only Master Warner here,
The land who cultivates ;
And Mistress Warner, and the maids,
And the pretty children dear,
And the men that in the garden dig :
Lord Wolsey is not here."

An old man labour'd in the ground—
His locks were silver grey—
I said, "Where is Lord Wolsey's grave ?
Come, shew to me, I pray."
He from his labour ceased awhile,
And rested on his spade ;
And when he told me he was deaf,
I repeated what I'd said.

"Lord Wolsey ? Why, I never heard
Of such a man before ;
And I am old enough to know—
I'm upwards of fourscore.
There's Well'sley ! *he* is still alive,
Who fought through France and Spain ;
My Jack went with him to the wars,
But he ne'er returned again."

Did the old man mean *that* Well'sley, who won the Debt and the Bread-tax ? If Samuel had asked him what other fruits of the Great Captain's victories remain, would he not have posed the deaf one ? No matter—but——

Ho ! for Kosciusko from the grave ! or the Wizard King ! to lead against the destroyers of Poland the remnant of her heroes, with thirty thousand Britons like him who wrote the following lines ! Hearken to them, ye who wrung from the toil and sweat of bread-taxed England, the funds which hired "the fowls," "at the banquet of death," "on the field of despair," around Whig-desolated Warsaw !

SONG OF THE POLISH ARMY ON ITS RETREAT FROM WARSAW.

We meet at the home of our fathers no more !
But we leave it all red with the Muscovite's gore !
They came like the hunger-press'd wolf to his prey,
That cannot, and will not, be turned away.
They came like the waves of the *deluging* main,
Their living surmounting their masses of slain ;
And onward, and onward, they bore to the strife—
To the gushing of blood ! to the gasping of life !
And their corses are feeding the fowls of the air,
At the banquet of death, on the field of despair !
Oh, home of our fathers ! the noble and brave
Can never lie down in the lair of the slave ;

And thou art defil'd by a barbarous horde,
Who know not a will save the will of their lord!
Who rise at his bidding the lands to oppress!
Who come at his bidding the bless'd to unbless!
Who, howling and wild from their desert afar,
Bring Famine and Pestilence unto the war!
And Famine, subduing the soul and the breath—
And Pestilence, bending our heroes to death—
We dared—we endured, without murmur or sigh,
Though nations stood silent and motionless by!
Oh! home of our fathers! we bid thee adieu!
But to freedom and glory our hearts are still true:
Not yet we abandon the land we adore:
A battle is lost; but the war is not o'er.
"Come on!" from the tower and the rampart, we cry;
"Come, die at the feet of the free—come and die!
Come on, with your phalanx, your courser, and spear;
The sons of Sarmatia are *rallying* here!
Your parley we scorn, and your wrath we defy;
Come, die with the free and the brave—come and die!"

It is almost too affecting to read the history, by this Tyrtæus, of himself and some of his relatives, in his own sad language.

"Two brothers, J. and S. Bamford, young men, and both sergeants in the 6th Regiment of foot, fell at the battle of Orthes in France."

The unfortunate brethren, one would think, might have died in a better cause than fighting for the bread-tax, at the battle of Orthes. But to our tale.

The following letter from Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell to their aged and afflicted mother, does himself nearly as much honour as the two brothers.

"Kingston, Upper Canada, 10th August 1814.

MADAM—I regret that the circumstance of the first battalion sixth regiment being eternally in motion, has prevented my communicating with you on the subject of your worthy, and, by me, lamented sons, since they fell, in their country's service, at the battle of Orthes, on the 27th of last February. The eldest died, on the field of action, the death of a gallant soldier; the younger, in consequence of a severe wound received on that day, died in the hospital on the 12th of March following. They were both sergeants; both bore excellent characters, and their loss has been sincerely mourned by every one that knew them. The only consolation you can have, or I can convey to you for their loss, is the conviction that they lost their lives bravely maintaining their country's right and the national character.

"A. CAMPBELL.

"To Mrs Ann Bamford, Middleton."

Major J. T. Robertson, of the same battalion, bore still higher testimony to the merits of these two heroes unknown to fame. In a letter to the managers of the Patriotic Fund, dated Chippawa, 10th December 1814, he begged, in the strongest manner, to "recommend the case of the widow Bamford of Middleton in Lancashire, the mother of the two sergeants Bamford, who were killed in the battle of Orthes, on the 27th February;" and added—

"As the commanding officer of the corps they so honourably served in, he has to report that the conduct of these two individuals was unexceptionable in their respective situations. Their zealous attention to their various duties had long marked them for promotion; and their gallantry and bravery on the day in which they unfortunately fell, was the admiration of every man in the regiment who witnessed it." And, to his own honour, he goes on:—"Under these circumstances, it is but the duty of the officer in command of their regiment to request attention to their unfortunate mother; and, if any relief can be afforded her from the Patriotic Fund, he conceives no person can have so strong a claim to it."

It is unnecessary to say—in the land of the Peels, the Stanleys, the Olivers, the Hultons, the Sidmouths, and the Castlereaghs—that "the widowed and heart-broken mother" never received a single farthing from the "Patriotic Fund."

But the most impressive passage in the volume is yet to come. I have reserved it for the conclusion of this letter; because I am not sure that, if I had placed it at the commencement, it would not have deterred some of your readers from further perusal. To have been sent to prison, signifies, in this country, that the party is guilty, or (still worse) poor. But let every man who did his duty, every man who did not basely and hypocritically shrink from the performance of it, during *the English Reign of Terror*, ask himself, if he has not cause to thank God for an especial providence in his favour, if *he* escaped being dragged from dungeon to dungeon, like Bamford, or stamped into a convict ship, like the Turners,* or hanged at Nottingham or elsewhere, by the Olivers of past days; and, while he reads the following narrative, let him remember, THAT THE LAMBS OF THE HOLY ALLIANCE *have come back upon us!* Bamford says, in his preface—

"It will be observed that two of the poems were written in separate prisons, and some of his readers may wish to know how he became so situated. He has, therefore to state, that when, in 1817, the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, he was arrested on suspicion of high treason, conveyed to London, and lodged in Coldbath Fields prison, where the eclogue was written: that, after being frequently produced before the Privy Council, he was discharged, *nothing being found against him*; that, shortly after the Manchester Meeting in August 1819, he was again arrested, on a charge of high treason, and conveyed to *Lancaster Castle*, where he pleaded "not guilty" to an indictment for a misdemeanour; that he was afterwards tried at *York*, with Hunt and others, and, being found guilty, was sentenced at the *Court of King's Bench*, the Easter Term following, to twelve months' imprisonment in *Lincoln* Castle, *where the Hymn to Hope was written*; that, in short, he has been confined in a greater number of English prisons for the cause of Reform, than any other Englishman living."

Do you wish to see these LAMBS in your bed chamber? I trust, Sir, you will print this letter, that the men of Oldham may read it, and contrast Samuel Bamford with that "Man of the People," Fielden, who, on the 19th ult., voted for our enemies; or that meaner and venomous worthy, Cobbett, who, straining at gnats and swallowing a camel, skulked from the performance of a sacred duty under a babyish pretence, the more infamous for its childishness—unless he is a fool!—and when was there a wise rogue?

I am, dear Sir,

VERITAS.

Upperthorpe, 1st March 1835.

* "They were executed at Derby, after having been tried with fifteen others. The whole were victims of a plot proposed and matured by the villain Oliver, the paid and protected agent of the Sidmouth and Castlereagh administration. The Turners were most unfortunate. William was executed, and his brother and nephew, a youth of nineteen, were transported for life. There are some harrowing details connected with the event: their mother died shortly after, it is said, of a broken heart. The fifteen others were transported for life."

PHADDE AND HIS FRIENDS.

CHAPTER I.

BIOGRAPHY, especially of real characters, is certainly a very difficult style of composition: the life of such a man as Robinson Crusoe, or the Baron Munchausen, would be, comparatively, a very easy performance. Fiction, I will maintain it, is a thousand times more wonderful than truth; and, on this subject, as I speak from experience, I hope I may be believed. I have the misfortune—and, in my case, it is a very serious one—to be cursed with a life without one single incident—no sudden falls or rises, no ruin at a gambling table, no fortune in a lottery ticket—in fact I have differed in nothing from an eight-day clock, except that I have not even the excitement of being so often wound up. To me this is particularly provoking; as, of all things in the world, I am fond of adventure. I have sought it everywhere: at home, abroad, in peace and war—in the populous cities of Europe, in the wild forests of America—and never met with any single event worth the trouble of commemoration. If I got into a vessel, it seemed as if my presence insured a safe and monotonous voyage: storms fled before me, the monsters of the deep retired to the depths of the ocean: I never even saw a whale, when I spent a whole winter at Spitzbergen; nor fell in with the great sea serpent, though I resided for several months in the neighbourhood of Salem. What other men call good fortune, has proved the greatest calamity to me: I am anxious beyond measure to write the story of my life; but really, when I look back upon the dull uninteresting waste of my past existence, I am forced to confess that, "Story, God bless you, I have none to tell!" Occasionally, however, I have been on the very eve of a real, veritable adventure—but something or other always occurred at the very nick of time, and the preternatural lightnings of romance faded in the light of common day.

My father's name was Thomas Fad: what my grandfather's might be, it is impossible to say. My father's life was as uninteresting as my own; and I don't think was enlivened by the incident of ever being acquainted with his sire. My mother was a fine lady; and, after a sufficient sum had been realized to enable them to retire into genteel life, the sign-board was taken down, the shop let or sold to another person in the same line, a cottage bought in a beautiful village about twenty miles from town—and there seemed a prospect of endless felicity to the emancipated pair. What's in a name? may do very well for a philosopher to ask—but a name was all the world to my mother. F. A. D. seemed, in her eyes, the most contemptible conjunction of letters which the alphabet could supply. To her it seemed so short, so horridly vulgar—but in this case my father was extremely stubborn: she wished him to drop the name altogether, and assume some more euphonious patronymic; but he stuck up most pertinaciously for Fad. At last, as is perhaps the best plan in matrimonial disputes, a compromise was entered into between the parties; and, about a fortnight after they were settled in Grassdale, they set out in a very neat new four-wheeled carriage, drawn by one huge old Flanders mare, with hairy heels and a long tail, to return, in due form, the visits of their neighbours; and, on the cards which they left for those of them who were not at home, were printed, in great full-grown German text, the names of "Mr and Mrs Phadde!" The rose now smelt a great deal sweeter in the nostrils of my mother; and, luckily, to crown her joy, I was born after this great change in their sphere of life. She has often twitted my father, when he seemed somewhat inclined to undervalue my perfections, that her son Richard had, at all events, never answered to a name that could be spelt in three letters. This was the only incident in my father's life. Perhaps it killed him; for, in a very few years after this adventure, there was a tremendous marble slab erected in Grassdale church, with a long panegyric, in gilt letters, on the virtues of Thomas Phadde. My mother had a tinge of romance, which came into brighter relief, now that she was a widow. She shewed a vast power of imagination in conjuring up what *might* have happened if my father had not died. At last, I think she felt almost angry with him for such an ill-advised step. When she read in the newspapers of any lady being presented at court, on her husband's accession to his title, she would call me to her side, and say, with a profound sigh at the same time—"Ah, Dicky! all this might have happened to me if Mr Phadde had lived a few years longer." When she saw His Grace the Duke of Pampeluna had condescended to stand godfather to the youngest, being the fourteenth child of the Lady Mayoress, again she favoured me with her usual—"Ah, Dicky, all this might have happened to me, if your father had lived a few years longer." But time flew away in the midst of these repinings; and it is now impossible to say what might have happened to her, if she herself had lived a few years longer; for, at the age of twenty-one, I found myself an orphan, with a nice cottage, about seven hundred a-year, a pair of enormous shoulders, and an appetite that seemed, like Mrs Austen's Story—without an End;—in short, the same great, coarse, strong, vulgar, un-ideal brute I have continued to be ever since. Whether I inherited from my parents this longing after the *possible*, to the exclusion of the *actual*, I cannot tell: I only know this—that, after reading "Peter Wilkins," I had a profound contempt for myself, and all the other specimens of the featherless biped, who had the misery to want wings. I was in love with the glums and the gowries; but here again came in my evil genius: I have never, in the whole course of my life, encountered one of them. The "Mysteries of Udolpho" set me

travelling, in hopes of meeting a ghost. I have slept in long corridors of deserted castles; but, alas! I have a talent for sleeping, and, generally, snoozed away so profoundly, that, so far from seeing a spectre, I never even dreamt of such a thing. But once, even before going abroad, I had almost an adventure.

The prettiest girl I ever saw in my life was Susan Oglethorpe, the ward of an old fellow in our parish. She had plenty of money, and had fallen in at Bath or Cheltenham—or some of those places where people go to two or three parties every night, and flirt prodigiously, under the pretence of being in delicate health—with a young fellow of the name of Merton. How I became interested in the matter was, that the guardian pretended to be very fond of me—consulted me about all the business of his ward—and, in fact, shewed, very evidently, that he would have no objection to me, if I thought proper, as the phrase is, to pop the question. She was certainly a very beautiful girl—so merry—so playful—with such a pair of wicked black eyes, that I thought it would be an excellent plan to adopt old Annesley's hint. But where would be the adventure there?—No; I resolved to conduct matters my own way, and, if possible, marry her without his consent, or, at all events, without letting him into the secret.

One day, after having made considerable progress in that matter, I was walking near my own gate, when a very handsome young fellow came galloping past on a spirited charger; and, just as he came opposite my house, he seemed, most unaccountably, to lose his balance; and, after landing, very adroitly, as I thought, upon his feet, staggered forward a few yards, and fell senseless into my arms. I had him carried up to my house, carefully attended to, and, in a few minutes, had the satisfaction of seeing him almost entirely recovered. Such a nice fellow never came in my way before; he talked, he told stories, he related anecdotes of men and things, in such a way as kept me fascinated. He was a revelation to me of some other life, of which I had never dreamed. I looked carefully to his shoulders, in hopes that I had discovered a glendoveer. They were very handsome, manly shoulders, but without the slightest appearance of wings. We dined together—drank together. At the end of next day I knew all about him—that his name was Edwards—that he was heir to a rich old curmudgeon of an uncle, who allowed him something, but not much, to live on in the meantime. I was delighted with such a visiter—told him all my intentions about Susan Oglethorpe; though I confessed I was not a marrying man, and only thought of running with her to Gretna Green, and making her Mrs Phadde, for want of something to do. He promised to assist me in every way in his power; and I resolved to take advantage of his being with me, and put my plan in execution as soon as I possibly could. The moment I proposed it to her, she agreed to it at once, congratulated me on the assistance of Mr Edwards, and agreed to meet me that very night, at the east end of the lane that led from her guardian's house to Grassdale. I was there punctually, at the appointed hour—Edwards undertaking to keep watch at the west end of the lane, that no one might come upon us unawares. I waited, and waited—but still no appearance of Miss Oglethorpe: at last, according to my usual custom in all interesting moments, I fell sound asleep. Gray dawn had broke in upon me ere I awoke, and I ordered the astonished postilions to drive me home as rapidly as they could. Old Annesley knocked me up before I had been half an hour in bed, and alarmed me with the intélligence of his ward having actually eloped. A letter she had left him undeceived me at once. My amusing, pleasant friend, Edward, was no other than the identical Mr Merton of Cheltenham or Bath; and while I was sound asleep at the east end of the lane, he, like one of the wise men, had come to the west, and was half-way over the border before I had recovered my surprise. This was the nearest approach to an adventure I ever had in England. But though I have had no luck in that way myself, I am bound to confess that I have had the greatest good fortune in meeting with others who have led very wonderful lives. All foreigners—and, indeed, all of our own countrymen who travel much abroad—either encounter the strangest scenes, or have a wonderful facility in inventing them: one is very nearly as good as the other. On first going abroad, I bent my course to the Rhine; I visited every castle and crag, in hopes of encountering something odd, at least, if not romantic; but at last settled myself quietly, for a few weeks, on that loveliest little islet in the world, the name of which, according to my usual custom, I have forgotton; but it is within a delightfully easy distance of the Heidelberg Tun. I found the inn, on this island, occupied by six young fellows, none of them more than five-and-twenty—one of whom was English, one French, three Germans, and an American. We dined together every day; and, I must say, I was never so happy in my life. We agreed, at last, to tell, not the whole stories of our lives, for that, we thought, would be tedious and dull, but each to relate the incident which had been the most intensely interesting, either from its happiness or its pain. Upon this, the Englishman, being called upon by the company, commenced, as I will tell you in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S STORY.

I have had a good many interesting adventures in the course of my life; for, at four-and-twenty, with health and good spirits, it is a man's own fault if he does not fall in with an incident every day of the year. But the number of my adventures embarrasses me in the choice of one of them; and I think the terms of our agreement were, that each should tell the *most* interesting passage of his existence;—now, which of mine may be the most interesting to you, I cannot tell; I only know this, that the one I am

going to relate, was the most interesting to myself. Of course, it has something to do with love; for, at our time of life, we have forgotten the "hair breadth 'scapes of the imminent deadly birch" of our school-boy days—the robbing of orchards and dragging of fish ponds—all intensely interesting, no doubt, at the time, but rather stale in the recollection; and we have not yet, thank heaven, got into the Nova Zembla latitudes of fifty or sixty, where the sun of existence, if it shine at all, shines only upon ice;—and therefore, fill up a bumper, my boys, of this exquisite Rhindel sheimmer, and "listen, listen, listen to a tale of love."

Love seems a plant that will grow anywhere—in cloud or sunshine, calm or storm. Mine took root in a hackney coach and a shower of rain. I had been dining one night, about a year ago, with some friends in the west end; and, by some unaccountable absence of mind, to which I am very often subject after dinner, I kept no count of the number of times the bottle made its rounds. From the force of habit, I suspect I must have helped myself every time it passed, and, probably, had unconsciously swallowed my bumper before it again completed its circuit. Something of this sort must have occurred; for, on taking out my watch to ascertain how time was flying, I appeared to myself to be suddenly enriched by the possession of two chronometers; my friends were multiplied in the same unaccountable manner; and, as I suspected that this singular pluralization was not confined to others, but that I was most probably in the dual number myself, I invited my double to walk with me for a little refreshment into the open air. I felt myself as clear in the head, as sensible and collected, as at any moment of my life; but truth compels me to confess, that my double was in a state of rapturous excitement; his legs were not so steady as they ought to be; and, in fact, to come to plainer language, I found myself in that happy state where the intellect is only stimulated and brightened, while the body shews symptoms of what the vulgar denominate intoxication. However, there is a time for all things. Thynne and I are now president and vice-president of the Temperance Society.

As I was pursuing my devious progress through Upper Baker Street, a sudden shower came pelting pitilessly on my ungreatcoated shoulders. Luckily, just when it came on, I was close to a hackney coach, drawn up, as if for my peculiar convenience, quite near to the curb stone. I opened the door, jumped in, gave the coachman directions where to drive, and having nestled myself snugly in a corner, after a few ejaculations on my good luck, I fell sound asleep. How long I enjoyed my repose, it is impossible to say; but when I wakened and looked out, the shower was over. I was opposite the door of a house which I knew was not my own; and, to the best of my recollection, I was still in Upper Baker Street. Suddenly the door of the house—from which issued the joyous sound of music, and against the bright curtains of whose upper windows were reflected the forms of the dancing part of the assemblage, which fancy took especial care to clothe in all the attributes of youth and loveliness—suddenly the door opened, and a fat, short, little, round, spuddy fellow—muffled up in enormous cloaks and greatcoats, till only the point of a prodigiously red nose was visible—hobbled, as fast as he could, down the steps; and climbed, with amazing rapidity, into the coach where I lay perdue. I never moved, and scarcely breathed, waiting, big with expectation, for the denouement of this adventure. He sat down, with a prodigious squelch, almost upon my knee; but did not seem half so much astonished as I had expected. "What! Tom, you lazy dog! I thought how it would be; no joke, my boy, walking on these slippery streets all the way to Regent's Park—dull party, rather; eh, Tom? I saw you slip out. Are you asleep?" Here I took the hint, and grunted, with the most feather-bed intonation I could assume. "Bless me," continued my fat friend, "what's keeping that silly girl all this time? Those women never can make haste—can they, Tom?—But the brute's asleep." I was never wider awake in my life. I glanced, from under my eyebrows, at the person so disrespectfully alluded to by my companion—Heavens! what a beautiful girl she seemed, even by that imperfect light; tall, stately, handsome, and, evidently, very young. She tripped with the lightness of a fawn, and the grace of Taglioni, and sat down directly opposite me, whom her father announced as old Tom Fullager, asleep after the fatigues of his achievements at supper; and having directed the jarvy to drive to Mr Smith's, Regent Park, he pulled up the windows, and the handkerchiefs over his nose, and threw himself back into his corner—and all of us jogged on in silence. At last, as we drew near home, he became more loquacious. "Nice ball, Jane, wasn't it?—the supper was delicious. I must say, no one beats Mrs Grundy at dressing a lobster." "It was a pleasant party," replied the lady, in a voice which shewed, even by its tone, that she was the sweetest creature in the world. "But the lobster, Jane—you should have sent your plate for some lobster!"—Gads! that such a creature as that should be even suspected capable of polluting her lips with lobster! I felt very much inclined to kick the old scoundrel out of the coach. She made no reply.

"The portrait, Jane," resumed the old fellow—"what did your aunt say of the likeness?" "She said it was very good, though rather flattering." "Did she?—then she knows nothing about pictures. It is as like you as yourself, and not in the least flattering: they have given you my mouth to a T." (I thought the lady smiled.) "Is it here?"

"Yes, I have it in my reticule." "Then take care you don't lose it; for you women would lose your ears if they were not properly glued to your head. Will this guzzling brute, old Fullager, never waken?"

In the midst of conversation like this, the

coach stopped at the door of a very good looking house—steps were let down—the old man bundled out, the lady glided after him, and I was left still apparently sound asleep in the corner. Old Smith chuckled very much when he dismissed the coachman. "Drive this old gentleman," he said, "to Mr Fullager's, No. 19, round the corner, and he'll pay you your fare for all—he, he, he! the devil take the hindmost;" and he disappeared into his house. The coachman looked into the coach, to see who his other passenger might be, and being apparently satisfied with his scrutiny, mounted his box and drove on. I rubbed my eyes as if all that had passed was a vision. I was already a thousand miles in love; and—Heavens! what is this lying on the opposite seat? A reticule! *her* reticule! I feel something hard and square in it. The likeness! the likeness!—was ever such a lucky dog in the universe? One minute served to stop the coach, dismiss the coachman, and set me careering on my homeward way, with the reticule held carefully to my breast. "That there's the door, sir," said the coachman as he departed—"much obleeged, sir." And I was rejoiced to see him turn the corner. Now, thought I, if they find out their loss, and send after the hackney coach, the bird is flown—I shall retain my prize; and I hurried home, anxious to open my treasure, and gaze on it at leisure, and undisturbed. All the effects of my previous excitement had long left me. I felt only the exaltation of the most rhapsodical delight. When I reached my apartment, I ordered my candles to be lighted, my fire to be replenished; and, with a look of peculiar meaning, my servant obeyed. I waited patiently till he had left the room; watched him as he slowly descended the stairs, then got up, bolted the door, gave the fire an enlivening stir, and, throwing myself into my chair with my feet on the fender, took the reticule from my bosom, and prepared for a glimpse of heaven. First, I pulled out a handkerchief, curiously embroidered with diverse patterns of needlework, and marked at one corner, in letters of gold thread, "J. S."—next a pair of beautiful kid gloves, still preserving the wrinkles caused by the joints of her fingers. "Sweet gloves!" I cried, "I wish I were a glove upon that hand." Then came three small keys upon a silver ring; and then, in a beautiful red case, came the object of my search. paused a long time before I opened it; anxious to prolong my expectation, and yet burning to have my curiosity gratified: and, by way of lengthening out my happiness still farther, again I dived into the reticule. Enclosed in silver paper, was a small parcel. I opened it, and two of the loveliest, the handsomest, the smallest white satin shoes presented themselves that it ever was my fortune to see. With such a foot and hand it is impossible to avoid being beautiful! and, unable to restrain myself one moment longer from the miniature, I opened the golden clasps. Dark brown eyes, with magnificent lashes spreading a beautifying shade upon their lustrous glances; hair simply and elegantly clustered upon her cheek and neck; every feature breathing beauty, grace, and intelligence, formed altogether a countenance so surpassingly lovely, that—that—that, in short, I seemed never to have known what a woman might be till then.

The downy arms of Morpheus, as fine writers say, were stretched out for me in vain that night. In vulgar language, I never slept a wink. I tossed and tumbled, cogitating over my future proceedings—whether to go to old Smith, and explain the whole matter at once—by that means securing an acquaintance with the daughter; or look about for some other channel of introduction—retaining my inestimable prize, at all events, till I had secured a promise of the original; or to wait the course of events, making careful inquiries, in the meantime, as to whether they took any steps to recover their lost property. All these, and a thousand other thoughts, jumbled themselves in my head; and if, for a moment, I dozed off into a slumber, I found myself bowling along the north road, on my way to Gretna Green; and, just on arriving at the blacksmith's, and offering my hand to my companion, I looked up, and, instead of the beautiful being I had imagined, discovered the red nose of the muffled-up sire, with a prodigious lobster depending from it by its claw.

But even sleepless nights come to a close. My first object in the morning was to discover, if possible, who the Mr Thomas Fullager was, whose character I had assumed on the preceding night. At the club he was totally unknown—on 'Change he was equally anonymous—the Court Guide and the Directory were silent—and I had forgotten the point at which I left the coach. Even Mr Smith's I found it impossible to discover. There were fourteen Mr Smiths in the Directory, residing in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park. The day passed off in unavailing endeavours to discover my lost pleiad—the whole heaven seemed black to me without the shining of that bright particular star, and I wondered why the deuce so much beauty should be shrouded in such an impenetrable disguise as the name of Smith. At length, wearied out with my exertions, and half broken-hearted at my want of success, I went into a comfortable looking hotel in that vicinity, ordered dinner, and sat down to a newspaper. The coffee room gradually filled. I was in no spirits to begin a conversation; and, besides, it is not, in my country, the custom to speak to any one without the ceremony of an introduction. But the thirst of knowledge overcomes more insuperable difficulties than taciturnity and custom. I entered into conversation with the party at the next table, and found them apparently not indisposed to be communicative. I talked about the beauties in the neighbourhood, and said, "By the by, I saw the loveliest girl I ever dreamt of, in this neighbourhood, to-day: she was tall;—dark eyes, black hair, good colour," and so on, as per portrait. "And who was she with, sir?" said one of the gentlemen. "With a little, fat, short, dumpling old fellow,"

I replied. "What! with a brown coat, pepper-and-salt inexpressibles, and ditto continuations?"

"Yes; I think he had."

"Then, depend on't, it was old Bill Figgins and the beautiful Jewess. Only to think what people will be led to in their old age! This Mr Figgins, sir, was"——

"Poh!" said another; "it couldn't be old Figgins—it must have been Lord Walnut and the opera-dancer. My Lord piques himself on dressing like a Quaker and living like a debauchee. Had he a very wide-rimmed hat? And the lady—had she not a kind of impudent stare with her—a kind of eye, which"——

All this was dreadful to me. That any one should suggest, for a moment, that my divinity might be mistaken for an intriguing Jewess, or an impudent opera-dancer!—Faugh! there was profanation in the thought. In order to put a stop to farther guesses on the subject, I said—"Why, to tell you the truth, I've some suspicion I am acquainted with their names. I believe it is Smith."

"Then, it must be Mr Smith, who lives in one of the Terraces—a very beautiful girl, indeed, his daughter is. I met her at a party last night in Baker Street. She dances splendidly."

"Did she dance much?" I inquired.

"Oh, a great deal; but principally with an oldish-looking fellow of the name of Fuilager. I believe they are engaged."

"How old does he seem?"

"I should think fifty, at least. He got gloriously jolly last night at supper. But they say he is very rich; and that is everything with the girls now."

Here was a most confounding piece of information: dancing—engaged—and all to that shocking, guzzling old blockhead—whose evident custom it must have been, to fall asleep in the same hackney coach with the lady of his love! This, at least, was the conclusion I drew from the unconcern with which both father and daughter had observed my comatose behaviour on our way home.

From my communicative friend in the coffee-room, I got all the information he possessed; and, having, among other things, ascertained where my rival resided, I sallied forth with the resolution of introducing myself to him, by foul means or fair. It was about half-past nine when I left the hotel. The night was dark; and, as I was not much acquainted with that part of London, I was a little uncertain about my way. I addressed a thin, gentlemanly-looking fellow, who was lounging quietly along, and asked the nearest way to ——— Street. "I have nothing to do till a quarter past ten, and shall be happy to shew the way," replied the stranger; and, without more ceremony, he put his arm within mine. "For my own part," he continued, as we pursued our way, "I prefer the society of strangers to every other; one's old friends are so cursedly disagreeable."

"That's not what is generally said of them."

"Depend on't, nevertheless, it's what's almost always THOUGHT of them. You can do nothing before an old friend with the ease and comfort you can before a new one. You can never relate an anecdote without an old friend taking especial good care to tell you he has heard you tell it a dozen times before. I find it easier to invent friends than anecdotes. Wiser than Solomon was the man who declared that the death of a friend gave him very little regret; for all he had to do, was to go to the nearest coffee-room and take a new one." I looked at my new acquaintance as often as we came near a lamp. He seemed a hale hearty man, of fifty, or so; not at all unsteady in his walk, but still with that indescribable tone in the voice, that shewed me his potations had not been derived undiluted from the pump. Of course, I joined very heartily in all his sentiments, and was only rejoiced to discover that a man might live so long, and continue to enjoy himself so much. After forty, it is difficult to meet with a person whose disposition has not been soured, or whose manners are open and unsuspicious.

We had gone over an immense number of topics, before we arrived at ——— Street. In the middle of a long harangue, my friend suddenly stopped short, with, "Bless me, how dreadfully thirsty this talking makes one! Here is my house—will you come in for a few minutes? I am quite disengaged till a quarter past ten." I confessed my business was of no particular importance; and I was in hopes of getting some more information from so talkative a companion. We entered a very nice house. In a few minutes, the table was replenished with glasses and decanters—candles on the table, a great roaring fire in the chimney—and, all things considered, I thought I had fallen into a very pleasant sort of adventure. I now looked more attentively at my host. He was as good-natured looking a fellow as one would wish to see—small eyes and red cheeks, with a mouth stretching from ear to ear. After we had taken a glass or two, as if to cement our friendship, he began:—"What shall I call you?—but names—*nomina*, as the Latins called them—clever fellows the Latins were—names are of no consequence. Shall I call you Mercurius? Mercury is the vulgar name in English, but highly improper."

"Mercurius, or whatever you please," I answered.

"Well then, Mercurius, I will tell you as much of my history as I shall see right. You must know that, about fifty years ago, I beheld this visible diurnal sphere for the first time; and before I had well given the world—the midwife, that is to say, my mother, and the nurse—assurance of a man, I took to drinking. I have kept constant to that ever since, with only a change of beverage. I found, as I grew up, that my fortune was such as to place me, according to the political economists, in the class of the consumers—so I tippled as much port wine as I possibly could. I drink upon philosophical principles—not to gratify the brute appetites; for I know no brute—and I have studied

Cuvier and Buffon attentively—who has the slightest predilection for brandy. I find that Monsieur Vaillant had a monkey, of the name of 'Keys,' who was fond of a quiet sip; but, as M. Vaillant was a Frenchman, (I hate the French, Sir,) I am not at all sure that M. Keys was not a countryman in disguise. And, in truth, the disguise is not a very deep one. But I drink also on philanthropical principles. I am naturally of a sour and saturnine disposition: I find a bottle or two of port makes me in love with my species, particularly that portion of it which is addicted to the use of petticoats; I find my heart glowing with patriotism, benevolence, charity, and even religion;—so I may say, I addict myself to drinking on every principle, human and divine: a third bottle is more efficacious on me than a sermon. Let us have another magnum."

"With all my heart. I am delighted to meet with a gentleman who so powerfully supports his principles by his practice. If all public men were to do the same"——

"Pah!" he interrupted; "all nonsense that about public men. There are no politics in nature—therefore there are none in a bottle. In the cellar as in the grave, all parties are united. When I ask about public men, I don't trouble myself about how they talk, or what they do—how they tax us, or why they take off our taxes: I merely ascertain, do they drink? I am an unflinching Tory in politics. Pitt was a four-bottle man."

"For my own part, I am inclined to be a Whig; but I never could give a rational reason for it before. Fox had an unapproachable genius for eloquence, and brandy and water."

"They universally go together. *Fecundi calices quem non fecere disertum?* Quintus Horatius was a thorough gentleman—*Carpe diem; bibamus!*"

"Your quotations, my dear sir, are irresistible," I replied; but, though I thus entered into his humour, I took care to pass the bottle without acting up to my professions of joviality. The hour at last arrived when he had informed me he was engaged; but our potations had opened his heart even more liberally than before. "My dear Mercurius," he said, "I told you I had business at a quarter past ten—that minute is now come, and the bottle is empty. You can, perhaps, be of service to me in the business I am going on. *Licet antistari?* Come, and be my witness: and, as to that old prevaricator, I'll chuck him right-bang into the Thames."

"Who is it, sir? where is it we are going to?" said I, rather alarmed at such fierceness in a man who was now so evidently *Bacchi plenus*.

"Going to?—going to supper, to be sure—come along."

And off accordingly we set. My companion kept on muttering obscure threats of vengeance, and I made up my mind to conclude the night's adventure by being nothing less than second in a duel. We quickly arrived at a house in one of the numerous terraces, and my companion rang the bell, and walked in when the door was opened, patronizingly supporting himself on my arm. We were shewn up stairs, and ushered into the drawing-room. "Mr Fullager!" said the servant, as he announced us; and before I had time to recover from my surprise, the old red-nosed gentleman, my companion in the hackney coach, came forward, and shook hands with my companion,

"This is my friend Mercurius, Mr Smith: I have brought him to be a witness of our conference."

"How do, Mr Curious?—very happy to see you. Jane, you don't receive Mr Fullager and his friend, Mr Curious."

My eyes had already made the wished for discovery that the original of the miniature was before me. She was even more beautiful than I had thought—no picture can do justice to a smile. Supper was not ready; and, luckily, the two old fellows sat in deep consultation at one end of the room by themselves. Time was very precious. I found the young lady's conversation as admirable as her beauty; I told her of my meeting with Mr Fullager, without, however, hinting at my adventure of the preceding night. The romance, as she called it, of the incident amused us; the name, Mr Curious, was another source of laughter; and the whole business seemed so odd, that I think our acquaintance under these circumstances made more progress in half an hour, than, under any other, it would have done in a month. A little mystery is a capital ingredient in all those matters: so, though I told her that Mr Curious was not my name, I took care not to let her know who or what I really was. When supper was announced, we both, I am persuaded, had no recollection of the newness of our acquaintance. Supper proceeded, and, my friend, Mr Fullager, who drank upon such lofty and commanding principles, seemed to eat upon principles no less elevating and powerful. It appeared the two old gentlemen had deferred their explanation, whatever it might be, till the cloth should be withdrawn; but, luckily, before that occurrence could take place, my philosophical and philanthropical friend had rested his chin upon his bosom and fallen sound asleep. "So, Tom's at his old tricks again—no power will wake him for this hour to come. It's a most provoking thing, Mr Curious, that old Fullager here is so positive. Now, he, and I, and my Jane here, came all home together in a hackney coach last night. Tom, as usual, dropped into a snooze, and still continued in it, when I sent him on in the vehicle that brought us here. My daughter, you'll perceive, left her reticule in the carriage. I have seen the coachman, who positively swears it was not left in his coach; however, he is in custody, and will be brought up to-morrow morning. I suspect that Fullager here, who is as full of tricks as a kitten, took the reticule in a joke—and no harm done, if he would confess to it when the matter grows serious; but when I accuse him of the act, what do you think he says?"

"Denies it, I suppose."

"Denies it? Ay, and more than that: he swears he did not come home with us in the coach; for that he walked every step of the way from Baker Street. Now, Jane and I are both ready to swear that he did come with us, and snored most consumedly almost all the way; and, more than that, the coachman is ready to make oath that he put down the gentleman, at his own request, within three doors of his house, at No. 19, ——— Street. Now, what do you say to that?"

"That it is an extraordinary occurrence. What does Miss Smith say?"

"Exactly as papa says," replied the lady: "that it is ridiculous conduct in the old gentleman to persist so unreasonably in his joke, especially as the coachman is likely to be a severe sufferer by it. It argues a very cruel disposition in any one to retain such a trifle as a lady's reticule, when others are the victims of such conduct."

"Yes," I said, rather taken aback; "but, though the suspicion may be strong against the coachman, still it cannot be strong enough to bring him into punishment."

"And is it no punishment," rejoined the lady, "to be brought into suspicion? Fie, Mr Curious! you are nearly as much to blame as Mr Fullager."

"Rather more so, I fear; but I have no doubt restitution will yet be made. Indeed, I think it is absurd to doubt that the article was carried away by some person or other who was in the coach with you."

"Mr Curious, I am delighted to hear you say so," exclaimed mine host. "There can be no doubt that Mr Fullager is the man; and, if so, he shall never be the husband of Jane Smith, if I can possibly prevent it."

"Oh, father, that will be too severe!" said the lady, with a face of real concern; "that would be punishing the innocent along with the guilty."

"Silence, my girl!—I am the best judge of what is best for my family."

"Certainly, sir," I interrupted; "but if you would allow me to suggest anything, I hope you would not deny Miss Smith to a person who sincerely loves her, merely because he has taken possession of her portrait."

"Ah! how do *you* know, Mr Curious," said the lady, "that a portrait was in the reticule?"

"How? Why, you see, I—I—I—Mr Fullager, you'll observe"——

"He? Why, he was sound asleep all the while we talked about the miniature; and, unless he actually had taken it, how is it possible that he should know anything about it."

The beautiful eyes of the fair querist were fixed most searchingly upon me, as she said this. My confusion was, perhaps, apparent; for she immediately turned to her father, and said—"Father, you must not, for a moment longer, suspect the unhappy coachman; his character must, at all events, be set clear. Mr Curious has set my mind entirely at rest; and, certainly, unless a confession is very soon made, even I, myself, shall come into my father's opinion, and consider any one guilty of such conduct unworthy of any woman's affection."

I was on the very point of disclosing everything I knew; but, at this moment, our somniferous companion gave such audible signs of the profundity of his slumbers, that we unanimously resolved to delay the explanation till some future time. In the meantime, what to make of Miss Smith's evident tendencies in favour of such an old philosophical absorbent as Mr Fullager, completely puzzled me. I concluded, at last, that he must be enormously rich; and that, in spite of all her loveliness, elegance, and admirable understanding, she was a worshipper of the golden calf, and was ready to sacrifice youth, beauty, innocence, and purity of mind, on the thrice-accursed altars of Mammon and Ambition. And yet it was impossible to look into those delicious eyes, and believe that any such degrading feelings as these should be harboured for one moment by a creature so surpassingly lovely. Old Fullager the husband of Jane Smith! The thing was impossible: and, rather than aid in such ineffable cruelty, I resolved, in my own mind, to get him hanged on suspicion of the theft.

I was rejoiced, at all events, that no further steps would be taken in the prosecution of the coachman. My mind, on that point, was set at rest; and as to considering it my duty to whitewash the character of Mr Fullager, that did, by no means, form any part of my intentions. All stratagems are fair in love or war. For a month or six weeks my visits were constant to both the parties. They, in the meantime, came to no explanation, and, in fact, had ceased to visit. It needed all Tom Fullager's philosophy, and an extra quantity of wine, to support him in his self-imposed exile from his friend Mr Smith's. He often spoke to me on the subject. "Ah, my dear Arthur—or rather let me continue to denominate you my Mercurius, messenger of gods, and also patron of liars and thieves—(what pleasant reading Lempriere is!)—it is a hard case, my dear Mercurius, to be possessed of delicate and noble feelings. Those people—old Mulciber, and his silly thing of a daughter—accuse me—me, Thomas Fullager, Esquire—of a petty larceny. Sir, were it not for the christianising influences of an extra bottle, I should have slaughtered the old slanderer long ago; but my feelings, sir—you can imagine the dreadful suffering of my feelings, aggravated, as they are, by the impediment which this absurd accusation erects between me and my love. But she feels it with infinitely more acuteness than I do. I have recommended her to drink.

Let's drown it in the bow—o—owl.

Moore is a pretty poet, sir, isn't he?"

"And do you think Miss Smith will take your advice?"

"For her own sake, I hope so—but has she told you of our engagement—have you seen her on the subject?"

"She never certainly directly told me of her engagement to you; but"——

"Hinted it?—let you into the secret by the awkwardness of her manner, and flushing of her cheeks, when my name was mentioned? I must say I believe the girl loves me—*Omnia vincit amor*—pretty line that"——

The vanity of the tippling old boaster nearly choked me. "I am sorry to tell you," I replied, "she seems to hear you talked of, and not in the most respectful manner either, with the most perfect indifference."

"The deuce she does! Falsehood, thy name is woman! But I'll convict her: here is a letter she sent me this very day—*litera scripta manet*: I'll publish it in the *Morning Post*. This is 1820 wine—do you like it?"

The letter was certainly in a very high-flown strain. Cupid's darts, and a variety of types and figures, shone in almost every line of it. It complained of his absence, professed an anxiety to meet him, in spite of the opposition of her family, and ended, "Ever yours, most affectionately, Jane Smith."

"May I keep this letter?"

"'Tis yours."

Affairs had now come to a climax. I left old Fullager as quickly as I could, hied home with the speed of thought, and bundled portrait, gloves, handkerchief, and satin shoes, very unceremoniously, into the bag; and only waited for the morning, to call and explain the whole business, leaving the young lady to please herself in the way she thought best. There was very little sleep for me that night. I found that my love had strengthened with every hour of our acquaintance; and, till this horrifying proof of her duplicity, I had even flattered myself, in spite of my knowledge of her engagement, that our regard was mutual. But now I resolved to break with her at once, and render poor old Fullager all the justice in my power.

Next day I called on that classical individual, and related to him everything exactly as it had occurred. He was delighted with the intelligence, blamed me a little, but finally clasped me in his arms. "My friend, my dear Mercurius, you have taken the weight of Atlas off my shoulders. I had almost come to the conclusion that I must, by some unimaginable process, have forfeited my honesty, and actually commenced depredator; but now, 'Richard's himself again!' Old Smith will now withdraw his opposition and Jane will be mine. I'll marry her to-morrow.

> Behold your long lost Thomas here,
> Restored to love and thee!

Hymen! O Hymenæe! That was the form of gratulation among the ancient Romans."

"If you will go with me to Mr Smith's, I will explain everything, as I have done to you."

"Certainly, my dear Mercurius. Poor thing! how delighted she will be!

> She'll sink into my arms, and cry,
> Art thou my own dear Tommy?

Felices ter et amplius quos irrupta tenet copula. I'll call for a license as soon as the explanation is made. *Et tenero dominam detinuisse sinu.* I shall certainly teach her to drink."

In the midst of these rhapsodies, we reached Mr Smith's. That gentleman was from home. Miss Smith was in the drawing-room.

"Permit me, Miss Smith," I said, "to introduce Mr Fullager to you, without a stain on his reputation."

"*Davus sum*," interrupted my friend, "*non Œdipus*. This gentleman's the thief, not I."

"I must confess, madam, that, when a very extraordinary circumstance put me in possession of your likeness, I had not the stoical virtue to surrender so valued a prize"——

"*Sunt quos curriculo*—he came home with you in the hackney coach. *Ibam forte via sacra*—I toddled home on foot."

—"But my eyes are now opened to the uselessness of retaining a miniature, which, while it shews to me the only features which have ever appeared worthy of adoration, teaches me, at the same time, that worship at such a shrine is presumptuous and unavailing. I, therefore, restore you the picture, and hope that you and Mr Fullager will be happy; while, for myself"——

I gave her the reticule, and could proceed no farther.

"What a curious incident! Well, I do hope, Mr Fullager, you'll be happy. I'll do all I can to make you so."

"Thank'ee. *Amantium iræ amoris integratio*—I was certain the heart was on my side all the time. So off I go to explain everything to Mr Smith. *Valete et plaudite:—Exeo.*"

Mr Fullager retired on saying this, leaving the young lady and me looking both as foolish as possible. The silence was at length broken by the lady's saying, "Mr Fullager seems delighted with his good fortune."

"Do *you* wonder at that?"

"Then, Mr Arthur, *you* have a high opinion of the object of his choice?"

"Ah, certainly; but why do you torture me with such questions? You must have seen—it is impossible for you to remain ignorant—of my admiration; every look must have told it, if looks are in any way the interpreters of the heart."

"I certainly never saw any looks of the sort: how could I?"

"Ah! I suppose not. Your own thoughts were so absorbed by Mr Fullager."

"My thoughts, Mr Arthur—what can be the meaning of such an insinuation?"

"Yes, madam, your thoughts. It is vain to deny it. Do not add to my misery by laughing at my presumption."

"I must say, sir, your conversation is very unaccountable. I expected different things from one who—who—whom"——

"Madam, Madam, will not your own handwriting convince you that I am acquainted with all the circumstances?" I handed her the note as I said this. She read it; and, after several vain attempts to resume a dignified demeanour, she fairly burst into a very hearty fit of laughing.

"Why, this letter is from my old aunt, Jane:

she and Mr Fullager have been engaged for many years."

"And you are sure this is not your writing?"

"My writing!" And we both laughed till the tears ran down our cheeks.

I need not say any more, gentlemen. In about a week from this time, I am to join Mr and Mrs Fullager with their niece, at Frankfort; and then adieu to my bachelor life! I may mention that the miniature has been in my possession ever since.

The Englishman here ended his tale. We, of course, drank health and happiness to the heroine of the hackney coach; and the Frenchman, whose name was M. Adolphe, was called upon for his story.

POETRY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

They sold the chairs; they took the bed, and went—
A fiend's look after them the husband sent;
His thin wife held him faintly—but in vain—
She saw the ale-house in his look of pain.
Hurrah, for Bread-taxed England!

Upon her pregnant womb her hand she laid,
Then stabbed her living child! and shrieked, dismayed.
"Oh! why had I a mother!" wildly said
That saddest mother, gazing on the dead.
Hurrah, &c.

Slowly she turned, and sought the silent room,
Her first-born child's lone dwelling-place and tomb.
Because they could not purchase earth and prayer,
The dear, dead boy, had long lain coffined there.*
Hurrah, &c.

And that boy hath a sister—where is she?
Dying where none a cherub fallen may see:
"Mother! oh, come!" she sobs, with stifled groan,
In that blest isle where pity turns to stone.
Hurrah, &c.

Before the judge, the childless stood, amazed,
With none to say, "My Lord, the wretch is crazed."
Crowds saw her perish, but all eyes were dry;
Drunk, in the crowd, her husband saw her die.
Hurrah, for Merry England!

Around the murderer's wrists they lock the chain——
What tyrant?—whom hath Rapine's victim slain?
The widow, hunger-stung and sorrow-bent,
Who asked, with tears, her lodger's weekly rent.
Hurrah, &c.

Oh! wholesale dealers in Waste, Want, and War,
Would that your deeds were written!—*and they are!*
Written and 'graved on minds and hearts oppressed;
Stamped deep and blood-burnt in our realms unblessed.
Hurrah, for Bread-taxed England!

* While this sheet is passing through the press, we notice in the London papers a case exactly in point. A poor man, who had obtained a coffin, was unable to pay the dues of the church and sexton, and the corpse of his child had lain for a fortnight in his room, and was still there.

SPENSERIAN.—NO. I.

Spirit of British Trade!—but, thou mean slave
Whom vermin feed on, spirit none hast thou!—
Oh! for the voice of Cromwell from the grave,
To ask why men whose sires were free, allow
King-humbling Miscreancy to starve them now!—
Spirit of British Trade! thy merchant-kings
Should wear a crown of foolscap on their brow,
With this inscription—"Traffic's creeping things:
Where Beckford was a man, we are dirt's underlings!"

SPENSERIAN.—NO. II.

Thou art not bread-taxed, Falcon! thou fear'st not
The haughty worms that feed on toil defied;
Thou art not on the page of Heaven a blot;
Thou scorn'st to flatter beastly power and pride:
Therefore, the free air weds thy dauntless side,
The all-blessed sun, undazzled meets thine eye,
The chainless cloud thy wing. Oh, wheeling wide,
Bid soul-bound man, look upward! where the sky,
Arming for battle, growls, Rise, slave! be Free or Die!

BAINES' HISTORY OF THE COTTON MANUFACTURE.

The history of industry and civilization exhibits no commercial phenomenon so remarkable as the rapid extension of the cotton manufacture in Great Britain. Sixty years since, about THREE MILLIONS lbs. of raw cotton annually supplied the manufacture, which was then considered brisk and thriving: now, the consumption is TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY MILLIONS of lbs. a-year! Though the population of the manufacturing districts has not increased in the same proportion, it is also immensely increased. The foundation of the astonishing extension of this great branch of national industry, has arisen (together with the natural advantages of the country) from that rapid succession of splendid mechanical inventions, which, wonderful as they are, have not yet reached the ultimate point; and which, among other less achievements, now enable a spinner to produce as much yarn in one day, as, sixty years ago, he could have produced in a year. This is Mr Baines' estimate; and it is probably rather under than above the mark.

The germ of the present valuable work is to be found in "The History of the County Palatine of Lancaster," by Edward Baines, Esq. of Leeds. To that work it was contributed by his son, Mr

Edward Baines, Jun., the author of this expanded volume. The outline was, on its appearance two years ago, considered worthy of separate publication; and this was suggested by so competent an authority as Mr M'Culloch, in an article in the *Edinburgh Review*. It would be mere waste of words to point out the importance of a history of the cotton manufacture, whether to the statesman, the political economist, or the mass of the people of that country in which it has advanced with strides so gigantic, and attained to so flourishing a condition. By locality, connexion, the nature of his acquirements, and the character of his mind, Mr Baines appears peculiarly adapted for the task he has undertaken. As a historian, he is diligent, accurate, candid, and impartial. He has spared no labour in research; and has been so fortunate as to engage the co-operation of the persons best qualified to furnish statistical information. His history will be read with great interest, from the bureau of the Minister of State to the loom-shop and the cottage, and at once take its place as a standard British work.

Until the middle of the last century, the cotton manufacture was wholly domestic. The yarn was spun on the one-thread wheel; and the females of the weaver's family, or the spinsters in his neighbourhood, supplied him scantily with weft, for which they were well paid, as the shuttle was already flying more rapidly than the wheel; and the demand for the strong coarse goods, fustians and dimities, to which the manufacture was then limited, was upon the increase. The loom, in this rude age of the cotton trade, was nearly as simple in mechanism as that still employed in India; though it was more strongly and perfectly constructed than the Hindoo loom. In combing the cotton, some improvements had been adopted from the woollen manufacture: and this was the amount of improvement up to about 1768. The manufacture had, however, received an earlier impulse, from the invention of the fly-shuttle; which was made in 1738, by Mr John Kay, a native of Bury, in Lancashire, but, at the period, a weaver in Colchester. Before, however, we come to the history of inventions in the last century, which nearly includes them all, we may first take a rapid survey of the early state of the manufacture.

India, as Mr Baines correctly states, is the birth-place of the cotton manufacture. Neither history nor tradition can trace its origin, which is probably as old in India as the arts of spinning and weaving; the produce of the *wool-bearing plant* being more easily converted into yarn than the fibres of flax, and as obviously convertible as the fleece of sheep. Mr Baines displays extensive reading, and some research, in establishing the fact, that cotton fabrics were common in India in the days of Herodotus, and were indeed the common clothing of the people at the period of the conquests of Alexander the Great. At the Christian era, the manufacture had extended to Persia and Egypt, while the more delicate fabrics had become an article of commerce to the ports of Arabia and Egypt. It was not until the 14th century that the manufacture of cottons became general in China, where the silk manufacture is of extreme antiquity. Cottons have long been the ordinary dress of the inhabitants of the smaller Indian and Chinese islands, and of the Japanese and the natives of Java and Borneo. The manufacture was widely spread by the enterprise of the followers of Mahomet—the cotton spindle and loom following the sword. It is now extended over nearly all Africa. A more remarkable fact is the existence of the cotton manufacture in the continent of America and the West India islands, before the discovery of the New World by Columbus. The fabrics of the Mexicans were so elegant as to be highly esteemed in Europe. "They wove," says Clavigero, "their cloth of different figures and colours, representing different animals and flowers. Of feathers interwoven with cotton, they made mantles and bed curtains, carpets, gowns, and other things, not less soft than beautiful. With cotton also they interwove the finest hair of the belly of rabbits and hares, after having made and spun it into thread; of this they made the most beautiful cloths, and, in particular, winter waistcoats for their lords." Among the presents sent home by Cortes to Charles V. were cotton mantles, some all white, others mixed with white and black, or red, green, yellow, and blue; waistcoats, handkerchiefs, counterpanes, tapestries, and carpets of cotton. The Mexicans also made a paper of cotton.

Into Europe the cotton manufacture was first introduced, by the Moors, in the tenth century, along with other useful arts; and in the fourteenth century it flourished in Granada, and the plant was cultivated in different provinces of Spain. The Spanish Arabs made paper of cotton before paper was known in any other part of Europe; and this art of paper-making, acquired from the Chinese many centuries before, was farther perfected by the then cheaper material of linen being adopted. With the Moors, the trade seems to have nearly disappeared in Spain. At a later period, the manufacture of cotton appeared in Venice. The general name of Italy, as Mother of the Arts, does not, therefore, apply in this instance.

During all this time, the spindle and distaff, and the rude Indian loom, were the only implements of the manufacturers. The first improvement was the one-thread, or what is named in Scotland the *one-handed* wheel. This has long been used in India and China for the coarser yarns, the spindle being used for the finer qualities. Mr Baines describes this primitive wheel as not much more expeditious than the distaff. This, we apprehend, is a capital mistake. The one-handed wheel was as great an advance upon the distaff, as the jenny was upon the wheel. Even with this rude apparatus, the fabrics of India were of unrivalled excellence and beauty; and, whether in durability or delicacy, in the finer qualities of cotton as of linen cloths, those spun by the hand, and woven by the simplest machinery, surpass

those which, in vastly increased quantity, are produced by the modern processes. "The Indians," Mr Baines remarks, "have, in all ages, maintained an unapproached and almost incredible perfection in their fabrics of cotton. Some of their muslins might be thought the work of fairies or of insects rather than of men; but these are produced in small quantities, and are seldom exported." The transparent muslins of India seem to have excited the admiration of early travellers:—"Some of them are so fine," says Tavernier, "that you can hardly feel them in your hand, and the thread when spun is hardly discernible." Of these, twenty-five or thirty ells, formed into a turban, would not weigh four ounces. Bengal was the principal seat of this beautiful manufacture. At some places in that province, where the art is hereditary in particular families, the muslin was so delicate, that, when laid on the grass and wet with the dew, it was no longer discernible. Four months are required to weave one piece of this quality, which then sells at four and five hundred rupees. The muslins of Dacca have long been celebrated. The Oriental poets describe them as "*webs of woven wind.*" Yet finer yarn has been spun by Crompton's mule in Great Britain than that of which these delicate fabrics are composed. In this country, 350 hanks, (or a thread that would extend along a distance of 167 miles,) have been drawn from one pound of cotton; but no quality finer than 250 hanks is ever employed in British fabrics, and rarely any finer than 220 hanks, which is coarser than yarn spun by the hand, and used in making Dacca muslin. Mr Baines asserts that the book-muslin of Glasgow is very superior to that of India; for, though the mule yarn is harder, the thread is evener, and the cloth is more equally woven and better bleached. Ladies are, however, we believe, still perverse enough to prefer the soft transparent fabrics, and even the yellow tinge of the Indian muslins. The durability of the Indian muslin admits of no comparison with our flimsier products; though, cheap as labour is in Hindostan, the price, which machinery has so greatly reduced in Europe, far exceeds that of the British muslins. Yet a century has not elapsed since the manufacturers of Europe were universally demanding protection from their governments against the influx of Indian cloths! Now the tide has so completely turned, that, in 1831, the inhabitants of Bengal petitioned the British Government for the imposition of a protecting duty upon fabrics imported into that Presidency, and relief from the duty imposed upon Indian cloths exported to Britain. Though the people of India can no longer compete with us in price, the qualities of their finest fabrics, as stated above, maintain their original superiority. No complication of rollers and wheels, and of steam or water-power, has yet been able to equal the productions of human fingers assisted by the rudest implements. The only natural advantage the Indians appear to possess, is a finer quality of cotton, which is cultivated to a small extent in the neighbourhood of Dacca. The causes of superiority are explained by the—

Remarkably fine sense of touch possessed by that effeminate people, by their patience and gentleness, and by the hereditary continuance of a particular species of manufacture in families through many generations, which leads to the training of children from their very infancy in the processes of the art. Mr Orme observes—"The women spin the thread destined for the cloth, and then deliver it to the men, who have fingers to model it as exquisitely as these have prepared it. The rigid, clumsy fingers of a European would scarcely be able to make a piece of canvass with the instruments which are all that an Indian employs in making a piece of cambric (muslin.) It is further remarkable, that every distinct kind of cloth is the production of a particular district, in which the fabric has been transmitted, perhaps for centuries, from father to son—a custom which must have conduced to the perfection of the manufacture." The last-mentioned fact may be considered as a kind of division of labour.

Mr Mill thus explains the unequalled manual skill of the Indian weaver:—"It is a sedentary occupation, and thus in harmony with his predominant inclination. It requires patience, of which he has an inexhaustible fund. It requires little bodily exertion, of which he is always exceedingly sparing; and the finer the production, the more slender the force which he is called upon to apply. But this is not all. The weak and delicate frame of the Hindu is accompanied with an acuteness of external sense, particularly of touch, which is altogether unrivalled; and the flexibility of his fingers is equally remarkable. The hand of the Hindu, therefore, constitutes an organ adapted to the finest operations of the loom, in a degree which is almost, or altogether, peculiar to himself."

From Mr Baines we shall now borrow a description of the present state of the manufacture, which has existed in India, with little change, for probably several thousand years.

The cotton manufacture in India is not carried on in a few large towns, or in one or two districts—it is universal. The growth of cotton is nearly as general as the growth of food; everywhere the women spend a portion of their time in spinning; and almost every village contains its weavers and supplies its own inhabitants with the scanty clothing they require. Being a domestic manufacture, and carried on with the rudest and cheapest apparatus, it requires neither capital, nor mills, nor an assemblage of various trades. The cotton is separated from the seeds by a small rude hand-mill, or gin, turned by women.

The mill consists of two rollers of teak wood, fluted longitudinally with five or six grooves, and revolving nearly in contact. The upper roller is turned by a handle, and the lower is carried along with it by a perpetual screw at the axis. The cotton is put in at one side, and drawn through by the revolving rollers; but the seeds, being too large to pass through the opening, are torn off, and fall down on the opposite side from the cotton.

The next operation is that of bowing the cotton, to clear it from dirt and knots. A large bow, made elastic by a complication of strings, is used; this being put in contact with a heap of cotton, the workman strikes the string with a heavy wooden mallet, and its vibrations open the knots of the cotton, shake from it the dust and dirt, and raise it to a downy fleece. The hand-mill and the bow have been used immemorially throughout all the countries of Asia, and have their appropriate names in the Arabic and other languages: they were formerly used in America, whence the term, still applied in commerce, "*bowed Georgia cotton.*" The hatters of our own country still raise their wool by the bow.

The cotton being thus prepared, without any carding, it is spun by the women; the coarse yarn is spun on a heavy one-thread wheel, of teak-wood, and of the rudest carpentry.

The finer yarn is spun with a metallic spindle, sometimes with and sometimes without a distaff; a bit of clay is attached as a weight to one end of the spindle, which is turned round with the left hand, whilst the cotton is

supplied with the right; the thread is wound upon a small piece of wood. The spinster keeps her fingers dry by the use of a chalky powder. In this simple way, the Indian women, whose sense of touch is most acute and delicate, produce yarns which are finer and far more tenacious than any of the machine-spun yarns of Europe.

The yarn, having been reeled and warped in the simplest possible manner, is given to the weaver, whose loom is as rude a piece of apparatus as can be imagined. It is thus described by different writers:—"The loom consists merely of two bamboo rollers, one for the warp and the other for the web, and a pair of geer. The shuttle performs the double office of shuttle and batten, and for this purpose is made like a large netting needle, and of a length somewhat exceeding the breadth of the piece. This apparatus the weaver carries to a tree, under which he digs a hole large enough to contain his legs and the lower part of the geer. He then stretches his warp by fastening his bamboo rollers, at a due distance from each other, on the turf, by wooden pins. The balances of the geer he fastens to some convenient branch of the tree over his head; two loops underneath the geer, in which he inserts his great toes, serve instead of treadles; and his long shuttle, which also performs the office of batten, draws the weft through the warp, and afterwards strikes it up close to the web." "There is not so much as an expedient for rolling up the warp: it is stretched out at the full length of the web, which makes the house of the weaver insufficient to contain him. He is therefore obliged to work continually in the open air; and every return of inclement weather interrupts him."

Forbes describes the weavers in Guzerat, near Baroche, as "fixing their looms at sunrise under the shade of tamarind and mango trees." In some parts of India, however, as on the banks of the Ganges, the weavers work under the cover of their sheds, fixing the geer of their looms to a bamboo in the roof. They size their warps with a starch made from the root called *kandri*. When chequered muslins are wrought, three persons are employed at each loom: the *lungri* pulls the threads to form the pattern, the *dobarah* twists the thread, and the *binkarai* weaves.

From some manuscript volumes in the India House, forming the survey of Dr Francis Buchanan, in a journey through the provinces near the Ganges, Mr Baines learns that, there,

The fine yarns are spun with an iron spindle, and without distaff, generally by women of rank; no caste is disgraced here by spinning, as in the south of India; the women do not employ all their time at this work, but only so much as is allowed by their domestic occupations. The coarse yarns are spun on a "small miserable wheel turned by the hand." The handmill is used to free the cotton from its seeds, and the bow to tease it. "The following capital is required for the weaver's business:—a loom, 2½ rupees; sticks for warping and a wheel for winding, 2 anas; a shop, 4 rupees; thread for two ready-money pieces, worth 6 rupees each, 5 rupees;—total, 11 rupees, 10 anas; to which must be added a month's subsistence. The man and his wife warp, wind, and weave two pieces of this kind in a month, and he has 7 rupees (14 shillings) profit, deducting, however, the tear and wear of his apparatus, which is a trifle. A person hired to weave can, in a month, make three pieces of this kind, and is allowed 2 anas in the rupee of their value, which is 2¼ rupees (4s. 6d.) a month. The finest goods cost 2 rupees a-piece for weaving." In his observations on another district, Dr Hamilton states the average profit of a loom engaged in weaving coarse goods to be 28 rupees (£2, 16s.) a-year, or something less than 13d. a-week. At Puraniya and Dinajpur the journeymen cotton weavers "usually made from 2 to 2½ rupees (from 4s. to 5s.) a-month." At Patna a man and his wife made from 3 to 4 rupees (from 6s. to 8s.) a-month by beating and cleaning cotton; and each loom employed in making chequered muslins, and therefore employing *three* persons, has a profit of 108½ rupees *a-year*, (£10, 16s.) that is, 1s. 4d. a-week for each person. The average earnings of a journeyman weaver, therefore, appear to be from 1s. to 1s. 4d. per week. At Bangalore, and in some other parts of southern India, this author states that weavers earn from 3d. to 8d. a-day, according as they are employed on coarse or fine goods; but this is so very much above the usual remuneration for labour in India, that, if the statement is not erroneous, it must be of extremely limited application. On the same authority, a woman spinning coarse yarn can earn in the same parts 1⅜d. per day.

These prices of labour do not shew so ill by the side of those of our handloom weavers. Relatively, they are much better. A female spinner in this country, using the iron spindle, or the one-thread wheel, could not earn nearly so much as in the Mysore. Spinning cotton in this way is, we presume, now never practised in this country; yet, in spinning flax, the one-thread and two-thread wheel is still employed extensively, in Ireland, and in the north of Scotland, with a rate of remuneration scarcely exceeding that of India. In that country, as with ourselves, different localities excel in different fabrics. Bengal boasts its exquisite muslins. The finest chintzes and calicoes are manufactured upon the Coromandel coast, and Patna is the Dunfermline of the East. Long cloths and pullicates are produced in the Presidency of Madras; and the handkerchiefs of Masulipatam eclipse those of Menteith. While the cotton manufacture was either low or non-existing in Europe, the desire to obtain these beautiful muslins, chintzes, and calicoes alarmed the traders, and the language employed then was not very dissimilar to that recently heard, when English ladies took a fancy to obtain cheap French gloves, stockings, and silks. "Instead of green sey," quoth an ancient authority, "that was wont to be used for children's frocks, is now *used painted, and India-stained, and striped calico*; and, instead of a *perpetuana*, or shalloon, to lyne men's coats with, is used sometimes a glazened calico." Many more enormities of the same kind are described, to remedy which, "a very high impost" is recommended, and a direct prohibition of the "glazening," the lustre of which had captivated British eyes. Indian fabrics were prohibited by William III. under large penalties, and smuggling was the inevitable consequence.

The cotton manufacture first arose in those districts of England and Scotland where it still continues to have its chief seat. All of them possess the advantages of fuel, iron, and water-power. The vicinity of Liverpool, the easy communication by rail-roads and water carriage, and the plentiful supply of provisions, obtained from Ireland, for the Million and a Half of individuals depending on this trade, point out these districts as the most eligible situations for manufactures. Lancashire was, indeed, the seat of a considerable manufacture of both linens and woollens, before this new and over-spreading branch was established at all. The history of Manchester, and the neighbouring towns, is, in fact, that of the growth of British manufactures. The linen yarn of Ireland was formerly woven in Manchester, and returned in cloth to that country; and, by the middle of the seventeenth cen-

tury, cotton yarn and cotton wool were regularly imported by the Lancashire merchants, in considerable quantities; and cloth exported to the Levant, besides what supplied the home market. Mr Baines believes the cotton manufacture was introduced by Flemish Protestant emigrants, towards the close of the sixteenth century. At this period, and until one much later, linen yarn was used as the warp of all the stronger stuffs, from its comparative cheapness. The finer goods were not yet attempted. Since the use of machinery has so greatly reduced the price of cotton yarn, and manufacturers, in the eagerness of competition, have so greatly *worsened** their fabrics, it would, we presume, be as difficult to obtain any of this all-enduring mixed cotton and linen stuff, as it was then difficult to obtain the unmixed cotton cloth. In the early part of the eighteenth century, the trade of which Manchester was the centre consisted of fustians, dimities, lining jeans, thicksets, and diapers. The mode of doing business is thus described:—

Though a few individuals are found who made fortunes by trade, it is probable that the capital of merchants was generally very small, until the end of the seventeenth century, and all their concerns were managed with extreme frugality. Masters commonly participated in the labours of their servants. Commercial enterprise was exceedingly limited. Owing to the bad state of the roads, and the entire absence of inland navigation, goods could only be conveyed on pack-horses, with a gang of which the Manchester chapmen used occasionally to make circuits to the principal towns, and sell their goods to the shopkeepers—bringing back with them sheep's wool, which was disposed of to the makers of worsted yarn at Manchester, or to the clothiers of Rochdale, Saddleworth, and the West Riding of Yorkshire. It was only towards the close of the seventeenth century, that trade became sufficiently productive to encourage the general erection of brick houses in Manchester, in place of the old dwellings, constructed of wood and plaster. So great was the increase of the manufactures and trade of England towards the close of this century, that the exports rose from £2,022,812, in 1662, (and they were about the same in 1668,) to £6,788,166, in 1699.

In 1727, the population is stated by De Foe at 50,000; but Mr Baines imagines that this must have comprehended the whole parish. He represents it as increasing with great rapidity, from the "grand manufacture of cotton."

By 1739, the manufacture had, for twenty previous years, thriven so much, that £30,000 a-year were laid out in new buildings. "This vaunted prosperity is but a trickling rill," says Mr Baines, "compared with the mighty river to which the cotton manufacture has since swelled. At that time the consumption of cotton wool was not one 200th part of the consumption of the present day." We must now look more minutely to the impelling causes of this marvellous increase. The first in order was the invention of Kay's fly-shuttle, noticed above.

The old mode (which some of the readers of this Magazine may have seen in the country, even in the present generation,) was to throw the shuttle with the hand, which required a constant extension of the hands to each side of the warp. By the new plan, the lathe (in which the shuttle runs) was lengthened a foot at either end; and, by means of two strings attached to opposite ends of the lathe, and both held by a peg in the weaver's hand, he, with a slight and sudden pluck, was able to give the proper impulse to the shuttle. The shuttle thus impelled was called the *fly-shuttle*, and the peg was called the *picking-peg*, (*i. e.* the *throwing* peg.) This simple contrivance was a great saving of time and exertion to the weaver, and enabled one man to weave the widest cloth, which had before required two persons. "Mr Kay brought this ingenious invention to his native town, and introduced it among the woollen weavers in the same year, but it was not much used among the cotton weavers until 1760. In that year, Mr Robert Kay, of Bury, son of Mr John Kay, invented the *drop-box*, by means of which the weaver can at pleasure use any one of three shuttles, each containing a different coloured weft, without the trouble of taking them from and replacing them in the lathe."

The inventor of the fly-shuttle was rewarded with the hatred of the operatives; and only escaped persecution and personal danger by retiring to France.

The fly-shuttle greatly quickened the demand for yarn, which had not met the supply before this improvement had so much expedited the operations of the weaver; and Arkwright's spinning machine was, in happy time, invented, "by which twenty, fifty, a hundred, or even a thousand threads could be spun at once by a single pair of hands." But all this was not done in a day.

Mr Baines demonstrates, at considerable length, and with complete success, as we think, that Sir Richard Arkwright cannot justly claim the merit of the splendid invention generally attributed to him; though he is entitled to the high honour of having seen the value of the principle, and of having developed its powers, and thus completed the water-frame machine. But Mr Baines is more successful in stripping Arkwright of his usurped honours, than in proving who is the legitimate owner. His claim for a very ingenious man, JOHN WYATT of Birmingham, is far from being clearly made out; and the weight of evidence, even by his own shewing, inclines in favour of a foreigner, named Lewis Paul, in whose name a patent was taken out, for what is here called Wyatt's Spinning Machine, in 1738, and thirty years before Arkwright had completed his. This Paul was the partner of Wyatt, and the inventor of the carding machine. Doubts will long, or for ever, hang over the author of this discovery; and the selfish and ostentatious character of Arkwright may tend to deprive him of an honour to which he might, after all, have been fairly entitled. Mr Baines does not think that Arkwright could have seen the machine of Wyatt or Paul before he constructed his own; but that Paul's patent, which is minute and specific, was known to him, and that he was acquainted with the repeated attempts made to spin with Paul's machine. They had all failed, at least as sources of profit. The glory of discovery is, however, claimed by our author for Wyatt; and he adds —"How much Arkwright owed to his predecessor can only be matter of conjecture;—that thus he learned the principle of spinning by rollers, I am convinced."

* The favourite word of Mr Southey to describe the degenerate cottons of these degenerate times of mules and power-looms. We regret to think that he should have so frequent occasion to apply it to modern English cotton fabrics.

A claim of this important invention is made for another individual, and is also supported by plausible arguments and proofs. This is a man named Highs, or Hays, originally a reed-maker, who, in the trial to set aside Arkwright's patent, stated in evidence, that he had himself made rollers for spinning in 1767, which was two years before the date of the Arkwright patent. He stated, further, that—

In his machine, there were two pairs of rollers, the second revolving five times as fast as the first; that this was for the purpose of drawing the thread finer; that it was used both to spin and to rove; that he at first only used two spindles; that he did not follow up his invention from the want of pecuniary means, but intended to keep it secret till he could procure assistance. He stated, that he communicated his intention to one Kay, a clockmaker, whose aid he required to make him a small model of the machine, with brass wheels. He also added, that, having once met Arkwright at Manchester, after the latter had taken out his patent for the water-frame, he (Highs) reproached him with having got his invention, which Arkwright did not deny.

In confirmation of Highs' claim, John Kay, the clockmaker, gave evidence to the Court, that he made the wheels and rollers for Highs at the time alleged; that he, the same year, or early in the year following, communicated the plan to Arkwright, who was then a poor man, and, at his request, made him two models; that Arkwright engaged him (Kay) to accompany him, first to Preston, and afterwards to Nottingham, where he remained in his service four or five years, and then quitted him, having been unjustly accused of felony. Kay's wife spoke generally to the same facts, but with so much vagueness, and such an utter confusion of dates, that her testimony cannot be relied upon.

The claim thus distinctly made by Highs, and supported by Kay, is stated, by Mr Guest, to be generally received as true in Leigh, the town where Highs resided. Mr Bearcroft, the counsel against Arkwright on the trial, said the same thing in 1785:—"It is a notorious story," said he, "in the manufacturing counties; all men that have seen Mr Arkwright in a state of opulence, have shaken their heads, and thought of these poor men, Highs and Kay, and have thought, too, that they were entitled to some participation of the profits." The fact that the clockmaker, who had made wheels for Highs, was taken by Arkwright to Nottingham, and kept there for some years, affords considerable confirmation to the story.

On the other side, it is urged, that Highs had never publicly stated his claim for eighteen years, nor had he completed any machine by the time Arkwright's came into operation. He never shewed the model; and the witness, Kay, the watchmaker, had, by this time, quarrelled with and quitted Arkwright. Leaving these conflicting statements as a topic of ingenious discussion to the curious, we come to the machine itself, as perfected by Arkwright: to whomsoever the merit of the invention may belong, the world at large is the true inheritor of the wealth it was to realize. From Mr Baines we shall now copy a very clear description of the spinning machine.

In every mode of spinning, the ends to be accomplished are, to *draw out* the loose fibres of the cotton wool in a regular and continuous line, and, after reducing the fleecy wool to the requisite tenuity, to *twist* it into a thread. Previous to the operation of spinning, the cotton must have undergone the process of carding, the effect of which is to comb out, straighten, and lay parallel to each other its entangled fibres. The cotton was formerly stripped off the cards in loose rolls, called cardings or slivers; and the only difference between the slivers produced by the old hand-cards and those produced by the present carding engine, is, that the former were in lengths of a few inches, and the latter are of the length of some hundreds of yards. Let it be remarked, that the sliver or carding requires to be *drawn out* to a considerably greater fineness, before it is of the proper thickness to be twisted into a thread. The way in which this is now accomplished is by two or more pairs of small rollers placed horizontally—the upper and lower roller of each pair revolving in contact; the sliver of cotton, being put between the first pair of rollers, is, by their revolution, drawn through and compressed; whilst still passing through these rollers, it is caught by another pair of rollers placed immediately in front, which revolve with three, four, or five times the velocity of the first pair, and which, therefore, *draw out* the sliver to three, four, or five times its former length and degree of fineness: after passing through the second pair of rollers,* the reduced sliver is attached to a spindle and fly, the rapid revolutions of which *twist* into a thread, and at the same time wind it upon a bobbin. That the rollers may take hold of the cotton, the lower roller is fluted longitudinally, and the upper is covered with leather.

Such is the beautiful and admirable contrivance by which a machine is made to do what was formerly, in all countries and ages, effected by the fingers of the spinner. It is obvious, that, by lengthening or multiplying the rollers, and increasing the number of spindles, all of which may be turned by the same power, many threads may be spun at once, and the process may be carried on with much greater quickness and steadiness than hand-spinning. There is also the important advantage, that the thread produced will be of more regular thickness and more evenly twisted.

One distinction is liberally conceded by our author to Sir Richard Arkwright: he was the constructor of the factory system, "itself a vast and admirable *machine*, which has been the source of great wealth both to individuals and to the nation." The phraseology is not grateful to our ears, and the FACTORY MACHINE too complicated in its economical and physical relations, and infinitely more so in its moral aspects, to be fully discussed here, though, in noticing a history of the cotton manufacture, its inventor cannot be wholly passed over. Sir Richard Arkwright is evidently not a favourite with Mr Baines, nor does he seem to have possessed any of those moral or intellectual qualities which either excite sympathy or attract affection.

Richard Arkwright rose, by the force of his natural talents, from a very humble condition in society. He was born at Preston on the 23d of December, 1732, of poor parents: being the youngest of thirteen children, his parents could only afford to give him an education of the humblest kind, and he was scarcely able to write. He was brought up to the trade of a barber at Kirkham and Preston, and established himself in that business at Bolton in the year 1760. Having become possessed of a chemical process for dyeing human hair, which, in that day, (when wigs were universal) was of considerable value, he travelled about collecting hair, and again disposing of it when dyed. In 1761, he married a wife from Leigh, and the connexions he thus formed in that town are supposed to have afterwards brought him acquainted with Highs's experiments in making spinning-machines. He himself manifested a strong bent for experiments in mechanics, which he is stated to have followed with so much devotedness as to have neglected his business and injured his circumstances. His natural disposition was ardent, enterprising, and stubbornly persevering: his mind was as coarse as it was bold and active, and his manners were rough and unpleasing.

In 1767, Arkwright fell in with Kay, the clockmaker,

* Three or more pairs of rollers are now used, to draw out and reduce the sliver more equally than could be done by two pairs; but the principle is exactly the same.

at Warrington, whom he employed to bend him some wires, and turn him some pieces of brass. From this it would seem that Arkwright was then experimenting in mechanics; and it has been said, that he was endeavouring to produce perpetual motion. He entered into conversation with the clockmaker, and called upon him repeatedly; and at length Kay, according to his own account, told him of Highs's scheme of spinning by rollers. Kay adds, in his evidence, that Arkwright induced him to make a model of Highs's machine, and took it away. It is certain that, from this period, Arkwright abandoned his former business, and devoted himself to the construction of the spinning machine; and also, that he persuaded Kay to go with him, first to Preston, and afterwards to Nottingham, binding him in a bond to serve him at a certain rate of wages for a stipulated term.

Kay appears not to have been able to make the whole machine, and therefore "he and Arkwright applied to Mr Peter Atherton, afterwards of Liverpool," (then probably an instrument maker at Warrington,) "to make the spinning engine; but from the poverty of Arkwright's appearance, Mr Atherton refused to undertake it, though afterwards, on the evening of the same day, he agreed to lend Kay, a smith and watch-tool maker, to make the heavier part of the engine, and Kay undertook to make the clockmaker's part of it, and to instruct the workman. In this way, Mr Arkwright's first engine, for which he afterwards took out a patent, was made."

Being altogether destitute of pecuniary means for prosecuting his invention, Arkwright repaired to his native place, Preston, and applied to a friend, Mr John Smalley, a liquor-merchant and painter, for assistance. The famous contested election, at which General Burgoyne was returned, occurring during his visit, Arkwright voted; but the wardrobe of the future knight was in so tattered a condition, that a number of persons subscribed to put him into decent plight to appear at the poll-room. His spinning machine was fitted up in the parlour of the house belonging to the Free Grammar School, which was lent by the head-master to Mr Smalley for the purpose. The latter was so well convinced of the utility of the machine, that he joined Arkwright with heart and purse.

In 1769, Arkwright obtained a patent for the machine, which he gradually improved.—"The original machine was adapted only to perform the last operation in spinning, namely, reducing the rovings into yarn; but it was easily applicable to the process of roving itself, as will subsequently appear. It is remarkable that the inventor, in his application for a patent, described himself as "Richard Arkwright, of Nottingham, *clockmaker*." He and his partners erected a mill at Nottingham, which was driven by horses; but this mode of turning the machinery being found too expensive, they built another mill, on a much larger scale, at Cromford, in Derbyshire, which was turned by a water wheel; and from this circumstance the spinning machine was called the *water-frame*. Arkwright, though the most successful of his class, had to encounter the animosity of his fellow-manufacturers in various forms. Those in Lancashire refused to buy his yarns, though superior to all others, and actually combined to discountenance a new branch of their own manufacture, because he was the first to introduce it."

These obstacles were soon surmounted, and Arkwright was rapidly making a fortune by the sale of his machines, and by the extensive manufacturing concerns in which he had embarked in different parts of the country. His success, and the general opinion that he was not the real author of the inventions which he claimed, and by which he profited so enormously, while believed to be dishonestly robbing poor unfriended men of the rewards of their genius, raised many enemies to Arkwright, especially among those whom interest stimulated to set up machines similar to his, without paying him Black Mail. He, accordingly, raised prosecutions; and an association was formed for mutual defence among the manufacturers.

The defence was confined to the single point, that the specification given in by Arkwright on obtaining his patent was obscure and unintelligible. Every inventor, on taking out a patent, is required by law to give in a specification, "particularly describing and ascertaining the nature of his invention, and in what manner the same is to be performed;" for the purpose of enabling all other persons to make the machine at the expiration of the patent.

The plea of obscurity was made out by the patent itself; and it was proved by a Mr W. D. Crofts, who had been employed to draw out the specification, that Arkwright had instructed him to make it as obscure as possible. Mechanics stated that they could not construct a machine from the specification, and a jury set aside the gold-gaining patent. But this enterprising and persevering person was not easily put down. He formed the design of applying for a national reward and for the renewal of his patent, and made an effort to establish a second patent for the carding machine, which was also set aside, from a very strong case being made out against it by the evidence of Kay, the watchmaker, Highs, above alluded to, and the widow and son of James Hargreaves, the inventor of the spinning-jenny. This decision gave great satisfaction to the spinners of Lancashire. Arkwright had no honour in his own country; and, from this period, he is believed to have, in revenge, exerted himself to raise up a successful rivalry to his native county, in Scotland. He entered into partnership with Mr David Dale of the Lanark Mills, and is reported to have said, in reference to the early occupation with which he was sometimes vulgarly taunted, that he would find a *razor* in Scotland to *shave* Manchester. If Arkwright had no true honour in his own age and country, he is not likely to be more favourably considered by calm-judging posterity. He acquired a bloated fortune. In 1786, he was appointed High Sheriff of Derbyshire, and was created one of those distinguished persons sometimes irreverently named "Peg Nicholson's Knights." He died in August 1792, in his sixtieth year. We shall conclude with Mr Baines' summary of his character, obtained from new private sources. To us it seems, though not flattering, discriminating and perfectly just; and it is the more called for, as the character of the inventor of the human *Factory Machine* is so frequently over-rated in popular publications.

I have found myself compelled to form a lower estimate of the inventive talents of Arkwright than most previous writers. In the investigation I have prosecuted, I have been guided solely by a desire to ascertain the exact truth. It has been shewn that the splendid inventions, which, even to the present day, are ascribed to Arkwright by some of the ablest and best-informed persons in the king-

dom, belong in great part to other and much less fortunate men. In appropriating those inventions as his own, and claiming them as the fruits of his unaided genius, he acted dishonourably, and left a stain upon his character, which the acknowledged brilliance of his talents cannot efface. Had he been content to claim the merit which really belonged to him, his reputation would still have been high, and his wealth would not have been diminished. That he possessed inventive talent of a very superior order, has been satisfactorily established. But the marvellous and "*unbounded invention*" which he claimed for himself, and which has been too readily accorded to him,—the *creative faculty*, which devised all that admirable mechanism—so entirely new in its principles, and characteristic of the first order of mechanical genius —which has given a new spring to the industry of the world, and, within half a century, has reared up the most extensive manufacture ever known,—*this* did *not* belong to Arkwright.

The most marked traits in the character of Arkwright were his wonderful ardour, energy, and perseverance. He commonly laboured in his multifarious concerns from five o'clock in the morning till nine at night; and when considerably more than fifty years of age—feeling that the defects of his education placed him under great difficulty and inconvenience in conducting his correspondence, and in the general management of his business—he encroached upon his sleep, in order to gain an hour each day to learn English grammar, and another hour to improve his writing and orthography! He was impatient of whatever interfered with his favourite pursuits; and the fact is too strikingly characteristic not to be mentioned, that he separated from his wife not many years after their marriage, because she, convinced that he would starve his family by scheming when he should have been shaving, broke some of his experimental models of machinery. Arkwright was a severe economist of time; and, that he might not waste a moment, he generally travelled with four horses, and at a very rapid speed. His concerns in Derbyshire, Lancashire, and Scotland, were so extensive and numerous, as to shew at once his astonishing power of transacting business and his all-grasping spirit. In many of these, he had partners, but he generally managed in such a way, that, whoever lost, he himself was a gainer. So unbounded was his confidence in the success of his machinery, and in the national wealth to be produced by it, that he would make light of discussions on taxation, and say that *he* would pay the national debt! His speculative schemes were vast and daring; he contemplated entering into the most extensive mercantile transactions, and buying up all the cotton in the world, in order to make an enormous profit by the monopoly: and from the extravagance of some of these designs, his judicious friends were of opinion, that, if he had lived to put them in practice, he might have overset the whole fabric of his prosperity!

This is the true character of commercial enterprise pushed to the sordid extreme, and almost turning the brain of the proprietor. Between Arkwright and the alchymist there is but the difference between the commodities which were to create the metal.

Some years before Arkwright obtained the patent for his spinning machine, James Hargreaves, a poor weaver, residing near Blackburn, had invented the spinning-jenny. These inventions do not interfere with each other. Mr Baines styles Hargreaves one of the greatest inventors and improvers of the cotton manufacture. He thus describes the jenny:—

It may be necessary to explain to some readers, that the cotton was formerly, and is still, reduced from the state of the fleecy roll called a carding, into the state of spun thread, by repeated, though similar operations: the first draws out the carding, and gives it a very slight twist, so as to make it into a loose thread, about the thickness of a candle-wick, in which state it is called a roving or slubbin; the subsequent processes draw out the roving much finer, and at length reduce it into yarn. Hargreaves' jenny, like Arkwright's machine, was intended to spin the roving into yarn; but it was not, like Arkwright's, capable of being applied to the preparation of the roving itself. Hargreaves is said to have received the original idea of his machine from seeing a one-thread wheel overturned upon the floor, when both the wheel and the spindle continued to revolve. The spindle was thus thrown from a horizontal into an upright position; and the thought seems to have struck him, that, if a number of spindles were placed upright, and side by side, several threads might be spun at once. He contrived a frame, in one part of which he placed eight rovings in a row, and, in another part, a row of eight spindles. The rovings, when extended to the spindles, passed between two horizontal bars of wood, forming a clasp, which opened and shut somewhat like a parallel ruler; when pressed together, this clasp held the threads fast. A certain portion of roving being extended from the spindles to the wooden clasp, the clasp was closed, and was then drawn along the horizontal frame to a considerable distance from the spindles, by which the threads were lengthened out, and reduced to the proper tenuity; this was done with the spinner's left hand, and his right hand, at the same time, turned a wheel, which caused the spindles to revolve rapidly, and thus the roving was spun into yarn. By returning the clasp to its first situation, and letting down a presser wire, the yarn was wound upon the spindle.

With this admirable machine, though at first rudely constructed, Hargreaves and his family spun weft for his own weaving. Aware of the value of the invention, but not extending his ambition to a patent, he kept it as secret as possible for a time, and used it merely in his own business. A machine of such powers could not, however, be long concealed; but when it became the subject of rumour, instead of gaining for its author admiration and gratitude, the spinners raised an outcry that it would throw multitudes out of employment, and a mob broke into Hargreaves' house, and destroyed his jenny.

Hargreaves went to Nottingham, and, in 1770, obtained a patent for the machine, which he thus describes, as an "engine that will spin, draw and twist sixteen or more threads."

"One person, with his or her right hand, turns the wheel, and, with the left hand, takes hold of the clasps, and therewith draws out the cotton from the slubbin box; and, being twisted by the turn of the wheel in the drawing out, then a piece of wood is lifted up by the toe, which lets down a presser wire, so as to press the threads so drawn out and twisted, in order to wind or put the same regularly upon bobbins, which are placed on the spindles." The number of spindles in the jenny was, at first, eight; when the patent was obtained, it was sixteen; it soon came to be twenty or thirty; and no less than one hundred and twenty have since been used.

The yarn spun by the jenny was, by its softness, peculiarly adapted for *weft;* while that spun by Arkwright's machine, hard, firm, and equal, answered best for *warps*. The machines, instead of coming into collision, thus worked, as it were, to each other's hands, and linen yarn was no longer needed in the manufacture; the hard, firm, cotton thread spun by the water-frame, supplying its place, while the jennies furnished weft in tenfold abundance. Hargreaves' machine had been in general use for some years, when, in 1779—a period of depression or *glut*—an effort was made to destroy it.

A mob rose, and scoured the country for several miles round Blackburn, demolishing the jennies, and with them all the carding engines, water-frames, and every machine turned by water or horses. It is said that the rioters spared the jennies which had only twenty spindles, as

these were, by this time, admitted to be useful. Spinners, and other capitalists, were driven from the neighbourhood of Blackburn to Manchester and other places, and it was many years before cotton-spinning was resumed at Blackburn. Mr Peel, the grandfather of the present Sir Robert Peel, a skilful and enterprising spinner and calico printer, having had his machinery at Altham thrown into the river, and been in personal danger from the fury of the mob, retired in disgust to Burton, in Staffordshire, where he built a cotton-mill on the banks of the Trent, and remained there some years. A large mill, built by Arkwright, at Birkacre, near Chorley, was destroyed by a mob, in the presence of a powerful body of police and military, without any of the civil authorities requiring their interference to prevent the outrage.

Hargreaves had sold some machines before taking out his patent. His patent right, if it can be called such, was, consequently, invaded, and abandoned as untenable. His subsequent history has been the subject of many contradictions; but Mr Baines has obtained a relation from a son of his partner, Mr James. He said—

"I knew Mr Hargreaves very well: he was a stout, broad-set man, about five feet ten inches high, or rather more: he first worked in Nottingham with Mr Shipley about 1768, and here my father first met with him. He was making jennies for Shipley, who then wished to go into the cotton spinning. My father prevailed on him to leave Shipley, and embark with him in a new concern; and money was borrowed by my father, principally on the mortgage of some freehold property, on which they were to erect their mill. The mill was erected, and two dwelling houses, in one of which my father resided, in the other was Mr Hargreaves' family." Mr John James himself paid Mrs Hargreaves £400 from his father, on the death of her husband.

Lewis Paul, the partner of John Wyatt of Birmingham, had, in 1748, obtained a patent for a carding machine; but when both the jenny and Arkwright's water-frame came into general use, the carding machinery was still very imperfect. The first cards were made of bristles. They were, in fact, brushes. The next improvement was, the substitution of wire-teeth for the bristles in the hand cards. Another important step was, making the under card a fixture, and increasing its size, while the upper moveable one was drawn over it. "The process was further facilitated by suspending the moveable card by a pulley from the ceiling, with a weight to balance it, so that the workman had only to move the card, without sustaining its weight. The stock-cards, as they were called, had been previously used in the woollen manufacture."

Hargreaves first applied the stock-cards to cotton wool. But the use of rotatory motion was the grand discovery. It had been made by Lewis Paul, but neither perfected nor applied. Mr Baines thus notices the second carding machine, invented by Paul:—

The second and more important machine was a horizontal cylinder, covered in its whole circumference with parallel rows of cards, with intervening spaces, and turned by a handle. Under the cylinder was a concave frame, lined internally with cards, exactly fitting the lower half of the cylinder; so that, when the handle was turned, the cards of the cylinder and of the concave frame worked against each other, and carded the wool. This bears the closest resemblance to the modern carding cylinder, except that the concave frame is now placed *over* the cylinder, and in Paul's machine it was placed *under*. There was a contrivance for letting the concave part down by a lever and pulley, and turning it round, so as easily to strip off the carded wool.

When the wool was properly carded, it was stripped off, "by means of a stick, with needles in it parallel to one another, like the teeth of a comb." The cardings were of course only of the length of the cylinder, but an ingenious apparatus was attached for making them into a perpetual carding. Each length was placed on a flat broad riband, which was extended between two short cylinders, and which wound upon one cylinder as it unwound from the other. When the carding was placed on the riband, the turning of one of the cylinders wound the riband and carding upon it; and, length being joined to length, the carding was made perpetual, and wound up in a roll, ready for the spinning machine. It has already been seen that the upper roller in Paul's patent spinning machine of 1758 was called the "riband cylinder."

Here, then, are the carding cylinder, the perpetual carding, and the comb for stripping off the carding. It must be admitted, that the invention was admirable and beautiful, though not perfect. Its defects were—that the cylinder had no feeder, the wool being put on by the hand—that the cardings were taken off separately by a moveable comb, which, of course, required the machine to stop—and that the perpetual carding was produced by joining short lengths with the hand, whereas, now, it is brought off the machine in a continuous roll, by a comb attached to the cylinder, and constantly worked against it by a crank. Paul's machine, though so great an improvement on the old method, was not known in Lancashire for twelve years, nor generally adopted for more than twenty years, after the date of the patent.

Thus, the two most important and admirable inventions in cotton spinning, the carding by cylinders and spinning by rollers—which have also been adopted (with some modifications) in the manufactures of wool, worsted, flax, and tow—originated in the very same establishment, from twenty to thirty years earlier than is commonly supposed, and not in Lancashire, but in Warwickshire. As Paul's patent was obtained some years after Wyatt had retired from the concern, the invention was probably his own. These two extraordinary men were doubly unfortunate—first, in their failure to realize profit by their splendid inventions, and, secondly, in losing the fame as well as the profit they deserved; for their merits have, until now, been recorded by no writer, and their names are merely handed down as the luckless contrivers of some unknown machinery.

Lewis Paul is recognised by other writers as the inventor of the machine, which is the original of the revolving cylinders for carding cotton.

After the breaking up of Wyatt and Paul's establishment at Northampton, it was purchased by a hat manufacturer from Leominster, and by him applied to the carding of wool for hats; and about 1760 it was introduced into Lancashire, and re-applied to the carding of cotton, by a gentleman of the name of Morris, in the neighbourhood of Wigan.

The carding machine having thus been introduced into Lancashire, Mr Peel was one of the first to adopt it, and he is said to have erected a machine with cylinders, by the aid of James Hargreaves, at Blackburn. His machine is stated to have consisted of two or three cylinders, covered with cards, the working of which in contact effectually carded the cotton.

This was still an imperfect machine, and Mr Peel laid it aside. One of the first improvements upon it, was made by John Lees, a Quaker, of Manchester. This was effected by fixing a perpetually revolving cloth, now called the *feeder*, on which a proper quantity of cotton wool was spread, and thence conveyed to the cylinder.

Arkwright made a further improvement in this part of the machine, by rolling up the feeder with the cotton spread upon it, in a thick roll, which gradually unrolls as the cylinder is fed. Another improvement had the effect of bringing off the carded wool from the cylinder in a continuous fleece, and forming it into a uniform and

perpetual sliver. After the wool had been carded on the large cylinder, it was stripped off by a smaller cylinder, also covered with cards, revolving in contact with the larger, but in an opposite direction. The smaller was called the finishing cylinder, or the doffer; and the cards were at first fixed upon it longitudinally, and with intervals between them; which did not produce a continuous fleece, but turned off the wool in rolls the length of the cylinder.

A Mr Wood, and his partner, Mr Pilkington, improved the process by entirely covering the finishing cylinder with narrow fillet cards, wound round it in a circular and spiral form, and without any intervals; the effect of which was to bring off the wool in an unbroken fleece. This they did before Arkwright took out his carding patent, in 1775, which included the very same contrivance: it is difficult to judge from the evidence, whether he or they first invented it, but they appear to have used it a year before the date of his patent, namely, in 1774.

The manner in which the wool was stripped off the finishing cylinder, in Paul's machine, was by "needle-sticks," and, in Mr Peel's machine, by hand-cards: afterwards a roller was employed, with tin plates upon it, like the floats of a water-wheel, which, revolving with a quick motion against the cylinder, scraped off the cotton from the card. This contrivance, however, injured both the cotton and the card.

About the year 1773, a very ingenious contrivance was invented—a plate of metal, finely toothed at the edge, like a comb, which, being worked by a crank in a perpendicular direction, with slight but frequent strokes on the teeth of the card, stripped off the cotton in a continuous filmy fleece. The fleece as it came off was contracted and drawn through a funnel at a little distance in front of the cylinder, and was thus reduced into a roll or sliver, which, after passing betwixt two rollers, and being compressed into a firm flat riband, fell into a deep can, where it coiled up in a continuous length, till the can was filled. The crank and comb were claimed by Arkwright as one of his inventions, and were included in his carding patent. There has, however, been some doubt thrown on the authorship of this happy contrivance. At the trial, several witnesses appeared, who ascribed the invention to James Hargreaves, the inventor of the jenny.

Mr Baines doubts the right of Hargreaves to the merit of this discovery, on what appears satisfactory evidence, though his bias is certainly not in favour of Arkwright. The unscrupulous way in which this shrewd man sought to appropriate to himself the honours and emolument which belonged, of right, to men, in the world's sense, less fortunate, has thrown suspicion around his fairest claims. Whoever may have been the real inventor, the crank and comb, claimed by Arkwright, was decidedly the best apparatus, and by it the carding machine was completed, as it now exists. This machine is only inferior in importance to the spinning apparatus; and Mr Baines does justice to Arkwright, in stating that he "shewed his usual talent and judgment in combination, by putting all the improvements together, and producing a complete machine." Upon the same principle as this spinning machine, Arkwright formed the *drawing* and *roving* frames. For these together, he, in 1775, took out a patent, describing them as machines "constructed upon easy and simple principles, very different from any that had yet been contrived;" and Arkwright claimed to be "the first and sole inventor thereof," and asserted that "the same had never been practised by any other person or persons whatsoever, to the best of his knowledge and belief."

Mr Baines demurs to this statement.

Now the cotton manufacture seemed to have reached the zenith. "Weavers could now obtain an unlimited quantity of yarn at a reasonable price; manufacturers could use warps of cotton, which were much cheaper than the linen warps formerly used. Cotton fabrics could be sold lower than had ever before been known. The demand for them consequently increased. The shuttle flew with fresh energy, and the weavers earned immoderately high wages. Spinning mills were erected to supply the requisite quantity of yarn."

The factory system was fairly begun; for, although the jenny could be used in the weaver's cottage, the water-frame, (the original name of Arkwright's machine,) and the carding apparatus, required both space, and an impelling power which human strength could not supply. This power was originally water; for the discovery of Watt was not, for many more years, combined with those of Arkwright. At this stage—

"Where water power was required, it was economy to build one mill, and put up one water-wheel, rather than several. This arrangement also enabled the master spinner himself to superintend every stage of the manufacture; it gave him a greater security against the wasteful or fraudulent consumption of the material; it saved time in the transference of the work from hand to hand; and it prevented the extreme inconvenience which would have resulted from the failure of one class of workmen to perform their part, when several other classes of workmen were dependent upon them. Another circumstance which made it advantageous to have a large number of machines in one manufactory was, that mechanics must be employed on the spot to construct and repair the machinery, and that their time could not be fully occupied with only a few machines.

All these considerations drove the cotton spinners to that important change in the economy of English manufactures, the introduction of the factory system; and when that system had once been adopted, such were its pecuniary advantages, that mercantile competition would have rendered it impossible, even if it had been desirable, to abandon it.

There's the rub! But Mr Baines is a factory out-and-outer.

The merit of the next important invention in the cotton manufacture, belongs to Samuel Crompton, an operative weaver, as Hargreaves had been. At the period of his discovery, he lived at Hall-in-the-Wood, near Bolton. No man has ever questioned the title of Hargreaves to the invention of the jenny, nor of Samuel Crompton to the invention of the machine named the *mule*, or the *mule-jenny*, though so many doubts have followed all Arkwright's discoveries. Crompton was a man of amiable and simple character. The account of himself and his discovery, written by Mr Kennedy, who knew him personally, is full of interest.* Crompton was only twenty-one, when, in 1774, he began his machine. It was not completed until 1779. At

* A portrait of this ingenious and modest man, together with one of Sir Richard Arkwright, and one of Sir Robert Peel, the father of the *great card* of that house, adorns Mr Baines' book. The comparison of these three portraits, each full of character, might convert a sceptic to the faith of Lavater. The head of Crompton is full of genius, sweet expression, and calm thought.

the end of the following year, he says, in a letter to a friend—

"I was under the necessity of making it public, or destroying it, as it was not in my power to keep it and work it, and to destroy it was too painful a task, having been four and a half years, at least, wherein every moment of time and power of mind, as well as expense, which my other employment would permit, were devoted to this one end, the having good yarn to weave; so that to destroy it, I could not." Being of a retiring and unambitious disposition, he took out no patent, and only regretted that public curiosity would not allow him "to enjoy his little invention to himself in his garret," and to earn, by his own manual labour, undisturbed, the fruits of his ingenuity and perseverance. The very superior quality of his yarn drew persons from all quarters to ascertain the means whereby he produced it. He stated to Mr Bannatyne, that, on the invention of his machine, "he obtained 14s. per lb. for the spinning and preparation of No. 40, (*i. e.*, yarn weighing forty hanks to the lb.) that, a short time after, he got 25s. per lb. for the spinning and preparation of No. 60; and that he then spun a small quantity of No. 80, to shew that it was not impossible, as was supposed, to spin yarn of so fine a grist; and for the spinning and preparation of this he got 42s. per lb." These prices were commanded by the unrivalled excellence of the yarn; and it affords a criterion to estimate the value of the machine, when it is found that the price of yarn No. 100 is at the present day only from 2s. 3d. to 3s. per lb. including the cost of the raw material, which is 10d. or 1s.—this surprising reduction having been effected chiefly by the powers of the mule; and that, whereas it was before supposed impossible to spin eighty hanks to the lb., as many as *three hundred and and fifty* hanks to the lb. have since been spun, each hank measuring 840 yards, and forming together a thread 167 miles in length!

It is presumed that, when Crompton made his machine, he had never seen one of Arkwright's, though it had been for some years in use. With the *jenny* he was perfectly acquainted. Crompton's *mule* is so named from combining the principles and best properties of both the previously discovered machines.

Like Arkwright's, it has a system of rollers to reduce the *roving*, and, like Hargreaves, it has spindles without bobbins to give the twist; and the thread is stretched and spun at the same time by the spindles, after the rollers have ceased to give out the rove. The distinguishing feature of the mule is, that the spindles, instead of being stationary, as in both the other machines, are placed on a moveable carriage, which is wheeled out to the distance of fifty-four or fifty-six inches from the roller beam, in order to stretch and twist the thread, and wheeled in again to wind it on the spindles. In the jenny, the clasp, which held the rovings, was drawn back by the hand from the spindles; in the mule, on the contrary, the spindles recede from the clasp, or from the roller beam which acts as a clasp. The rollers of the mule draw out the roving much less than those of the water-frame; and they act like the clasp of the jenny, by stopping and holding fast the rove, after a certain quantity has been given out, whilst the spindles continue to recede for a short distance further; so that the draught on the thread is in part made by the receding of the spindles. By this arrangement, comprising the advantages both of the rollers and the spindles, the thread is stretched more gently and equably, and a much finer quality of yarn can therefore be produced.

In reference to Crompton's discovery, Mr Baines felicitously quotes—

> The force of *genius* could no farther go:
> To make a *third*, he joined the other *two*.

The *mule* has now almost entirely superseded the *jenny*, and to a considerable extent set aside the *water-frame*. So excellent a machine was not easily perfected. It required the labour of five years with Crompton's scanty appliances—

And, after all, he produced but a rude piece of workmanship, though the principle was excellent. His first machine consisted of not more than twenty or thirty spindles; his rollers were of wood, and all the parts of his machine were heavy, as might have been expected, seeing that Crompton knew nothing of mechanics, or the use of tools, beyond what he had taught himself in his secluded leisure. An ingenious mechanic, Henry Stones, of Norwich, who had doubtless seen Arkwright's machine, constructed a mule in a workmanlike manner, making the rollers of metal, and applying clockwork to move them; and, by his improvements, the mule was adapted for 100 or 130 spindles. Still further improvements were made, within a few years after the invention, by a man named Baker, of Bury, and by one Hargraves, of Toddington. Mr William Kelly, of Lanark Mills, was the first to turn the mule by water-power, in 1790; and when this potent agent was applied, Mr Wright, a machine-maker, of Manchester, constructed a *double mule*. By these successive additions, the machine was made capable of working with no less than 400 spindles.

Mules are now at work, in Manchester and other places, of eight hundred spindles each, and some have eleven hundred, or *two thousand two hundred* the pair! and all managed by one spinner. There are also *self-acting mules*, in which the only manual labour is that of children, who join the broken threads.

Crompton made no effort to secure the profits of his beautiful discovery; but, in 1812, he received from Parliament a reward of £5000, which Mr Baines rightly considers very inadequate. It might, however, have been sufficient for his wants, save for untoward domestic circumstances. It was not given until between four and five millions of spindles were at work in Great Britain, upon the principle of his invention. Mr Kennedy, the author of the brief memoir of Crompton, states, that—

He was left a widower when his children were very young, and his only daughter kept his little cottage in King Street, Bolton, where he died, and where she is now (1829) living. Being a weaver, he erected several looms for the fancy work of that town, in which he displayed great ingenuity. Though his means were but small, his economy in living made him always in easy circumstances.

When he obtained the Parliamentary reward, he was anxious—

To place his sons in some business, and fixed upon that of bleaching; but the unfavourable state of the times, the inexperience and mismanagement of his sons, a bad situation, and a misunderstanding with his landlord, which occasioned a tedious lawsuit, conspired, in a very short time, to put an end to the establishment. His sons then dispersed, and he and his daughter were reduced to poverty. Messrs Hicks and Rothwell, of Bolton, myself, and some others in that neighbourhood, and in Manchester, had, in 1824, recourse to a second subscription, to purchase a life-annuity for him, which produced £63 per annum. The amount raised for this purpose was collected in small sums, from one to ten pounds, some of which were contributed by the Swiss and French spinners, who acknowledged his merits and pitied his misfortunes. At the same time, his portrait was engraved for his benefit, and a few impressions were disposed of. He enjoyed this small annuity only two years. He died January 26, 1827, leaving his daughter, his affectionate housekeeper, in poverty.

Let us trust, that, in the land where seven millions of Crompton's spindles are now in daily operation, "his only daughter and affectionate

housekeeper" is no longer in the circumstances described.

In 1825, a patent was taken out for a *self-acting mule*, invented by Mr Roberts of Manchester, which is now coming into frequent use. Two hundred thousand spindles are now at work on this plan, of which the main recommendation is, that it renders the manufacturers more independent of the *working spinners*, whose combinations and *strikes* have so often annoyed the masters, and recoiled upon themselves. The mule had nearly superseded the water-frame as well as the jenny; but the power-loom was found to require twist for warps, such as Arkwright's machine was best fitted to produce; and, in an improved form, called the *throstle*, it is again used to make that hard wiry yarn. The *throstle* is thus described by Mr Bannatyne in the article Cotton Manufacture, in the Encyclopedia Britannica:—

> In the throstle, the spinning apparatus is, in every respect, the same as in Sir Richard Arkwright's frame; but the movement of the parts is different. In place of four or six spindles being coupled together, forming what is called a head, with a separate movement by a pulley and drum, as is the case in the frame, the whole rollers and spindles on both sides of the throstle are connected together, and turned by bands from a tin cylinder lying horizontally under the machine. The merit of the invention chiefly lies in the simplification of the moving apparatus just mentioned. The movement is not only rendered lighter, but greater facility is afforded for increasing the speed of the machine, and, consequently, when the nature of the spinning admits it, for obtaining a larger production. The throstle can also, with more ease, and at less expense, be altered to spin the different grists of yarn; only a few movements require to be changed in it to produce this end, while, in the spinning-frame, there are a great many.

Improvements have recently been made on the roving machine, which we cannot describe here; nor can we better close this branch of our rapid notice, than in the words of Mr Baines' retrospect of the different inventions:—

> Little more than sixty years since, every thread used in the manufacture of cotton, wool, worsted, and flax, throughout the world, was spun singly by the fingers of the spinner, with the aid of that *classical* instrument, the domestic spinning wheel. In 1767, an *eight-handed* spinster sprung from the genius of Hargreaves; and the *jenny*, with still increasing powers, made its way into common use, in spite of all opposition. Two years afterwards, the more wonderful invention of Wyatt, which claims a much earlier origin, but which had disappeared, like a river that sinks into a subterraneous channel, and now rose again under the fortunate star of Arkwright, claimed yet higher admiration, as founded on principles of more extensive application. Five years later, the happy thought of combining the principles of these two inventions, to produce a third much more efficient than either, struck the mind of Crompton, who, by a perfectly original contrivance, effected the union. From twenty spindles, this machine was brought, by more finished mechanism, to admit of a hundred spindles, and thus to exercise a Briarean power. Kelly relinquished the toilsome method of turning the machine by hand, and yoked to it the strength of the rapid Clyde. Watt, with the subtler and more potent agency of steam, moved an iron arm that never slackens or tires, which whirls round two thousand spindles in a single machine. Finally, to consummate the wonder, Roberts dismisses the spinner, and leaves the machine to its own infallible guidance. So that, in the year 1834, several thousand spindles may be seen in a single room, revolving with inconceivable rapidity, with no hand to urge their progress or to guide their operations—drawing out, twisting, and winding up as many thousand threads, with unfailing precision, indefatigable patience and strength—a scene as magical to the eye, which is not familiarized with it, as the effects have been marvellous in augmenting the wealth and population of the country.
>
> When it is remembered that the inventions, whose origin I have endeavoured carefully to trace, are not confined in their application to one manufacture, however extensive, but that they have given nearly the same facilities to the woollen, the worsted, the linen, the stocking, and the lace manufactures, as to the cotton, and that they have spread from England to the whole of Europe, to America, and to parts of Africa and Asia, it must be admitted that the mechanical improvements in the art of spinning have an importance which it is difficult to overestimate.

Watt's steam engine was first employed in the cotton mills, by Arkwright, in 1790, Watt having first made the experiment at Birmingham. In two years afterwards, it was employed by Scott and Stevenson of Glasgow. The application of this new power gave a fresh impetus to the manufacture, as it was available in every locality, and a gradual fall in the price of cotton wool was a favourable concurring circumstance. The difficulty that now presented itself, was the failure of hands to weave the immense quantities of yarn produced by machinery. An observation of this kind being made in the hearing of Dr Edmund Cartwright, a brother of the late excellent Major Cartwright, so early as 1785, he remarked "that Arkwright must then set his wits to work, to invent a weaving mill." Dr Cartwright had a decided natural genius for mechanics, but it so happened, that, at this time, he had never even seen the operation of weaving. To him, however, society owes the first idea of the power-loom. Though many attempts were made, the power-loom was very slowly perfected. The great obstacle to be overcome, was the necessity of frequently stopping the machine to *dress* the warp as it unrolled from the beam. For this purpose, a man was required for each loom, which was no saving of labour. The dressing machine was at last produced by Mr Radcliffe, a cotton manufacturer of Stockport, who seems to have laboured under a morbid apprehension of ruin to the cotton manufacture if yarn were exported. He devoted himself to the patriotic labour of preventing the mischief he foresaw, with the zeal of an apostle.

> He shut himself up in his mill on the 2d January 1802, with a number of weavers, joiners, turners, and other workmen, and resolved to produce some great improvement. Two years were spent in experiments. He had for his assistant, Thomas Johnson, an ingenious but dissipated young man, to whom he explained what he wanted, and whose fertile invention suggested a great variety of expedients, so that he obtained the name of the "conjuror" among his fellow-workmen. Johnson's genius, and Radcliffe's judgment and perseverance, at length produced the dressing machine—an admirable invention, without which the power-loom could scarcely have been rendered efficient.
>
> Radcliffe's unremitted devotion to the perfecting of this apparatus, and other unfortunate circumstances, caused the affairs of his concern to fall into derangement. He failed twice or three times; and he was as unsuccessful in his well-meant, but foolish and pertinacious opposition to the exportation of yarn, as in his private undertakings. His book, entitled, "Origin of the New System of Manu-

facture, commonly entitled 'Power-Loom Weaving,' and the purposes for which this System was invented and brought into use, fully explained, in a Narrative, containing WILLIAM RADCLIFFE's Struggles through Life, to remove the Cause which has brought his Country to its present crisis; written by himself—1828;" displays a mind naturally shrewd and bold, but invincibly obstinate and contracted.

The dressing-machine itself has now, in some establishments, been superseded, and the warp is dressed in a shorter and simpler way by an improved sizing apparatus.

The power loom has twice received important improvements; and what is called Horrock's loom, is now coming into very general use. In Scotland alone, there were, in 1820, only 2,000 power-looms; and, in 1829, the number amounted to 12,000, and in England to 45,000. The estimated numbers in 1833, were, for England, 83,000, and for Scotland 15,000, and yet hand-looms have not diminished. The number of these is indeed incredible, considering the wretched rate of remuneration for many years back. Between 200,000 and 250,000 is the computed number of hand-loom cotton weavers in England; and, in Scotland, they are from 45,000 to 50,000. The advantages possessed by the steam-loom over the hand-weaving, are stated to be evenness in the texture. If the cloth produced is of inferior strength, the fault, we presume, must lie with the manufacturer, and is not chargeable upon the machine. The saving of labour is strikingly seen in a statement furnished to Mr Baines by a manufacturer.

"A very good *hand weaver*, 25 or 30 years of age, will weave *two* pieces of 9-8ths shirtings per week, each 24 yards long, containing 100 shoots of weft in an inch; the reed of the cloth being a 44 Bolton count, and the warp and weft 40 hanks to the lb.

"In 1823, a *steam-loom weaver*, about 15 years of age, attending two looms, could weave *seven* similar pieces in a week.

"In 1826, a steam-loom weaver, about 15 years of age, attending to two looms, could weave *twelve* similar pieces in a week; some could weave fifteen pieces.

"In 1833, a steam-loom weaver, from 15 to 20 years of age, assisted by a girl about 12 years of age, attending to four looms, can weave *eighteen* similar pieces in a week; some can weave twenty pieces."

The *mule*, by producing yarn of the finest quality, enabled our manufacturers to vie with the people of India in the fineness and delicacy of their fabrics; and the numerous late discoveries in the processes of bleaching and calico-printing have established their superiority. Chemical science has, in these departments, done as much as mechanical invention performed in contriving the spinning and weaving machines. Many distinguished men contributed their quota of knowledge and science to perfecting the bleaching process. Dr Home of Edinburgh, by the substitution of water acidulated with sulphuric acid, shortened the time necessary to whiten linen from eight months to four; and, not long afterwards, the experiments of Mr Henry of Manchester with oxymuriatic acid, which were practically applied by Mr Ridgway, enabled the bleachers of Lancashire to work what then appeared to be almost miracles. A bleacher received 1400 pieces of grey muslin upon a Tuesday, which, upon the Thursday, were returned to the manufacturer at the distance of sixteen miles, and packed and sent abroad on that same day! The discoveries of Mr Tennant of Glasgow have perfected the bleaching of cottons. The processes are minutely and accurately described by Mr Baines. We shall extract but one sentence upon a practice, which, we have heard, is banishing foreigners from our market, and leading them to countries where this disgraceful practice is unknown.

After the bleaching is completed—

To improve the appearance of the cloth, it is usually passed through starch made of wheaten flour, often mixed with porcelain clay and calcined sulphate of lime, by which the cloth is made stiffer, and appears to have greater substance and strength than it proves to have after being washed; a contrivance originally devised for the purpose of fraud, and which, though now too *generally understood to be regarded as fraudulent, it would be creditable to the trade to lay aside.* The cloth is dried by being passed through a drying machine, consisting of several copper cylinders heated by steam; it is then again damped, in order to fit it to receive the gloss which is imparted in the process of calendering. The calender consists of several wooden and iron rollers placed above each other in a frame, and held together by levers and pulleys; the cloth, passing betwixt these rollers, is strongly pressed; the surface becomes glossy, and sometimes it is made to assume a wiry appearance by two pieces being put through the calender together, in which case the threads of each are impressed on the face of the other. The goods are then folded up in pieces, stamped with marks varying according to the foreign or domestic markets for which they are intended, and pressed in a Bramah's press; after which, they are packed up, and sent to the merchant.

How a fraudulent practice ceases to be fraudulent when it becomes general, we do not pretend to understand. In another instance, Mr Baines places, to the advantage of the English manufacturer over the manufacturer of America, that the latter does not, or cannot use any but *good* cotton in his yarn, while the former, "owing to the climate," can use some of the *waste*. This is not sufficiently clear. Is the yarn not *worsened* by using a proportion of what, in the United States, is accounted waste?

To the mere uninitiated spectator, the printing of calicoes, muslins, handkerchiefs, shawls, and so forth, is by far the most attractive department of the cotton manufacture. The gay and the rich colours, the beautiful and endlessly varied patterns, and the apparent simplicity and ease of the processes—the result of great pains and skill—by which so many fine combinations are formed, are absolutely fascinating to strangers for the first time visiting the printing factories. Calico printing seems to have been first known in England about the middle of the 17th century. The first printfield was established upon the banks of the Thames, by a French refugee, after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Mr Baines makes a large admission in stating that calico-printing could not have succeeded for a long time in England, save for the prohibition of the cheap and beautiful prints of China, India, and Persia, by William III. British printed cottons soon became the subjects of a heavy excise duty of threepence a-yard. The statutes regarding this branch of the cotton manufacture were continually being changed, and most harassing to those engaged in the trade; but it, nevertheless, gradually improved. The printing-grounds were originally all in the neighbour-

hood of London; but about 1764, one was begun near Preston in Lancashire, and the art was assiduously cultivated by the grandfather of the present Sir Robert Peel, then a yeoman at Cross, near Blackburn. If the Peels did much for the cotton manufacture, it did all for the Peels—the printing branch, in particular, having been the foundation of their over-grown wealth. They were *profiters*, not inventors; eagerly adopting every improvement suggested by strangers, and those originating among ingenious men in their employment.

The first method of printing was by blocks of sycamore, on the surface of which the pattern was carved in relief. Those blocks were *coloured*, or inked, if we may use the phrase, by being applied to a woollen cloth saturated with the colour, and the impression was given to the cloth, by striking the block laid upon it with a mallet. The process was slow, and only one colour could be given at a time. Blocks are still used in the most improved processes of printing; but they are constructed upon a different principle. The patterns are now formed by being indented into the blocks, by copper and brass wire of different degrees of thickness.

Cylinder Printing, an immense stride in advance, was invented by a Scotsman, named Bell, and first applied in Lancashire, about the year 1785. We shall extract Mr Baines' description of this ingenious operation.

A polished copper cylinder, several feet in length, (according to the width of the piece to be printed,) and three or four inches in diameter, is engraved with a pattern round its whole circumference, and from end to end. It is then placed horizontally in a press, and, as it revolves, the lower part of the circumference passes through the colouring matter, which is again removed from the whole surface of the cylinder, except the engraved pattern, by an elastic steel blade, placed in contact with the cylinder, and reduced to so fine and straight an edge as to take off the colour without scratching the copper. This blade has received the name of the *doctor*. The colour being thus left only in the engraved pattern, the piece of calico, or muslin, is drawn tightly over the cylinder, which revolves in the same direction, and prints the cloth. After the piece is printed, it passes over several metallic boxes, six feet long, ten inches broad, and six inches deep, heated by steam, which dry it. A piece of cloth may be thus printed and dried in one or two minutes, which, by the old method, would have required the application of the block 448 times. Nor is this all. Two, three, four, and even five cylinders, may be used at the same time in one press, each cylinder having engraved upon it a different portion of the pattern, and being supplied with a different colour. The piece passes over them successively, and receives the entire pattern almost in the same moment. To produce the same effect by hand block-printing, would have required 896, 1344, 1792, or 2240 applications of the blocks, according as 2, 3, 4, or 5 cylinders may have been employed. The saving of labour, therefore, is immense: one of the cylinder printing machines, attended by a man and a boy, is actually capable of producing as much work as could be turned out by one hundred block printers, and as many tear-boys!

For the other admirable mechanical inventions in printing, we must refer to the original work. No portion of it will be found more interesting to the general reader, who, though he may not, from description, be able to comprehend the complex movements of the *mule* and the *throstle*, may easily understand the printing cylinders. But chemical science has done nearly as much for calico printing as those beautiful mechanical inventions. One chemical process, is named *discharge work*; in which the pattern required is first stamped on the cloth, with citric acid, and then the whole web immersed in the dye or *mordant*, when the stamped part alone remains white:—or the cloth is first immersed in the *mordant*, and then printed with the acid, which removes the colour. A fine process is named resist work, or *neutral work*, which Mr Baines thus describes:—

It consists in printing various mordants on those parts of the cloth intended to be coloured, and a paste or *resist* on such as are intended to remain white. The cloth is immersed in the indigo vat, for a few seconds; and, when taken out, the parts covered with the paste are found to have kept out the blue dye; hence this is called resist work. This system is of most extensive application, and has given a new face to the productions of calico printing. It is the invention of a person named Grouse, a traveller for a London house, possessing little practical and less scientific knowledge, fond of experiments and dabbling by the fire-side in the processes of printing. The same individual discovered the mode of dyeing *bran pink*, for which ten London printers subscribed and gave him one hundred guineas. His process for resist work he sold for *five pounds!* It required the experience of a year or two to perfect this system, and make it practically useful.

The total repeal of the duty on printed cottons, by Lord Althorp, in 1831, gave a vigorous impulse to this beautiful branch of the manufacture. Whoever has eyes must have noticed the marked improvement in patterns and colours which followed. The abolition of a duty which brought very little into the National Treasury while it harassed the manufacturers, has, by Mr Baines' estimate, had the effect of enabling a woman to purchase for 2s. 6d., or even for 2s., a dress* of good materials, a neat pattern and fast colours, which would formerly have cost nearly 4s. Mr Baines, surely, in seven yards of narrow stuff, allows the poor woman very little cloth for her garment; but this does not affect his estimate of reduction in price. About 259,366 persons, it is calculated, were, in the year 1830, engaged in calico printing. The number must have since considerably increased. The printers have a copyright in new patterns, for three months, which is surely not too long.

A chapter of the work is devoted to the natural history of the cotton plant, its cultivation, and the management of the produce. The great reduction in the price of the raw material, by extended cultivation, has tended, with other concurring causes, to the prosperity of the manufacture. Upland, or Bowed Georgia cotton, which, in 1816, sold at 1s. 6½d. was, in 1832, reduced to 6½d. Carriage is also reduced. Cotton is brought from New Orleans and Mobile to England at ¾d. per lb., and from the Atlantic

* There are, we apprehend, economical fallacies, as well as other fallacies. In the case cited, the cloth at from 2½d. to 4d. a yard, must be of very inferior quality. Consequently, "the Peel's rotten cotton" cannot have substance or a long endurance. Yet the labour or cost of making up the dress, and thread, and lining, are as much as if it were of materials of double or quadruple the value, or the price of dresses worn by ladies, who pay from 10d. to 4s. a yard for printed cottons and muslins.

States at ¼d. per lb. The manner in which cotton is bought and sold in the great market of Liverpool is one of those peculiarities of which England may justly be proud.

Cotton is sold in Liverpool by brokers, who are employed by the importers, and who charge 10s. per £100 for their trouble in valuing and selling it. The buyers, who are the Manchester cotton dealers, and the spinners all over the country, also employ brokers, at the same rate of commission, to make their purchases. The cotton is principally bought and sold by sample—the purchasers very rarely considering it necessary to examine the bulk. By the strict probity and honour invariably observed by the brokers in their dealings with each other, this immense business is conducted with a facility and despatch which have probably no parallel in any other market of the world, and which could not exist to the same extent in the sale of any other description of merchandise. It may be mentioned, as a proof, both of the excellence of the arrangements for carrying on the business, and of the integrity of the parties engaged in it, that, though the sales are not made with the formalities necessary to render the bargains legally binding, a dispute or difficulty in their fulfilment is almost unknown. Whatever misunderstandings arise are at once settled by a reference to some of the brokers not interested in the transaction; and such is the good feeling which prevails amongst them, that, on these occasions, the decision is, with scarcely an exception, prompt and satisfactory.

We cannot follow Mr Baines into his ample commercial history of cotton. The manufacture owes nothing to legislative protection, and now it is not considered to require it.

The Nottingham bobbin-net manufacture, which within the last twelve years, when Heathcoat's patent expired, has made such prodigious advances, has become an important auxiliary to the weaving and spinning branches. The idea of applying the stocking frame to the weaving, or rather knitting of lace, occurred to a frame-worker so early as 1768, "the era of great inventions;" but it was not completed by Mr Heathcoat until about 1809, when he obtained a patent. Without the invention of Crompton's *mule*, which gave yarn of any degree of fineness, the principle of Hammond would have been comparatively valueless. Now, the annual produce of the bobbin-net manufacture, is estimated at £1.850,650, which is the value of above thirty millions of square yards of net, woven or knitted. Nearly two millions of capital are embarked in the manufacture, which employs 159,300 hands.

Hosiery is another most important branch of the cotton-trade, in which the number of hands employed is supposed to be about 40,000, and the capital embarked is half-a-million. Another almost new article is cotton sewing thread; of which above a millions lbs. were exported in 1833. The quantity must be increasing. The statistics of the manufacture, are, however, Mr Baines complains, very imperfect. His estimates, probably, approach nearer to accuracy than any other.

We have still to approach the most important, and difficult points of this inquiry; the well-being—the physical, the moral, and intellectual condition of the vast number of human beings, who either form component parts of the *Factory Machine*, or are connected with it. Our author must have had good means of obtaining extensive and accurate information; and he is disposed to view everything on the bright side: nor are we inclined to maintain, that insurmountable obstacles interpose between this lucrative branch of national industry, and the comfort and happiness of the combined masses necessary to uphold it in a flourishing state. But, in the meantime, what are the facts? When Mr Senior prefaced his lectures upon Political Economy, by stating, at the commencement, that his discourses had for their subject the increase of national wealth, and that he laid aside all considerations of the happiness of individuals, he at least simplified his inquiries; but he did so by keeping clear of the better part of all that can be of permanent value in such demonstrations.

The nearest parallel which society affords to the *factory machine*, is the *military machine*; but, in military organization, the physical comfort of the individual atoms is a fundamental principle of the system. The food, clothing, cleanliness—the shelter, the preservation of health, and, to a certain extent, the moral discipline of the soldier of modern times, are carefully attended to. If he is maimed or disabled in the service which he voluntarily enters, he has help, or a certain provision, for his future years. The soldier is, accordingly, in these respects generally in a better condition than the factory labourer, although the latter should earn considerably more than is expended upon the maintenance of the former. We do not, however, propose to convert factory people into mere instruments in the hands of the masters, in order that they may be better treated; but to infuse more generous elements into the mutual compact than those which at present regulate it;—than that hard, naked barter of labour against wages, in which machinery and the constant competition in the labour market have given the masters an advantage which they are never again likely to lose. To the grand principle of mutual interest, which brings together these unequal parties, no rational objection can be made; but, while on the one side, there are ignorance, improvidence, and a necessity often urgent and extreme, and, upon the other, keen intelligence, power, and an absorbing desire, or sordid love of gain, we shall never see the prevention of the tear and wear, or the safe and uncorroded state of the human portion of the factory machine much cared for. Mr Baines aims at no more than shewing that the factory workers are in no worse condition than other labourers. But why is their state not better? Their condition subjects them to some heavy deprivations, which it is impossible to prevent; but why are the surpassing skill, the minute economy, the neatness, the order, the principle of co-operation, visible in all the details of the manufacturing system, never applied to ameliorate the state of the workpeople? Why may not the wages of a person labouring in conjunction with a thousand others, command more of the comforts of life than the isolated mite of a solitary cottager? It may be for the workmen them-

selves to look to these things. Their dissolute habits, with which, so far as they do not interfere with the duties of the mill, the masters seldom take any concern, give, with the other causes, the latter a dangerous ascendancy over the labourers. A drunken improvident operative in the factories is a ready-made slave. He lowers his class while he ruins himself.

There are instances given, and we trust many might be found, in which enlightened and humane master-manufacturers take the most lively concern in the well-being of their work-people. But still, such are the exceptions, not the rule. The following is a pleasing instance. It is given by a physician of Manchester, who, we hope, has never been concerned in the medical superintendence of cotton works: as we notice that Mr Baines has given reports of attendant-surgeons in other cases. These may be perfectly accurate, but still they are liable to suspicion. All the medical reports, on the condition of the factory children, especially, are, moreover, so exceedingly contradictory, that one knows not what to believe.

"Twelve hundred persons are employed in the cotton factories of Mr Thomas Ashton of Hyde. This gentleman has erected commodious dwellings for his work-people, with each of which he has connected every convenience that can minister to comfort.* He resides in the immediate vicinity, and has frequent opportunities of maintaining a cordial association with his operatives. Their houses are well-furnished, clean, and their tenants exhibit every indication of health and happiness. Mr Ashton has also built a school, where 640 children, chiefly belonging to his establishment, are instructed on Tuesday in reading, writing, arithmetic, &c. A library, connected with this school, is eagerly resorted to, and the people frequently read after the hours of labour have expired. An infant school is, during the week, attended by 280 children, and in the evenings others are instructed by masters selected for the purpose."

This is a highly gratifying report; and Mr Ashton says that many of the neighbouring establishments are, so far as regards wages and the comforts and health of the workpeople, in as good a condition as his. Wages are, however, high in this district, as the first quality of yarn is spun here; and the rate of wages is an important consideration—as, contrary to the theory of some political economists, we find that the best paid are the best behaved.

The average weekly wages of men in the prime of life, in the cotton mills of Glasgow, is about 19s.—females of the same age, 7s. This is the very highest. Boys and girls, below fifteen, earn nearly alike. Above that age, or from sixteen to twenty-one, boys average 9s.—girls, 6s. 2d. Up to sixty and seventy, the wages are not much diminished; but the factories do not seem the refuge of age—there are few workers above fifty-eight. The wages of spinners, of the first class, in Manchester, are so high as 33s. and 35s. a-week, and they do not appear to have declined for the last ten years. The wages of weavers, dressers, &c. have declined, but not in proportion to the fall in the price of provisions. The average earnings of the whole of the people in Mr Ashton's employment, cannot be called low at 12s. a-week. The spinners are, at present, in the same golden age which the weavers enjoyed forty years since, and up to 1803. We are tempted to throw a lingering look back to this age, and that equally happy, if not so wealthy one, which preceded it. We are enabled to do so by Mr Radcliffe—the joint author, with Johnson, of the dressing machine—the gentleman who so dreaded the exportation of yarn.

"In the year 1770, the land in our township (in the parish of Mellor) was occupied by between fifty to sixty farmers; rents, to the best of my recollection, did not exceed 10s. per statute acre; and, out of these fifty or sixty farmers, there were only six or seven who raised their rents directly from the produce of their farms; all the rest got their rent partly in some branch of trade, such as spinning and weaving woollen, linen, or cotton. The cottagers were employed entirely in this manner, except for a few weeks in the harvest. Being one of those cottagers, and intimately acquainted with all the rest, as well as every farmer, I am better able to relate particularly how the change from the old system of hand-labour to the new one of machinery operated in raising the price of land. Cottage rents at that time, with convenient loom-shop, and a small garden attached, were from one and a half to two guineas per annum. The father of a family would earn from eight shillings to half a guinea at his loom; and his sons, if he had one, two, or three alongside of him, six or eight shillings each per week: but the great sheet-anchor of all cottages and small farms, was the labour attached to the hand-wheel; and when it is considered that it required six to eight hands to prepare and spin yarn, of any of the three materials I have mentioned, sufficient for the consumption of one weaver—this shews clearly the inexhaustible source there was for labour for every person from the age of seven to eighty years, (who retained their sight and could move their hands,) to earn their bread, say one to three shillings per week, without going to the parish."

The jenny, the water-frame, and the mule, gradually banished this primitive state of the parish of Mellor, which may be taken as a fair specimen of all the surrounding districts at the time. The hand-wheels were thrown into the lumber room.

"The fabrics made from wool and linen vanished, while, the old loom-shops being insufficient, every lumber-room, even old barns, cart-houses, and out buildings of any description, were repaired, windows broke through the old blank walls, and all fitted up for loom-shops. This source of making room being at length exhausted, new weavers' cottages, with loom-shops, sprung up in every direction; all immediately filled, and, when in full work, the weekly circulation of money, as the price of labour only, rose to five times the amount ever before experienced in this district, every family bringing home weekly 40, 60, 80, 100, or even 120 shillings per week! It may be easily conceived, that this sudden increase of the circulating medium would, in a few years, not only shew itself in affording all the necessaries and comforts of life these families might require, but also be felt by those who, abstractedly speaking, might be considered disinterested spectators; but, in reality, they were not so, for all felt it, and that in the most agreeable way, too; for this money, in its peregrinations, left something in the pockets of every stone-mason, carpenter, slater, plasterer, glazier, joiner, &c.; as well as the corn-dealer, cheesemonger, butcher, and shopkeepers of every description. The farmers participated as much as any class, by the prices they obtained for their corn, butter, eggs, fowls, with every other article the soil or farm-yard could produce, all of which advanced at length to nearly three times the former price. Nor was the portion of this wealth inconsiderable that found its way into the coffers of the Cheshire squires, who had

* Comfortable dwellings are often to be seen connected with factories in the county, but they are sometimes let at enormous rents.

estates in this district, the rents of their farms being doubled, and, in many instances, trebled."

It would be mortifying to look upon the reverse of the picture—to the frequent periods of cruel depression—to the permanent poverty of the hand-loom weavers.

In what is called the Factory Question, Mr Baines is decidedly upon the masters', or the unpopular side. He treats much that has been said about the evils of the system, in Parliament and out of it, as mere declamation; and the long hours, and strained faculties, and unceasing attention of the mill operatives of all ages, as exaggeration. He eloquently labours to prove that the statements which spread such agitation throughout the country about two years ago, are unfounded. "Attention and gentle exercise only are required from the children." "The labour is light and requires little muscular exertion." The position is good; and there are no symptoms of anxious, strained attention. The noise and whirl of the machinery has no effect upon those habituated to the mills. "The air cannot be vitiated, as the space required for the machinery prevents crowding." Many of the mills are well ventilated, and the temperature varies from 60° to 75°. In some operations it is 90° and more.

Mr Baines does, however, admit that the labour of the mills "is not of the most agreeable and healthful kind;" and that legislative interference was justifiable "to protect children of tender years from being overworked." But the question of what overworking may be, remains the difficulty. He vindicates the steam-engine from the calumnies propagated against that swart goblin, which toils so contentedly and incessantly in the service of man. There is only, he alleges, the semblance of truth in this statement of Mr Turner Thackrah, which other writers have thoughtlessly adopted:—

"While the engine works," says Thackrah, "the people must work. Men, women, and children are thus yoke-fellows with iron and steam; the animal machine—fragile at best, subject to a thousand sources of suffering, and doomed, by nature, in its best state, to a short-lived existence, changing every moment, and hastening to decay—is matched with an iron machine insensible to suffering and fatigue."

Mr Tufnell, whose supplementary report for the factory commissioners appears a high authority with Mr Baines, asserts, that, where steam-engines are employed, the labour is easiest and least incessant. This gentleman brings a singular argument to prove that children, engaged for *twelve hours* a-day in the mills, only labour for *three hours*, as the machines go smoothly for three-fourths of every minute, and in only the remaining fourth is the child actually labouring in joining the threads! He has even seen one description of these labourers "idle for four minutes at a time." This we must take as a surprising latitude of relaxation.* Mr Tufnell asserts that the morals of the work-people are as pure as those of any other class; and he examined clergymen, who confirmed this. There is simplicity, almost amusing, in this admission made by Mr Baines:—"The only thing which makes factory labour trying even to delicate children, is, *that they are confined for long hours, and deprived of fresh air.*" It is exactly so. These are, indeed, the chief evils against which the humane cry out. "This (the deprivation of air, and long hours) makes them pale, and reduces their vigour, but it rarely brings on disease." This is but slender consolation for enfeebled bodies, and the usual concomitants of enfeebled minds. Dr Kay, of Manchester, has given a frightful picture of the state of the operatives. Their wretched dwellings are the abodes of damp, dirt, and discomfort:—the kraal and the wigwam at least enjoy good air. Their moral condition is as abject as their physical state. The average of wages he makes much lower than that which is quoted by Mr Baines from other authorities; and every one concurs in saying that the habits of the spinners—those drawing the highest rate of wages—are much better than those of the class that receive a lower remuneration. Dr Kay, however, considers the wages fair, and is inclined to attribute the low morality, bad habits, and pervading misery of the work-people, to the nature and long-continued influences of their employment.

We are sorry to find that Mr Baines considers that that provision of the Factory Act, which requires the education of the younger children, and also that prohibiting children under eleven years of age from being kept at work more than eight hours a-day, are impracticable, and must be altered. We trust he is mistaken when he affirms that it is impossible to compel the education of the children, since it is from their losing employment, that the hardship is alleged to arise, and not from the will of their parents. Nor do we understand how "relays of children," to work out the long hours, "cannot be obtained," while others are liable to lose their employment from being put to school for some hours in the week. "The relays" of children cannot be obtained, and sending children to school "produces hardship to their parents, from the number who have lost their employment;" but yet, if relays could be obtained, "the masters would not submit to the inconvenience caused by the change of hands;" besides, Mr Rickards, Mr Saunders, and Mr Howell, the inspectors, are of opinion, that children of ten years old may be properly allowed to work twelve hours a-day.

* There is one test of the extent to which factory labour overstrains the faculties and stints the intellectual growth of the operatives, which we have never seen suggested. From the hand-loom, the shoemaker's stool, the carpenter's bench, the smith's anvil, the printer's frame, and almost every description of other labour, science and literature are continually obtaining able recruits, and hundreds of men are seen whose mere dabblings shew that there has been a favourable developement of the intellectual faculties, and considerable self-culture. We have no means of knowing how many humble poets, mechanists, and artists, come from the factories, or from the ranks of those human machines, whose attention from childhood is never permitted to wander from their minute portion of incessant duty. Of the seeds which nature scatters in such profusion, few, we apprehend, have germinated, blossomed, and ripened into fruit, in this ungenial soil.

That the masters "will not submit to inconvenience"—that is, if they can help themselves—is unhappily too true; and for the opinion of the three inspectors, we care no more than for that of any other comfortable gentlemen, who never were confined, man nor boy, for twelve hours a-day, or for eight hours a-day, to any drudgery whatsoever; but yet we regret exceedingly that Mr Baines should come to the conclusion that very many of the poor of England—the manufacturing labourers, whose condition he represents as comparatively comfortable—"have not the means of educating their children:" he adds, or "of supporting them in *idleness*." What is meant by the *idleness* of children under ten years of age? What factory master—whether of the Peels of *Church*, the predominant family—or the Peels of Bury—would consider the racing of his young colts, the frisking of his lambs, or the frolicking of his children, *idleness*? Each alike is the natural and happy state of the young animal; and it is, at best, wo to the labourers of England that they cannot, by their industry, maintain their children in this kind of idleness, or in something coming within eight or ten hours work a-day of it. The lambs, to be sure, may be sent to market very young. The colts are more fortunately circumstanced. Their misery does not commence, or, at least, does not tell, until over-exertion brings on premature old age, and unfitness for labour consigns them to the hounds. In the poor factory children, who cannot be maintained in idleness, and whom their parents are unable to educate, are united the hardships of the early-ripe lamb, and the early-exhausted horse.

With one of Mr Baines' conclusions we entirely agree;—"All restrictions on industry should be imposed with a delicate and cautious hand. England has manufacturing rivals." The work-hours in the French, Rhenish, and Swiss factories, are *fourteen*, *fourteen and a half*, and *fifteen* and *sixteen* hours a-day; and, for this and other reasons—the strongest of which are the necessities of the labourers themselves, and the prosperity of the manufacture—it appears to him inexpedient to fix any limitation on hours and age, for workers above ten. He fears, that, in general, the morality of the workers is not so high as Mr Tufnell has been so fortunate as to find it; and, admitting the present evils of the system, he rightly pronounces it susceptible of amelioration, if the masters would do their duty, by repressing vice, and encouraging education and the growth of good habits. Earnestly do we hope that the masters will attend to his admonitions:—and he is hopeful of them.

No man can reflect on the matter without perceiving, that a humane, religious, and intelligent manufacturer has the power of bringing to bear on his workpeople a variety of strong inducements to virtue and industry;—that, by an apparatus of means like those above mentioned, by the appointment of steady overlookers, and by his own vigilant superintendence, much, very much, might be done to make a factory rather a school of virtue than of vice. Some from benevolence, some from emulation, some from shame, and more, perhaps, than all from a conviction that it would actually tend to profit, may follow the examples already set; and, in ten or twenty years hence, the factories of England may be as much improved in the moral character of their operatives, as they have been, in times past, in the beauty and efficiency of their machinery.

Mr Baines, though sensible that England has manufacturing rivals, does not participate in the insane fears of those modern alarmists, who, in the erection of a new mill in the United States, France, or Germany, see ruin to the English cotton manufacture. He ably points out all our natural advantages, and that acquired superiority of which it is impossible for any rival to deprive our manufacturers, who, must for ages, keep the immense start they have taken of all the world. On the fearful odds against which the tax on food compels the English artisan and manufacturer to contend, he says rather less than the fair occasion demanded. Having pronounced Watt, Arkwright, Crompton, and the inventors and perfecters of English manufactures, greater benefactors to their country than Wellington or Nelson, Mr Baines concludes his excellent work with this eloquent and elevating passage, to which many hearts will warmly respond:—

The Americas and the East are, by the means of the cotton manufacture, united in new and powerful bonds of amity with England;—not merely from the contemplation of the rich and mutually advantageous commerce which this manufacture has enabled Englishmen to maintain with all the nations of the world, but from the *moral benefits* which such a commerce, centring in, and radiating from, a country at the head of civilization, may be the means of spreading to the less enlightened parts of the earth. No nation ever had a more universal commerce than this: no manufacturers ever clothed so many of the human family, as the cotton manufacturers of England. From so extended an intercourse, it may reasonably be anticipated that the minds of our population, as well as their outward circumstances, will be enriched and improved; seeing that it is the natural effect of such intercourse to impart knowledge and to remove prejudice. But it is also their privilege to be enabled to communicate to other nations a share of their own advantages. The civilization of England flies abroad on the wings of its commerce. Philanthropy could not desire a more powerful agent for diffusing light and liberty through the world. It will be a proud distinction for the manufacturers of England, if their trade should minister to the moral improvement of the human species. To produce such an effect is worthy of their ambition; and, if accomplished, it will be a more honourable achievement than all their triumphs in science and the arts.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF ARCHIBALD HAMILTON ROWAN, ESQ.

ALL pale he lies—the worthy and the brave!—
Bound in the trance that chains the vital breath,
Till dread Eternity shall conquer Death,
And Christ awake the world—to sink or save.
Another glory sets in the dark grave—
For, Rowan! there thy honoured relics lie,
Embalmed with Erin's tear and virtue's sigh—
And who remain?—the mourner and the slave!

Oh! for a thousand hearts as warm as thine—
When thine was buoyant with the pride of youth—
In every pulse thy country, hope, and truth;
And thy fond worship was at Freedom's shrine!

Then might we view our fetter'd Erin free,
As thy pure soul, that soars to deathless Liberty!

London, November 1834. L. L. T.

EXPERIENCES OF RICHARD TAYLOR, ESQ.

CHAPTER X.—FRANKLAND THE BARRISTER:

Concluded.

I CLOSED the last chapter with my abrupt address to Mrs Frankland:—"To make home happy, comprehends most of the ordinary duties of a wife; yet that, I fear, is an art not so easily attainable as young married ladies sometimes imagine." Helena looked to her husband with the half-disdainful radiant smiles of the conscious charmer; as if she pitied my old bachelor ignorance of the bliss which beauty, tenderness, and accomplishment like hers, had the power to impart, too much to be piqued by the freedom of my remark. Frankland answered her appealing, yet triumphant glance, by smiles, as assured, if more grave; and his wife fancied it necessary—in vindication, I presume, of her matronly prudence—to confess, with a look of candid humility, "I daresay I shall not, at first, be the very best of possible housekeepers; but I have often been out with married ladies, and seen them order things for the family from their tradespeople. My own maid is very clever, with a good notion of everything, as she has lived with several ladies of good fashion, and was particularly recommended to mamma."

I did not allow myself to smile, and she continued—"Lord Tilsit's tradespeople have been pestering us, ever since we came to town, with notes and cards, soliciting Mrs Frankland's orders." Frankland looked uneasy again, as, with the *Goldsmithian tact*, upon which my friends have sometimes complimented me, I blurted out—"London tradesmen, like the tragic lover, seem in love with ruin in these days—

'Another's first, and then their own.'"

I continued, endeavouring to turn the awkward speech gently off—"Decay of business and competition among the shopkeepers have worked an entire revolution in trade, within these twenty years, especially at the west end."

"And you don't approve of changes?" said Frankland, smiling again: "You are Conservative?"

"I plead guilty to being old enough to grumble at many modern novelties—the system of long book-debts, and, consequently, improvident and rash orders and extravagant charges, among the rest."

"I believe there may be defects in the present financial system, domestic and public, but, I presume, it will right itself. We philosophers can only regret, that expensive luxury is the tax ever necessarily entailed upon refinement of taste and manners." He smiled in mockery of his own commonplace.

"I deny the necessity," I rejoined, warmly.

"So do I; but we must all submit, more or less, to something as imperative in its exactions," returned Frankland.

"While in May Fair, bow to May Fair's law?" said I.

"Why, I fear it is so. Our prudence may be shewn in the degree of compliance, and our fortitude in the strength of our resistance; but to the goddess, Fashion, all must yield, as you may perceive."

The latter part of this speech was directed to the Miss V——s, who entered the room, splendidly equipped, to attend the Sunday opera of St —— Church, after having agreeably spent an hour or two in the Morning Sacrifice of arranging their hair and costume, so as, with the most dazzling effect, to confess themselves "miserable sinners!" in the eyes of a polite congregation of other miserable sinners! They were both very handsome and elegant women, with more of the decided—the *pronounced*—air of fashion, and much more of what ladies call *manner*, than their younger sister. She flew to them, in affectionate admiration of themselves, and especially their clothes; and, after the sisterly kiss, busied herself, first in adjusting something about Caroline's bonnet, and then Harriet's sandal. I cannot tell whether Frankland was merely absent, or did not intend me the honour of an introduction to his new relatives; but Helena had certainly forgotten me, until her self-possessed elder sister, in an audible whisper, begged to be introduced to Mr Frankland's "admirable friend." My reception was most flattering and gracious, and not very much overdone; for the V——s were really well-bred women, and not apt to err on the side of excessive condescension. I afterwards found that the Miss V——s were of the class of universal charmers. They had been trained to the business of pleasing; and, in absence of the lord or lady, appeared as desirous of captivating, in their several turns, the child, the chaplain, the butler, the gardener, the groom, or the old house-dog himself; and generally succeeded with all, save the child and the house-dog, with whom words and mock caresses were not current coin.

The young ladies were now gaily rallying Frankland on his irregular attendance at church. They were, themselves, so far exemplary, that, if no friend took them to the Opera on Saturday night, and, by late hours, put them out of good looks, they never neglected the fashionable service on Sunday. Religion is made so very easy and comfortable to gentlefolks, not to say amusing and attractive to the fashionable world, that it is unpardonable if any large portion of it remain longer either sceptical or unregenerate. I understand there is decided improvement. Miss Harriet V—— had lately exhibited, on Sundays, and even on week days, when in "serious society," symptoms of a *decided call*. Her emotion, her exultation, her saintly delight, may, therefore, be imagined, when, as we still chatted, Lord Tilsit's servant brought his Lordship's compliments to Mrs Frankland. He meant to accompany her to church. Of the three sisters, each

was excited in her own way. Helena flushed *terrestrial* rosy-red, with gratified pride, and looked to Frankland:—"And *you* will go, James?" was uttered in her most persuasive tones, as her arm slid within his. Her elder sister was ever alert to cover her blunders:—"And, if I have leave, I will remain to entertain Mr Richard Taylor until your return, especially as I shall have all those potent Russia and Morocco auxiliaries." She pointed to the book cases.

"Now, pray do, Frankland," cried the still clinging charmer; "go with us to church."

"Let me not stand in the way of any devout purpose," I exclaimed: "I am going to church myself." This was an evident relief to the ladies, though another bar came in the way of their pious intentions, as Harriet suddenly recollected that some "horrid creature" or other had not sent home Mrs Frankland's bonnet, and the *esprit* plumes of that which she had, had suffered in the dews and rains of the honeymoon. This was whispered among them. There was, moreover, neither carriage-room nor pew-room for more than four persons; and Miss V—— shewed her sisterly affection and her prudence, by forcing her bonnet, with her seat, upon her married sister. "His Lordship would be so disappointed if she and Mr Frankland did not accompany him to hear the Dean preach." Helena withdrew to attire herself, and soon returned.

"Let me see you soon," said Frankland, shaking hands—"very soon. This is but an abrupt meeting."

"Oh, do come to see us again, soon," cried Helena; "and I shall sing for you as long as ever you please;—but his Lordship has got into the carriage."

We were now all in the entrance-hall, and Miss Harriet, who had taken her place, jumped out again, and running to her sister Caroline, whispered, "His Lordship means to request the freedom of asking his friend, the Dean, to eat a morsel of dinner with us in the evening, as he leaves town early to-morrow, and they have business, I suppose. Attend *you* to that, he begs, and don't tease Frankland and Helena. His butler will do all that is requisite, and obtain from the —— Club House whatever you choose to order. The Dean is, as to *gourmandise*, moderate, but rather fastidious."

"I have a high opinion of your discretion, Caroline," cried his Lordship from the carriage, "and of your *savoir vivre*."

"I shall be proud to merit your Lordship's good opinion." Slap-bang up went the steps, and the carriage rolled off, leaving me half ensconced behind a pillar of the hall, wondering where my hat was to be looked for, and Miss Caroline already brooding hospitalities towards a Dean whose voice was potential alike in Church, State, and University.

The church bells were now all ringing, carriages were rolling along; and, in this quarter, even a few pedestrians, chiefly smart female servants, might be seen. I had probably been observed coming out of the house; for, within a few yards of it, I was arrested by a young girl whom I had long known as the daughter of a respectable tradesman in our lane; and who, I understood, had lately obtained the rank of apprentice in the establishment of a fashionable French milliner. Though the traces of late hours were visible in her pale sharp features, she had still the tiptoe springy step and alert look of her class. She attempted to conceal her bandbox under her shawl, as an offence to the church-goers, while evidently glad to meet one who, she hoped, would assist her vain search for Mrs Frankland. Madam Royet was so afraid to disappoint that lady, as it was a *new* family, and three or four ladies; but she was so busy before Sunday, now the town was filling fast. There were five-and-twenty young ladies on the establishment, journey-women and apprentices, and they had been up every night for three weeks, till four in the morning, and all night on Saturdays: dresses were so required, for church and the Park."

"Then you will go home and have a good long sleep now, Mary, which you seem to want," said I, pointing out Frankland's house in the distance.

"No, indeed." And it came out in explanation, that, after the repeated vigils of these tea-stimulated handmaids of fashion and fashionable piety, an hour or two must be stolen from the Sunday to repair their own wardrobe, and improve it with such fragmentary finery as enabled them also to visit the scene of exhibition—to regale their eyes with the sight of their past labours; and, if girls of taste, genius, and invention, to obtain ideas for novel performances. Poor things! a dray-horse or a coal-heaver required less strength of constitution than the damsels on Madam Royet's staff, at this busy season. The little girl of whom I speak, soon became sickly, consumptive, and distorted in the spine, and dropped into the grave before she was twenty, still regretting to me, on her deathbed, that Mrs Frankland had the misfortune to have gone out on that day, as she was, when inspected in the park, all so handsome, save that ugly Bath bonnet! It was consolation, when I confirmed Mary's protestations of the bells being still ringing, when she was near the house; and that, if Mrs Frankland's patience had been equal to Madame's punctuality, the bonnet might have been in time for church and Park, and the disgrace prevented. To Madame, this might only be sorrow at the loss of a dozen orders for bonnets similar to the one worn by a pretty new face; but to poor dying Mary, making ornaments for herself in bed, it was "stuff of the conscience," that a lady whom Mr Taylor knew should have been so very unfortunate, and she concerned. I know not what has tempted me into this digression on the female labourers in the London fashion-factories. Thinking of them, I am convinced that Cowper included women in the general term, when he exclaimed—

> There is no flesh in *man's* obdurate heart—
> It doth not feel for man!

What a blessing to Helena Frankland, as well as to little Mary Cox, had both females been early taught to discern and cleave to the univer-

sal constituents of real happiness. Thus, what had prevented the curvature of Mary's back, might haply have prevented the distortion of Helena's mind.

Months passed—it was the height of the London season—and I saw little of Frankland, and heard more than I wished. When we chanced to meet, though his kindness was undiminished, there was restraint upon our intercourse, which made it, from being stiff, become painful. Each, in relation to the other, was labouring under the load of a reserve of thought, completely destructive of the comfort and freedom of friendly intercourse, especially as neither could treat the opinions the other formed of his conduct and opinions with indifference. Our way of life, besides, lay every day farther apart. The beauty and musical talent of his wife, the attractions—perhaps, I should say, the allurements—of her sisters, his own celebrity, and, more than all, the fresh vogue and combined force of the various *agremens* of his house, made it the resort of many of the better order of fashionable people, as well as of the host of the frivolous; of persons distinguished by merit and accomplishment, eminent in the professions, in the arts, in literature, and in public life, whom it was pride and pleasure to entertain and to meet, but for the one dreadful thought, how or where was all this to end, to a man without fortune, and without large professional income, and placed in the most expensive capital in the world. An interesting class of persons whom one was sure to meet at Mr Frankland's evening parties were foreigners—accomplished men, generally of liberal opinions—some of them refugees, Italians, Poles, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Belgians, and natives of America—whose presence, it was alleged, I never could resist, when I set my face against both fashionable parties and what Miss V—— called *prudential dinners*. These were the dinners which that lady, in her wisdom, began to make her sister barter against the expectation of increasing professional employment for her husband. The great man, the head of the house of V——, though he countenanced the young couple, was nearly as powerless here as were Mrs Frankland's songs, with her sister's smiles, and her husband's dinners, to boot. It was painful to me to hear that Frankland's professional business was falling off at the very time when increase became so necessary to him. To this many small causes contributed, against which his great ability and new connexions offered no compensation. His locality, the dissipation of time and thought attendant on his mode of life, and perpetual and torturing mental anxiety, were gradually disqualifying him for his diminishing duties; and the shrewd professional men, who seldom refused to assist at Miss Caroline V——'s "*prudential dinners*," affected to believe, that Frankland, devoted to literature, politics, and engaged in fashionable life, could have no serious desire to fight his way into practice as a barrister. No one could exactly tell what his views might be. It was no one's concern; and, in London, there are so many *dashing* families, whose means are mysteries, that this case, even to the gossiping inquirers, made but one more.

Frankland, about this time, became more closely connected with a new set of acquaintances. Though official duty absolved Lord Tilsit from all social ceremonies, save with personages in high station, and though he never appeared at Mrs Frankland's evening parties, he sometimes saw the family, with other connexions, in private; and Frankland, in spite of the bad odour of his liberalism, was occasionally invited to his friendly dinners. There he met with one or two individuals, already well known to him by character, as rising politicians upon the thriving side—under-secretaries, second-rate speakers in Parliament, and noted partisan writers. Arrogance was no part of his proud nature; and, I believe, he rated himself too justly to be overpowered by their civilities and flatteries, yet the candid and favourable appreciation of an able adversary must be peculiarly grateful to a generous mind. If Frankland retained his original repugnance to the opinions of these gentlemen, his aversion to their personal characters abated by intimacy. It is not possible to retain strong dislike to those one voluntarily meets every day in pleasant society. Frankland, who was prevailed with to join one of their social and literary clubs, forgot that he had so lately haughtily regarded the men with whom he now associated, as hollow trimmers or interested sycophants of power, some of them adding the meanness of the place-hunter to the malignity of the bigot or the rabid frenzy which marks the conscious renegade. Compliments were now frequently paid to his talents in their party journals; and hopes were expressed of him, which begot fears among the old friends on whom he began to look coldly, and who were gradually falling off, in doubt and perplexity, though no decided act yet gave colour to their suspicions. It could scarcely be laid to his charge, that his wife's unmarried sisters, the fair relations of Lord Tilsit, had obtained, through his Lordship's interest and the kindness of the Dean, pensions less unjustifiable in principle than many that are granted, and not large in amount; but the ladies lived in his family, and one of the *liberal* journals, upon this circumstance, commenced a series of attacks, which, I fear, enabled Frankland to palliate to himself the contempt he was beginning to avow for the whole liberal party; as if the ill-nature of all the editors in the world, and the fierceness, envy, or mean-mindedness of a few vulgar partisans, could bring disgrace upon the public principles which they supported, often, indeed, with singularly bad taste. In the same, or some similar quarter, it was soon afterwards asserted that Frankland was the author of an article in a high Tory periodical, which contained an elaborate defence of the attempt made by the Duke D'Angouleme upon the liberties of Spain. His "brilliant and pointed style" was pretended to be recognised; and passages were contrasted with what were known to be his earlier writings, in proof against him; while the ministerialists were

sneeringly congratulated upon gaining the *disinterested* and faithful lawyer. His intimacy with some gentlemen connected with the French embassy made the proof positive. The amount in snuff-boxes or Napoleons received from the French Court was hinted at—not specified. At another time, he might have despised these attacks; but Frankland, sensitive to the intense extreme which makes life misery, now suffered under that perpetual fever of the mind, when every trifle irritates and inflames. In a paroxysm of fury, his eyes darting maniacal fires, while the cold perspiration burst over his high, pale forehead, I saw him tear asunder the miserable printed sheet, which he dashed into the fire. In the next instant, the recoil of his feelings filled him with indignant shame at having been moved by so unworthy a cause, and at thus betraying his feelings.

"These reptiles of the press," he exclaimed, forcing a bitter smile—"these cold, creeping, slimy, venomous things—are, of themselves, enough to disgust any man with the cause they pretend to advocate. The Tories are, at least, persons of high and gentlemanly feelings."

"Some of them—nor are their journals a whit less capable of lying a little and slandering a good deal, than those of their neighbours. Much depends on the spectacles through which a man reads these sort of things."

Frankland was in the mood to find a sneer, even in this pointless remark. He quivered as he regarded me; but I had sufficient presence of mind to look quite unconscious, and his better part of man prevailed. I have read, in some forgotten German author or another, an essay upon the demoniacal element in the human mind. I am afraid that, in high-toned spirits, there is always a liberal infusion of what my author would have considered this principle, ready to be called forth by causes more slight than those which were pressing upon my friend. In him it began to be strongly developed. He was now near the close of his first year of married life, occupying a conspicuous place in society, without anything like adequate professional employment, at the end of his narrow means, and involved in the most harassing kind of debts—not, indeed, what the world would term very large in amount, but as torturing in their consequences as if the hundreds had been thousands. His original error had been the acceptance, or rather the occupation of the mansion with which Lord Tilsit had dowered his wife, as a home to her whole family. But, perhaps, it was too much to expect that Frankland, in the honeymoon, spent, as the newspapers echoed for a month, "at Coombe Abbey, the delightful seat of Lord Tilsit, in Devonshire," could tell his Helena, that the town residence now belonging to her, of which she prattled with affectionate gaiety, as *our* house, *our new home*, where life was to open in joy, and flow on in endless felicity,

And all go merry as a wedding bell—

was not a fit dwelling for them; that their safe, humble home must be selected among those of her husband's rank and profession, and that years on years must revolve, and find her at a distance from the privileged localities where Helena doubted not that she was to reign. Like too many men of liberal feelings and noble natures, Frankland was not one of nice calculation. Of money he never had possessed much, and what he had, passed through his fingers like counters, with no check, save that high integrity which had hitherto limited his wants, so as to insure the avoidance of those pecuniary meannesses, which, to a man of his temper, would have been unendurable. The impropriety and imprudence of establishing himself in Berkeley Square, had certainly crossed his mind; but his new female relatives expatiated so prudently upon the advantages of what they called "starting well," and the indelicacy of not appropriating, and yet making profit of Lord Tilsit's magnificent marriage gift, that I suppose no decided opposition was made to the scheme which was to keep their "sweet Helena out of a quarter where nobody would visit her." Before Frankland was well aware of what he was about, he found himself established in an almost splendid residence, completely furnished, and yet wanting many things; without a shilling of income, save the precarious gains of his pen and his profession; and the main dependence of a set of women whom I cannot call of extravagant habits, considering that they had been fostered in luxury, not the less craving and insatiate in its demands, that it had often been meanly, if not furtively, indulged. It was their notions that were false and perverted—their whole scheme and scale of life that was radically overcharged and evil; for, I believe, its details were, in many points, managed by Miss Caroline V——, with vigilance and economy which bordered upon meanness. It is worthy of notice, that, while persons of the middle class were exclaiming against the extravagance of the Franklands, the order of serving-men and maids were railing at the shabbiness and stinginess of the people at Lord Tilsit's house, where the poor servants never saw wine, and were stinted of their beef and beer. Want of economy—if by economy we mean making the most out of a given income—is, after all, not the fault of the age. The error lies in the construction of the scale—in the endless number of the wants to be supplied—that dangerous error which ties down and narrows the mind to a wretched and paltry system of perpetual pinching and farthing-calculation, the object of which is not frugal saving, to gain money or comfort of mind, but the power of additional expense in some other direction of vanity and imaginary necessity. Involved and struggling in this pernicious system, from my soul I pitied a man with the feelings of Frankland, even when I blamed him the most. Distinguished above his fellows in force of intellect, his will, like that of nine-tenths of all mankind, was, to his understanding, as a dwarf to a giant. With the clearest perception of moral rectitude, the warmest admiration of the free, the manly, and the independent in thought and action, he wanted strength of will to cleave to that principle

which is the corner-stone of all those virtues—that principle without which Marvel had, perhaps, been a court parasite, and Milton a hireling churchman. Why do we not at once remove the standard of the truly noble in character from the mind's capacities of thought to its power of resolution and fortitude in action? Why not at once dethrone the proud usurper, Intellect, and instal Virtue in what ought to be her own high place? Why not proclaim Goodness as the supreme on earth, and Genius as not more than her noblest minister? The indulgence, the tender charity, with which it is thought graceful to judge the errors and vices of men of genius and of distinguished ability, is treason against the best interests of man. But leaving this grand moral revolution—which might place a gray-haired peasant above a court-preacher, and a poor artisan, who, under the temptation of a bribe at a borough election, disdained to betray his country or belie his conscience, above a Burke—I must return to my friend. Alas! that he also should have afforded so remarkable an instance of the moral frailty the world has so often had to lament in its master-minds, whose scope of thought and of imagination seems too often only to widen the range of trial and temptation, and to communicate no corresponding power of resistance! The facilities of credit which London affords to the thoughtless might have been pleaded as excuse for Helena, but not for the carelessness of Frankland. Exhibiting a specious exterior, and connected with a powerful family, credit, the bane of so many persons setting out in life, had been pressed upon the young couple by their different tradesmen. Milliners, jewellers, perfumers, music-sellers, confectioners, mercers, upholsterers, and an attendant host, besides the more humble butcher and grocer, competed for the custom of the celebrated barrister, who had married the niece of Lord Tilsit, and lived in a house whence they had drawn so much good money. The servile eagerness, the absolute fatuity, with which many London tradesmen offer credit, almost deserves the punishment it so often brings. The self-complacence, the good-natured vanity of Helena, were gratified in obliging those most obliging, assiduous, respectful people, who, having had "the honour of supplying Lord Tilsit's family," so earnestly solicited her orders. It was a pleasant and matronly pastime, to drive out with her mother or her sisters, after a long luxurious morning of music, and gratify those kind creatures, by bringing off quantities of the pretty things with which they tempted her. She had got the very common idea that married women are, in right of their condition, entitled to elegancies and indulgences denied to spinsters, unless they are presented to the young ladies by their family or friends. On this notion, she acted generously, both to herself and her sisters, abetted by the praises of her weak and doating mother, and unchecked, save by the remonstrances of her elder sister—a worldly-minded woman, of mean and perverted principles, but of shrewd sense—who soon perceived, that, upon this system, the family must hurry to the end of the game, before any of them had obtained time to play the advantageous part her ambition had forecasted. This shrewd woman, in her progresses, during ten years, among great houses, had learned the great world well. She was also, I believe, affectionately attached to her younger sister, and proud of the talents of her new brother, which were, in her calculations, the means to an end. The capacities of the husband were already of more consequence with Lord Tilsit, than the beauty and fascinations of the wife, though she was an acknowledged favourite with her noble relative. It was, therefore, clear to Miss V——, that the worldly prosperity of the whole family depended upon the use Frankland made of his powers; and, in her whole life, the idea of success had never once occurred to her, unconnected with *patrons* and *family interest*.

But Frankland required delicate management. Something might be made of his passionate mind by irritation—nothing by flattery. The senseless insults and mortifying suspicions, to which his equivocal situation and quick feelings gave point, and the tears into which she could throw Helena, by scornfully pointing them out in the newspapers, were more powerful auxiliaries to Miss Caroline, in alienating her brother, as she affected to call him, from the perils of unthriving liberalism, than all her address. It appeared her study, to find out whatever could be twisted into an insinuation against him, whether in speech or print, if proceeding from what she pretended to consider his party; and to dwell with exultation upon the more just and generous appreciation which his political opponents made of his qualities. And Helena's triumph in the praise, and wet-eyed indignation at the blame, were the ready medium to convey the desired impression to the mind of her husband, which had first adroitly been given to herself. Miss V—— would take occasion, in the hearing of Frankland, to assure me, that "she despised this vulgar malice, as much as her brother could do, for his soul; but that our Radical friends ought to have some mercy for female feelings. Did they suppose that wives and sisters were stocks and stones? To a creature of such quick feeling as Helena, and devoted, as she was, to her husband—living but in him—these insinuations against his honour were absolutely murderous. And directed against such a man! To what splendid account might his talents and eloquence be turned! How mortifying to see him so neglected—his faculties running to waste, and with so lovely and gifted a creature—and soon, probably, other dear and helpless beings, depending upon his prospects, which she was sorry to find so very far from satisfactory." And now the whole truth came out—"If he had *her* spirit, he would make himself of consequence to one party or another."

This was first plainly said one morning that I called by the particular request of Frankland, who had sent me a note, saying he wished to see me on business in which I could be useful to him.

The hope of being of use or comfort to Frankland, grieved and angry as I was alternately made by the reckless course he was pursuing, was motive enough with me to any exertion of friendship. My resentment at his ill-judging scheme of life, nursed when I saw him not, could never, for one moment, stand against his bland smile and the witchery of his conversation.

On my way to Berkeley Square, I met Jack Greene, with a face of remarkable extension and gravity. For the last six months, he had almost lived in Frankland's house, enchanted with every thing around him, and in love with all the three ladies at once. When informed whither I was going, he requested leave to walk with me part of the way; and began—

"Great favourite as you are with Mrs Frankland and the young ladies, I think you don't so often visit Frankland as when he was a bachelor?"

"I may have been fearful that the excessive kindness and blandishments of so many charming women would turn my head and make a fool of me—I never could resist pleasant female flatteries," was my pragmatical reply.

"There is certainly no house in London so attractive—save for one consideration"——He hesitated.

"That there is an execution in it? Is that what you mean?—Or, is the thing so wonderful? Has there been only one?"

"You always delighted in a startling manner, Mr Richard. I did not mean that distressing affair—immediately: it is, I fear, one of the natural consequences—one of the concomitants of a course of—of"—

"Shall I help you out?—Of improvidence, folly, infatuation—of the vanity of wives, and the mistaken indulgence of husbands. Oh, that the world's dread laugh—that hyena laugh!—should have power over a mind like Frankland's!"

"You should wrong me much, sir, if you suppose that I do not feel to the depth of my soul for our friend. What pity, that, with his liberal spirit, fortune has not done him more justice—or that his means are not more ample. But it is a bad affair—a serious affair for a married man. I once took the liberty of giving a hint to Frankland—by letter, for I durst not have spoken to him—of my plan, which, I have reason to know, the ladies approve"———

"And what did your conjoint wisdom propound? At least, I hope clever Caroline suggested that you should lend her no more money for their housekeeping. Why did you not say so long ago? Do you imagine your facility friendship to Frankland or his wife?"

"'Twas, at least, so intended," returned the good-natured fellow, with an air of blended vexation and pique, which quite disarmed me; "and," he continued, in a more impressive tone, "to see Frankland and his charming wife so distressed, breaks my very heart—but what more can I do?"

"Nothing. Probably you have done too much already, when one considers to what it all tends?"

"And yet for Frankland! You do not guess half what I owe him. Last year, he rescued me from being plundered and degraded by others: now, he has saved me from making a fool and villain of myself"——

"Prevented you, perhaps, from marrying his sister-in-law, Harriet—from deeply injuring an innocent and virtuous girl, to whom you have long been engaged—and making yourself wretched for life. Yes, he is capable of the noblest actions!"——

"And you know it all! It has been a most perplexing affair. How cautious every unmarried man ought to be! I protest, before heaven, nothing was farther from my intention than making this unhappy, though, to me, most flattering impression, upon a beautiful and too susceptible girl."

I almost laughed aloud.

"If half my fortune could atone to her feelings for this cruel mistake"——

"The half is very good, but the whole would be better. Miss Harriet went for the whole hog—depend on it:—but how has Frankland crossed her true love?—He is still himself, and, with all his faults, a glorious being." I was already aware, from different sources, that the whole V—— family would have winked hard at a runaway match between Harriet and "Dorsetshire Laura's lover." Even Mrs Frankland, who perfectly understood the nature of his engagements, thought it "more eligible that poor Jack Greene, one of their own set, whom they all liked so much, should marry Harriet, since he admired her so excessively, and she had so warm a prepossession for him, rather than the *low person* with whom he had had some boyish entanglement, before he succeeded to the fortune, which ought quite to alter and raise his views in life. Frankland had hurt her cruelly, by ill-judged interference with the young people, who, surely, could manage their affairs themselves."

All the women concerned, as if by intuition, had, at first, felt the necessity of concealing this affair from Frankland. Miss Caroline even acted so dexterously, as to leave him in doubt if she had not disapproved of Harriet's passion and Greene's idiotic involvement in the foolish predicament of being in love with four women at once, and about to marry the one he probably liked the least.

The manner in which Frankland terminated the affair was quite characteristic. Apprized of what was impending, he ordered Timothy to shew Mr Greene into his room when he next visited the ladies; for he was now so closely engaged with his pen, as seldom to join them till dinner-time. Greene informed me that, when he was announced, Frankland pointed to him to sit down, and was silent until he finished his page or his letter. As he folded his paper, he said, "I have been so busy in playing the fool myself, Jack, that I have had no leisure to attend to your motions. They tell me you are in love with my wife and her two sisters—perhaps with her mother also, who is still a very pretty woman:—all that, however, is of small con-

sequence ; but the thing looks serious when marriage is talked of. *You shall not marry Harriet V——*. Do you hear me? I, your friend, say so ; and you may now go up stairs and tell the ladies as much ; or let me do it for you, which will be wiser. You marvel at this high tone from a man who owes you so much money ; but I know you much better than you do yourself. You imagine yourself in love—and so, I hope, you still are—with Martha Ashford. Go down to Dorsetshire, and you will discover it. Try if that true-hearted sensible girl will still accept of you. But tell her first how your friend Frankland has used you, though he would not permit you to marry his wife's sister. As soon as you are married, come back here, if you are of the mind, and I shall give you leave to be in love with my wife's sisters as much and as long as you please."

Greene, half frightened by the peremptory mandate, was, nevertheless, secretly pleased, I believe, at this energetic cutting of the Gordian knot so skilfully entangled around him. He protested his honour, his innocence, his unappeasable regret, for having been the unconscious means of disturbing the serenity of a lovely woman, whom, though he admired excessively—who could avoid that?—with his engagement and early attachment, he could not hope to render so happy as she deserved to be. But how was it to be broken to her?

"Leave that to me. Since one woman, at least, must die for your love, Jack, 'tis heroic in me to say, it shall be my own sister-in-law whom I doom to the sacrifice. And now, I advise you to be off: this house is no proper place for you."

The advice had been acted upon ; and Greene confessed to me how much he felt relieved by his friend's decision, and how sincerely he hoped Miss Harriet would *soon* forget him. His vanity could have accepted of a trifle of love-lornness.

I was not very uneasy on the score of Miss Harriet's wo, although, when I was shewn into the back drawing-room, I found all the ladies of the family, save Harriet, who had "a bad headache." Mrs Frankland and her mother were seated on the same couch. I believe they had both been crying. In the appearance of the former there was painful change visible to me. She was apparently near the term of her confinement ; dispirited and languid ; and not so carefully and expensively attired as it was her delight to be. A look of repining, amounting almost to the expression of discontent, had taken possession of her lovely placid features. Her tones were drawling and querulous ; and I fancied her, for the first time, very like her mother ; yet I could not regard her without deep interest. The conversation which I have noticed above took place. Caroline was the oracle of her family. When she talked of the use to which Frankland might apply his powers if he were placed in a more favourable position, Helena began to suspect that her husband knew less of the necessary science of "getting on in life" than her sister, or even than herself.

"Have you seen Mr Frankland lately?" she languidly asked of me. I had not. "Then, I fear you will find him looking wretchedly ill. He has sold his horse, and takes no exercise."

"The fag of business and the fatigues of fashionable life united, will tell, even in a single season : one is enough—but both are the deuce."

"Mental anxiety, too," added Caroline, gravely.

"He wants change of air almost as much as Dr Coddler says mamma and I do," said the wife, peevishly. "Everybody, at this season, goes a month or two somewhere on the coast—to Brighton, or anywhere."

"Hush, Helena!" said her sister. "Poor Helena is rather nervous this morning."

"It is unfortunate, when professional men marry before they have ascertained their prospects," said their mother, in a tone that piqued me.

"It is, Ma'am. Your son-in-law knew better : his prospects were well ascertained, hopeful—nay, brilliant."

"Would to Heaven, that, for the sake of my dear child, I could believe you, sir," returned the old lady, almost sobbing with anger ; and Helena fairly burst into tears.

"He needed but fair play, time, and ease of mind, to rise to the head of his profession," I said, warmly ; "but a lawyer, of all men, requires a free and disengaged mind. To leave the burden of both the home and the foreign departments upon him, with inadequate ways and means to boot, is like overtasking."

"No young people could have started with such advantages," whined the old lady : "my daughter so caressed by everybody—always so great a favourite in the best society. A handsome house in so good a part of London, without costing him one sixpence, and the countenance of Lord Tilsit and his friends, must have made any young man's fortune, if there were not something radically wrong—I cannot tell what, I am sure ; but the consequences are painfully apparent in the face of my dear child. Helena, my love, had you not better lie down for an hour? —you will be out of voice, as well as looks to-night."

"You, who are so prudent, will not be surprised at my mother's natural anxiety for these young people, Mr Richard," whispered Caroline ; "nor must you imagine that mamma undervalues Mr Frankland ;—far indeed from that!"

"With Frankland's splendid genius, and *our* good connexion and family interest, mamma considers it his own fault, however, that he does not distinguish himself," said Helena. "Mr Crawshaw and every one says so. You know how much it has been our ambition that Mr Frankland should make a figure in life"——"And then," I mentally added, "his beautiful wife might have money enough to purchase ornaments, give private concerts, and be generous to her relations, and kind, indeed, to every one around her, if it cost her no sacrifice or exertion of body or mind." Pride in her husband's attainments and high character might have been an auxiliary to the unestablished virtues of this really amiable woman, had his qualities not been found thus early so utterly unproductive of the money-power of com-

manding those things she had been taught to consider the absolute necessaries, as well as the chief enjoyments of life. Genius not convertible into the current coin of the realm, may be a fine thing, enough for ladies to read of in a book; and, even to men of the world, may seem noble and venerable, looking back through the lapse of a century, or through the dim vista which shews the blind schoolmaster, John Milton, seated at his organ in his mean, obscure dwelling; but, in actual life!——really Mrs V—— "had no opinion of geniuses: these geniuses were always poor or struggling, and often, she was sorry to say, suspected of being tainted with infidel principles. Even since her daughter married Frankland, Mr —— had got a silk gown; and, it was believed, the next move would carry him to the bench, or, at all events, make him Solicitor-General."

"The great drawback with Frankland is not being in Parliament," cried Helena, raising herself with some vivacity. "A literary man, or a lawyer, people who know the world well tell me, is nothing in London, until he get into Parliament. We all hoped he would make a great figure in public life. Did not you, Sir?"

"He has made a great figure already, ma'am."

"So great," cried the politic Caroline, "that it quickens one's ambition for him."

"And he might have been in Parliament before this time," continued Helena, her colour rising, "but for some extravagant ideas which obstruct"——

"Hush, dear love!" interrupted Caroline: "you agitate yourself too much. Do, mamma, make Helena lie down. The truth is, we all have a prodigious ambition for Mr Frankland: an only brother, and the single gentleman among so many ladies, is, no doubt, a person of vast consequence among us: yet I revere his scruples —though air is not more free than Frankland would be, representing the borough of Trimmington."

"Save on a very few points, really of no manner of consequence that I can perceive, and rather understood than expressed," added Helena. "Indeed, Mr Richard, so true a friend as you must persuade Frankland. I am certain he has the highest respect for your opinion, which would go very far to influence him."

"I should rejoice to see Mr Frankland in Parliament, as I am certain no man is better able to do his country good service there,"——

"I was sure of it!" cried Helena. "Then we must make a joint set upon him. Greene has pleaded till he is tired."

"Hear me out, ladies:—Provided he come into the House of Commons with those principles and views which have hitherto guided his political life, and on which alone he can now act with honour to himself and usefulness to the country."

Mrs Frankland sunk silently back in her couch, with a look of haughty chagrin; and her mother, I suppose, suspended her projected hospitable order for refreshments, as she took her hand from the bell.

"This is all misconception, Helena," said Caroline, eagerly: "depend on it, you and Mr Richard are at one in your views for Frankland. Give him time for reflection. And I must not have you say one word to him, sir, on this subject: he may fancy we women have been attempting to get you to join our conspiracy; and you know the gentleman we have to deal with."

Visiters were announced in the front drawing-room; and Caroline, evidently wishing me off, was, however, compelled to leave the field free to me, enjoining Helena soothingly and emphatically, to keep quiet, and not to agitate herself,—to have a little patience and all would be well: it was all misunderstanding.

Mrs Frankland and her mother were simple women compared with the retreating lady, whose faculties had been developed by so early and extensive an intercourse with the great world. Bit by bit, their several grievances were revealed to me, in anger, in sorrow, or in involuntary bursts of weak confidence. Helena's lingering pride in her husband, and the greater delicacy of her youthful mind, acted as a restraint; and she sometimes endeavoured to check her mother, who volubly poured forth a catalogue of female sufferings and wrongs, all chargeable upon Frankland's poverty, or, perhaps, his integrity, though indirectly laid to his temper and parsimonious habits. Such charges would have astounded himself. The old lady, who stood in considerable awe of her son-in-law when he was present, seemed absolutely to rejoice in an opportunity of railing at him to his friend and before his wife; feebly opposed by Helena's "Oh, mamma! Stay, mother!—Mamma's extreme tenderness for unworthy *me* makes her almost unjust to my husband. It is all the fault of his position—indeed it is, mother."

I resolved to hear them out, and to learn how unjust and ridiculous it was possible for women to be.

"And whose fault is that?" exclaimed Mrs V——, with an inflamed face. "What keeps him hanging on in this wretched way, which makes you so miserable? He is in debt to everybody. An execution at this moment in his house"——

"Hush, mamma! for heaven's sake! Why expose these matters—even to a friend."

"I will not hush, Helena!—let Mr Frankland's friends, let all the world know the condition to which he has brought my child:—without the merest necessaries—destitute of every comfort required by her delicate condition."

Was it the chosen wife of Frankland that was thus situated! Helena's tears accompanied the woful statement in profuse floods. She reclined on her mother's neck, dissolved in tender pity for her beautiful self and her unmerited conjugal afflictions, when Timothy announced a young woman, from a cheap baby-linen warehouse in the city, with things ordered on the previous day. The mere announcement acted as a counter-charm with both ladies; and, though Helena at first peevishly refused to look at the

things, or to admit the girl, her mother's curiosity prevailed. I now expressed my belief that Frankland had forgotten me, and would have left the ladies to their consultation, had not Helena, whose good-humour partly returned at the sight of so many pretty articles of dress for ladies and babies, entreated me to remain as a known critic in work and lace, and a nice chamber counsel. Grief was now forgotten in admiration. Everything was beautiful! some few articles were exquisite!—but the perfection of all, was a suit of baby-linen, the exact counterpart, in pattern and quality, of one Mrs V—— had seen with Lady Amen's youngest daughter, who had married the city banker, and so—enviable woman!—had whatever she wished for, like the lady of a fairy tale. I remarked that, while Helena was so far under influence of new and delightful feelings as to look with the fondest longing upon the baby robes and little caps, the old lady cast the warmest regards upon the laced muslin wrapping gowns, and such lady caps as would ornament *her* child; on whom she fitted and tried them, exactly as a little girl may with her doll; quite happy, apparently, and entirely forgetful of debts, executions, and the character she had attributed to her son-in-law. I was divided between pity and contempt for beings so frivolous; yet it was impossible to resist some degree of sympathy with their evident admiration and enjoyment, as they tumbled over the goods, coveting everything, then selecting, and then dismissing the girl, to prudently calculate the cost—a necessary precaution, now that Frankland was become "so stingy." The affair was ultimately concluded by the mother, who purchased to the amount of some £25 or £30, of things which I took the liberty of thinking very trash, including a couple of caps, which Helena insisted upon keeping for mamma, appealing to me if they were not exceedingly becoming to that worthy lady. Mrs V—— certainly declined them: but, in the strife of affectionate generosity, yielded to the daughter; who declared, that, if mamma refused them, she would have none of those other "mere necessaries" to the wife of a man plunged in debt and difficulty, and struggling for the very means of daily bread. I am ashamed to mention the wretched trifles in which these unthinking women shewed their power to involve, and so far to dishonour, the man whom the one loved and the other feared.

The mother carefully arranged the new purchases, while a packet of music was brought for Helena, which placed her amiable weaknesses, at least, in a more captivating light. She had viewed "the mere necessaries" with eager pleasure, and the desire to appropriate them; but, in the music of the new opera, a selection from which was to be performed by herself and her friends, that night, in her own house, there was inspiration that instantly kindled her passion for her art; and, animated and beautiful, and full of a rapturous enjoyment, forgetful of everything around her, she played and sang for an hour and a half, sometimes calling on us to admire—and her mother's *bravas* never failed—and once or twice charming me, by exclaiming, involuntarily—"How I wish James were here!—this passage is for him!"

But he came not. He had surely forgotten that I was in the house, by his own desire, and waiting his leisure. I took the liberty of sending Timothy to bring me to his recollection.

"He is become the most absent creature," said Helena, throwing herself into her couch, exhausted with her passionate musical fit. "Writing whole mornings—six and eight hours on end—taking no proper exercise, and shunning society. You must pardon mamma, though," she whispered: "she does not quite understand Mr Frankland; and mothers are apt to be exacting—for *pet* daughters, you know. Caroline has much more sense than all of us together: from the hour I married, she has been remarking, that Frankland *must get into Parliament*. I assure you, Mr Richard, I shall consider no man my husband's friend, or the friend of his family, who says otherwise." This was said with energy quite unexpected in Helena. I bowed.

"We are to have some charming people here to-night—and *one*, particularly, who, though a foreigner, Caroline thinks may be useful to Mr Frankland. I hope, in mercy, I shall be in voice. Do you think I am in voice to-day, mamma? I did improve in my last air"——

"In beautiful voice, my love; but you must lie down."

"You may fancy us rather gay for this particular time," observed the prudent old lady; "but, as Mr Frankland, from some crotchet, has positively forbid his wife to sing at other people's houses for the last month—even at Lord Tilsit's—we can neither lock our doors against those who are dying to hear her sing, nor debar Helena from the only pleasure left her—that of giving pleasure to her friends by her talent."

"The only pleasure left the wife of Frankland!" I shrugged my shoulders. "Her life should be all pleasure."

"My good sir, what are you dreaming of?"

"Of a new earth, madam."

"It cannot, indeed, be this one, in which poor women's trials are appointed," returned the old lady, smartly.

"Mamma is thinking now of Harriet," said Helena. "Mr Frankland gave us all so terrible a jobation the other day, for allowing that good, silly, generous creature, Jack Greene, to fall in love with my second sister."

"It was too bad," cried the old lady, reddening with sudden passion—"too, too bad—indelicate and improper, and entirely out of the line of Mr Frankland's duty to my family. Is it not enough that he has ruined one daughter, without blasting the prospects of another?"

"Don't say so for me, dear Mamma," returned the daughter, about, however, to give way to tears. "But it was inconsiderate, indeed—cruel to *me*, was it not?—to break off a match which my mother approved, and on which my sister and Mr Greene had set their hearts?"

"Oh, Mr. Richard Taylor!" whined the old lady, her handkerchief at her eyes, "conceive the situation in which Mr Frankland's high peremptory temper has placed *me!* One unhappy child in the interesting condition of dear Helena, and with such dark and melancholy prospects!—another dear girl wounded in her tenderest hopes."

"Mr Greene's house in the country would always have been a pleasant retreat for mamma," chimed in Helena, "while Caroline is with friends, whatever should become of wretched *me*." It was ever *me* with these ladies, when driven off their guard. I struggled to keep down my indignation. Many good women, of "a certain condition," are apt to be *scoundrels* in matrimonial concerns—scoundrels, if not so young as to be only fools. In this focus is concentrated the whole *scoundrelism* which the other sex divide and diffuse through all the avenues to fortune. For them there are the sword, the pen, the bar, the bench, the camp, the church, the desk, the counter: the ten thousand paths of success are ever open—while the poor women are bound to the horns of the altar. And this melancholy consideration has always made me judge of their lax matrimonial principles and equivocal projects with indulgence, save when they go the length of downright cheating and swindling; at least, where there is genteel necessity to plead on the one hand, and wealthy temptation upon the other. This, to be sure, of Greene's was rather an aggravated case, as there was positive engagement well understood; but, as Mrs V—— said, "Dear, prudent Harriet had been willing to overlook the foolish entanglement, though very strict in her ideas; and it was a maxim with herself that no young lady had any concern with the *liaisons* a gentleman might have formed before he proposed for her. It was, indeed, extremely indelicate. Harriet would have been no daughter of hers if she could have endured those explanations about the Dorsetshire young person, which Mr Frankland took pains to give her, but which she declined to hear. And now my daughter vows she will never again speak to Mr Frankland; and I cannot condemn her."

The disgust I felt for the mother was fast spreading to the daughter, already hopelessly tainted by her vanity and her worse meanness of disposition; and yet, so strangely are good and ill blended, that I was touched by the lively affection, the fond admiration, (the love of instinct and of habit,) which they felt for each other, displayed in soothing and *coddling*, in caresses and flatteries. There might, with great mutual blindness, be an alloy of selfishness in this affection—it might have been found incapable of any heroic sacrifice; but its warmth and sincerity were beyond all doubt. The time was wearing so rapidly away—its flight unmarked by Helena, who, after her rest, was again absorbed in rehearsing her music, and making experiment of her voice—that I was about to leave the house without seeing my friend, when Timothy returned to announce that his master would receive me immediately; and, in virtue of our old ties, he whispered, "Massa Printer's debil boder Massa all dis morning."

I was aware of something like this, and also that Frankland was every day rendered more unfit, by his habits of life and distraction of mind, for the trifling business that now waited his acceptance. Often had he attended in the courts upon the mornings following one of his own and his wife's late parties, nearly without employment, and with, I am sure, an aching head and foreboding heart; sorrowing and maddening over the headlong course which, circumstanced as he was, he wanted force of character to arrest. At length, he came to be distracted by the vulgarest exigencies of the passing day; finding the literary labours of his long morning—those stimulating and exhausting toils, consuming to a mind at ease, and to him, at this time, murderous—insufficient for the wants of the night. Frankland was doing himself injustice in every way—writing, in haste, far below himself, impelled by the same necessity which sets to work the veriest industrious Grub Street scribbler, whom the aristocracy of literature—that most arrogant and foolish of all aristocracies—ridicules and despises. The spur of his lofty mind was as surely the ignoble one of immediate pecuniary emergency. Papers, the fruits of long labour, and others, the bright transcripts of his mind in happier times, now found their hurried way to the journals. Portions of the long-projected work—that History of English Literature, upon which he was to rest his reputation among men of letters, and with posterity—were detached from the main body of the MS., wherever it could best bear mutilation, and disposed of, like inferior wares, by this spendthrift of his own wits. The fruits of future projected labours were forestalled; his genius was mortgaged to the publishers; and, what was worse, such mortgages were not redeemed. I had even heard of him borrowing, or, more properly, seeking to borrow, small sums, of former friends. It is wonderful how such things creep abroad, even in the bustle of London society; and need I say with what degrading and blighting effect? I remarked, that those especially who refused to comply with the humiliating request, were the most certain to vindicate their own prudence and better conduct, by its gratuitous exposure. In one point alone, Frankland, up to this moment, stood clear:—In spite of the many insinuations, sarcasms, and slanders, thrown out against him by the liberal press, as it called itself, he had not yet done one act, written one sentence, which could make his friends blush or his enemies triumph. But, alas! how true is it, that, in a downward course, like Frankland's, there is then "lowest deep a lower deep," into which the struggling man may be precipitated before he is aware.

It was close upon the dinner hour before the tasked author had been able to accomplish his business; and I was shewn to a chamber near the top of the house, where sat the spectre of my former friend. He pressed my hand in silence.

Another man might have apologized and talked "about and about;" but this was not Frankland's temper: his silence was moody and gloomy for several moments, and then he abruptly said, "You have seen Helena—seen her, how miserably changed from the bright creature you beheld last year! You may guess one cause of my misery—God forbid, that any man should be able to imagine all its extent! But this is idle talk." He pulled out a drawer, took from it a roll of written papers, and, with a forced and ghastly smile, continued—"I have been at work here, you perceive; and you must, to-night yet, if possible, dispose of the fruits of my labour. The story of Johnson composing 'Rasselas,' at the rate of forty pages a-day, in order to bury his mother, is pathetic enough, no doubt; but we have got beyond all that. He was a poor rogue then—a hackney scribbler; much at his ease, in a mean lodging, working for only bread and cheese, with beer to it. These, sir, are the compositions, in prose and verse, of the celebrated Mr Frankland, who occupies a splendid house in a square—whose beautiful wife is the idol of the fashionable world—whose musical parties *have been* the most attractive in London. Tell your chapman all this: the tale will prove attractive—he will get out an advertisement from it, for the morning papers. And you may heighten the pathos, by adding, that this romance was written by Frankland, even more rapidly than the 'Prince of Abyssinia,' to meet, not the necessary expenses of a mother's burial, but of a wife's"——

The reckless, enforced courage of despair could stretch no farther. He started up and walked hurriedly across the room, his hand shading his eyes; nor did I dare to address him.

"This is desperate work," he said, seating himself again—"extreme folly. But, somehow, the tone of your voice unmanned me. You comprehend what I exact of your friendship. The sooner I obtain the money the better. Poor Helena relies upon my promise of this morning, to get her money for her occasions. The necessity is extreme: and that execution prevents me from raising even one guinea, though upon my remaining books."

The worst remained to be said; and the haughty spirit struggled and writhed before utterance was given to the caution not to carry the manuscripts to two different publishers named. "They have advanced me small sums. I am in arrear with them. You are aware of the notions of tradesmen; and the purpose of the price of this volume is sacred and urgent. I shall soon make up to them."

I struggled to suppress the commiserating groan which might have offended the pride of my friend, and, with few words, accepted the office. Without going home to dinner, I set about my task. Despatch, and an advantageous or fair bargain, were incompatible. I was not at liberty to use Frankland's name, and my own was not of the kind which passes current with booksellers as a voucher. In happy time, it struck me to employ the agency and influence of Mr Crawshaw, with whom I was now slightly acquainted, from having met him once or twice at Mrs Frankland's parties; and I left the MS. at his house, with an explanatory note. Next morning, I received an answer, expressive of the highest admiration of the work, which had "enchained" Mr Crawshaw to his library chair till three in the morning, and requesting an interview. I had no doubt whatever that the author was perfectly well known to the Aristarch. He carried me and my papers, in his own carriage, to the great publisher, who requested that he should dictate the terms. They were liberal, almost to excess, as I fancied; though my conscious ignorance, or perhaps avarice for Frankland, kept me silent. Before two o'clock, I treated myself with a cab to Berkeley Square, charged with bills and cash, amounting to a full third of the price which the newspapers, about a month afterwards, stated to have been given for the wonderful forthcoming work, which was to astonish the fashionable world. This, I understand, is a very fair proportion.

One might have imagined, that the relief, the actual joy, which this sum carried into this distressed household—from the master, who could with difficulty conceal his emotion, to Timothy, who instinctively knew, and participated in the general satisfaction—one might have been assured, that, though frugality and self-denial, which require long and painful lessons, might not all at once have been taught, yet that great caution would, at this time, have been used in disbursement. It was not money alone that was to be saved here, by the timely exercise of these homely virtues: it was integrity, peace of mind, future well-being, independence in public, and honour in private life.

In the meanwhile, Helena, imagining, I suppose, that my looks, or the extravagance of the cab, boded good, had followed me up stairs to her husband's temporary study; paler than ever, from the exhausting vigil of the last night, and wrapt in the invalid shawl, which alternated with naked shoulders. I could with difficulty keep down the quick feeling of disgust with which I saw the eager look, the joyful flush with which this beautiful creature regarded the money I had spread upon the table. I hope Frankland was not so quick-sighted. Her joy brimmed over upon me; and then she descended to give her mother the intelligence, which might improve that lady's opinion of genius and her son-in-law, for a few days, at least.

When we had talked about ten minutes longer, a note came up to Frankland from Caroline, suggesting that the execution might instantly be taken off the carriage. Mrs Frankland's health required air and exercise; but her mother's matronly *experience* had refused, for the last month, to entrust her, either to her legs in the square, or to the worse calamity of being seen in a hackney coach. The carriage was set free as soon as possible; the most urgent debts were paid; more purchases were made of "merest necessaries;" a sum was laid aside to repay the advances of the

booksellers and private loans; and many prudent acts were projected, before I took leave. When I next called, I found that Mr and Mrs Frankland, with Mrs V——, had gone to Brighton! and, in a fortnight or less, the newspapers announced that the beautiful Mrs Frankland, after assisting at a private concert at the Pavilion, where the Russian and Austrian ambassadors, with their ladies, and many of the nobility, were present, was sent home suddenly in one of the royal carriages, and prematurely, but safely, delivered of a daughter. Helena was destined to create sensations in the great world. Princesses left their cards at her lodgings; Duchesses sent baby-linen and caudle cups, to supply the store of "merest necessaries" left behind in Berkeley Square; and one of the *elite* requested to stand godmother to the infant Georgina.

The old lady was in ecstasy; Lord Tilsit sent down compliments and corals; and Frankland, drinking in joy from the soft eyes of his wife, or bending in unutterable tenderness over his child, forgot the past, and strove to shut his eyes to the future. He now made himself believe that it was cruelty, in the present condition of his wife, to distress her with the details of our plan of letting the Berkeley Square house, laying aside, for the present, Jack Greene's inauspicious gift of the carriage, and being contented with love, and, if not a cottage, yet a very small house, which there was, at least, a fair chance that the exertions of Frankland might maintain in comfort and honour, or, at all events, in respectable—and, therefore, with all the wise and the good—*respected* poverty. With what dignified philosophy, with what elevated sentiment, was this scheme discussed, in the letters which he wrote me from his wife's chamber, during her confinement! It is so easy to philosophize on paper—ay, and to moralize. Yet the fashionable eclat of the moment, and his latent ambition, were not sufficient to wean him from the sober plan of which his natural dignity of mind, and the recollection of former agonies, made him more and more enamoured. He employed me to look for the kind of house that would suit him; and informed me that he would be in town in the following week, to prepare for the reception of Helena, before he made her aware of his purpose. I was better pleased that he should negotiate with his wife and her mother at a distance from them. I advised him at once to cut-and-run from the world in which he was so inextricably involved; and, despising the cowardly continental retreats of gay spendthrifts, to fix himself at once where his duties and his future interests lay, whatever mortification false pride might temporarily receive. If proof against the *sullens*, Frankland was only too susceptible to the influence of smiles and tears, and silent looks of gentle reproach and entreaty. He was also, I fully believe, already anxious to escape from thinking too closely about some obvious points in his wife's character, lest his judgment should have even hurried into the condemnation from which his yearning affection shrunk. He felt himself bankrupt in the means of rendering his wife happy; and this consciousness covered the multitude of faults.

From Berkeley Square, immediately upon his arrival, Frankland wrote down to Brighton. His letters afterwards fell into my hands. I do not wish to screen him, nor to lessen his faults. He had been much to blame. To him judgment and foresight had been given in large measure. He knew the world much better than most men of his age, and far better than his young wife. He had none of her peculiar vanities or habits to contend against; and, before God and man, he held the right and the power to control her tastes, for their mutual comfort and benefit. He had failed in these first duties; and now he took the whole blame upon himself, of what was past and irredeemable; and, passionately appealing to her affection, to her feelings, as a wife and a mother, he implored her to make the best of their joint-lot; and, in language which I thought far too strong, pathetically lamented the untoward fortune which made it needful that she should, for a time, live apart from those circles she was formed to enjoy and to grace.

He waited the result of this letter with some anxiety, though he must have been far, indeed, from anticipating the blow which struck him to the earth. Helena did not reply to her husband herself. She was alleged to be so much affected by his communication as to be incapable of holding a pen; but her sister Caroline performed the office of amanuensis in her best style of diplomacy, and Frankland, with a great deal of circumlocution and verbiage, was distinctly informed, "that his wife and her family conceived it a duty which she owed to herself and her unfortunate infant, and even to her husband himself, rather than submit to his proposal, to resume the profession, in prosecuting which she had been interrupted by a marriage contracted under very different prospects from those it had been her fortune to see realized. The general interest and sympathy excited by the youth, beauty, and misfortunes of her unhappy sister, (though far was she from blaming any one, much less Mr Frankland,) made it probable that her permanent advantage might not have suffered much by the delay which had made her known to a wider and even higher circle of patrons and admirers."

All that Frankland had ever encountered was, with his peculiar feelings, as dust in the balance compared to this. I could not, by any conjecture, divine what had befallen him, when, late at night, Timothy brought me a note, containing these few hardly legible words:—"Once, when I supposed myself dying, I entreated you to come to me. I then felt that life was dear. I have lived to know that there are things in life that are dearer than life. They are dealing with me now." He did not even request my presence. I had fears for a duel or some dreadful catastrophe; for I knew that the war of impertinent paragraphs had again been declared against the *Liberal* Barrister, from the date of his wife having obtained the honour of an invitation to the

Pavilion, whither, having reluctantly permitted her to go, he naturally and properly accompanied her. I set off for Berkeley Square.

One or two ugly ill-omened visages met me in the vestibule; and I found a man seated in the same room with Frankland, but apart, whom I at once knew to be a bailiff. Was he under an arrest?—He was sunk in stupor; but recovered himself so far on my appearance, as to desire the man to wait without the door, and to put Caroline V——'s letter, of four close pages, into my hand.

Heaven forgive me, if, at the first blush of the affair, my heart did bound lightly, as I whispered to myself, "A blest riddance—could he but think so: Frankland required something like this to rouse and restore him to himself." What folly to conclude of his feelings, by my own dispassionate, perhaps disparaging judgment of his wife! Fortunately, I had too much delicacy and respect for my friend, to say what I felt and thought of her, even when my indignation was at the height.

I returned him the letter.

"It is all hollow and false, as you perceive," he said, bitterly; "but *she* cannot have ratified it; you know her facility, her gentle submissiveness, and the fatal power these women—her mother's fondness, and her sister's art—have over her resolutions."

"And may I crave to know your purpose?"

"Is it necessary to ask it?—To go down to Brighton—to take Helena's determination from no lips save her own—and if it be for this"—— His colour became livid, his eyes glared upon me for an instant, and he abruptly turned away.

"But you perceive in whose clutches I am," he added, on turning back: "arrested at the suit of my wife's milliner. Madame Royet would have borne everything, save the affront of Mrs Frankland taking her Pavilion dress, on credit, from a rival house."

This was said in a tone of bitter irony.

"Then, I presume, you cannot go down to Brighton until this arrest is withdrawn?"

"It needed not your quick wit to divine that," he replied, in a tone of haughty petulance, which I patiently endured—giving way to the impatient sallies of the chafed spirit. And, in a little while, he added, "Heaven forgive me! I seem to myself, for this last long year, as if struggling and tossing in some wild dream; but 'tis one from which I shall never awake to peace—*never!—never!*"

"Do not allow yourself to think thus gloomily. You will find Mrs Frankland exactly what you wish to make her—get her once away from her family. 'Tis but the intervention of a few more days." He was now walking slowly about the apartment, apparently insensible of my presence, with the fixed, abstracted gaze of a man whose whole thoughts are bent inward.

I could only guess the current of his thoughts, from hearing him murmur, in tones that thrilled me, those ever-memorable words—

"*Alone on my hearth—with my household gods shivering around me! Alone* on my hearth! These words cling to my brain strangely to-night," he said, at last, "and I trifle away precious time. Their author once prophesied that temptation might make Frankland a scoundrel: but he, at least, honoured me by thinking I should be the slave of a noble ambition—not the weak, pitiful creature of chance and circumstance; that, with a man's choice in my power, I should act the part of a man—ay, though haply a base one. What has my course been, that even my wife's mother claims the right to despise the falterer, the loiterer?"

This was not the mood in which a man may be reasoned with; and I forbore argument, and even consolation, limiting my efforts to enabling him to set off on his journey as speedily as possible. This was attended with considerable difficulty, and the arrangements were not completed until noon the next day. I was informed by Timothy that he had not gone to bed, but continued either walking or writing all night; and, indeed, the night-guards Madame Royet had appointed him, were not of the kind that shed poppies around a man's couch. When we had got fairly rid of them, I took upon me to discharge the three female servants, and left Timothy in charge of the garrison until I should hear from Brighton.

I can only form an idea of the scenes which passed there, from the events that followed.

The real purpose of his wife's family must have been to force Frankland into their own terms, though it is probable that Helena was not privy to the design. She imagined herself the victim of overpowering necessity; which, however, was not without its consolations, in the flattering attention which it drew upon her, and the sympathy and admiration excited by what the few patrons, let into the secret, were pleased to rave about, as "the wonderful sacrifice, made by this gifted creature, to maternal tenderness and filial devotion!" How falsely are human actions often estimated! The consequences of Frankland's interview, or rupture with his wife, opened the whole female world in full cry upon the monster! who had even threatened to deprive Mrs Frankland of her infant, if she persisted in her heroic sacrifice. He was of the temper to hold this kind of censure in utter scorn; but the toils were around him, and tenderness effected what neither art nor hostility could have won. He had just returned to Berkeley Square, overwhelmed with sorrow—having first taken a long farewell of his wife—when he was followed by an express from Brighton, announcing her dangerous illness, and the necessity of his immediate return, if he wished to see her in life. She was, I daresay, seriously indisposed—though probably not in quite so perilous a condition as had been represented. Frankland, without removing his few effects from that fatal home he had resolved to abandon, lost not an hour in obeying the summons. Miss Caroline might, perhaps, by this time have seen that she had finessed too far. Lord Tilsit had been apprized of the *fracas*, and of the intentions of his fair cousin; and his Lord-

ship appeased the angry and wounded feelings of Frankland by totally condemning what he called the wild, extravagant, and indecent plan, to which neither Mr Frankland, nor any man of spirit could, or ought to submit; nor could he perceive the necessity urged. But, allowing it to exist, he still entirely approved of Mr Frankland's determination. Pecuniary difficulties might be suffered and surmounted—the stigma remaining from Helena's scheme, even admitting it to be, on trial, completely successful, would be indelible to her husband and her family. It was not for a moment to be thought of. Helena could only shed showers of tears, lament her hard fate, and declare her willingness to submit to whatever decision her husband and his Lordship thought best. The latter displayed not what the world could call good judgment alone, but delicacy, and high generosity, in mediating between husband and wife. Before negotiating at all, he insisted upon Helena returning to her home with her child, and leaving her mother, though the journey and cruel separation might be attended with some part of the awful consequences which Mrs V——, in the agonies of her maternal apprehensions, predicted. This separation of families, in the case of the mother and Harriet, he suggested, should be final, though it was not necessary to apprise Mrs Frankland of the impending catastrophe. Lord Tilsit's plans were warmly seconded by Caroline. She was probably so far in his confidence, or rather had divined so much of what might be, as now to throw the whole weight of her influence into Frankland's scale.

She accordingly came up to town to nurse her sister; and so manœuvred as to be able to write me, before I had once seen my friend, "begging my congratulations on the felicitous adjustment of poor Frankland's numerous *disagreeables*. Lord Tilsit had acted more like a tender father than anything else to the young pair. He was the real author of the *solid* happiness, which already made No. —— seem a second paradise. I would be rejoiced to learn that our long-cherished hopes for Frankland were about to be realized. Though averse to office, he had permitted himself to be nominated a candidate for Trimmington, and with every chance of success." I could not doubt it; and my heart shrivelled within me, as I learned the blasting truth, that the high-minded Frankland had been so completely subdued to the level of his fortunes as to enjoy temporary relief from that compromise with principle which might rescue him from the distracting pecuniary involvements of the last year, and which restored the bloom and cheerfulness of his wife and the peace and brightness of his home.

It is sometimes unwise, if not morally unsafe, to investigate too nicely those subtleties and sophistries by which the acute conscience-smitten backslider strives to stifle his inward convictions, and fortify himself in wilful error, and especially so if the sinner is one so dear and still so valued as this man was by me. I durst not trust myself to hear his ingenious and seductive fallacies; though I, perhaps, mistook in fancying his pride would have stooped to any kind of vindication or apology for his conduct. Besides the latter impression, I judged it best to leave him to himself. No accuser, I was assured, could rise up in condemnation half so stern as that which lurked within his own breast. I, therefore, declined the repeated invitations which Mrs Frankland, in all likelihood prompted by her politic sister, sent me; as an instinctive feeling intimated that my reproachful presence could not, at this time, be welcome to Frankland. Of the notes which I received from him on trifling matters of business, connected with his book and other things, not one bore the slightest reference to his change of prospects. The new member for Trimmington, the holder of a patent place, worth about £800 a-year, and called £1500 by some of the newspapers, bore his faculties bashfully; "though the place was one which cost the country nothing," his new friends averred, as Lord Tilsit had been so liberal as to resign it in his behalf: so it was quite a family arrangement. It was not mentioned that the pluralist peer had been actually badgered and shamed out of this one office; and, having no younger son, disposed of it to the best advantage, by making it over to a near connexion, likely to become an able retainer. There was some recollection of a Parliamentary commission having, long ago, recommended that place to be abolished; but the time was perhaps not come. And I began to question my own judgment, when my brother, my sister Anne, and poor Jack Greene, who would have admired Frankland in the galleys, and many sensible and prudent friends—persons, in private life, of great worth and the strictest integrity—unhesitatingly congratulated me on Frankland and his lovely wife obtaining so comfortable an addition to their income, by the generosity of their noble relative. "Nothing to what they might look for, no doubt; but a good beginning," said my brother, James. "How kind and considerate!" cried the ladies, in one voice. It did them so much good even to hear of such things. "Better a friend at the court than a penny in the purse," observed my sage nurse Wilks, when Timothy, more sleek and glossy-sable than for many preceding months, came to gossip, in his broken English, of his master's good luck. Was I then straitlaced in my notions, and scrupulous overmuch? The liberal journals, which fiercely assailed Frankland during the heat of the election, did not encourage those charitable doubts. Day by day, he was stigmatized as the mean deserter of his early principles, the base hireling of corrupt power. If such ribald and unscrupulous attacks had formerly maddened a mind supported by the proud consciousness of integrity, how was it now with the conscience-wounded man? His own heart sent up no voice of congratulation when all were rejoicing around him; and the compliments of his acquaintance must often have been felt as insult—the cold, shy, averted looks of old friends as intolerable, cutting reproach. Soon after his

election, he entirely deserted the courts—from incapacity, I believe, to meet those oblique regards and covert sneers which tell the deeper that a man is not entitled to notice or resent them. The admiration which he met with in his clubs and in the circles of his new political associates, might, at first, have been some compensation for what, I dare say, he strove—and, I am certain, in vain—to think the injustice of his former party ; but his high mind, wrenched from its original bias, never again found its own place. He had forfeited his own esteem ; he had become the very being he had, from boyhood, despised. Whither were fled those noble aspirations—that generous ambition, which had animated his youth? Though he might attain to the utmost summit of power, what he had been must now for ever remain recorded against him. He saw himself pictured in some of the prosperous persons around him, whose odious lineaments were not the less disgusting for the fancied resemblance.

Parliament opened. Frankland, had he wanted feeling as much as certain other distinguished renegades, possessed better taste than all at once to blazon his desertion of the national standard, and to glory in his shame. We have seen persons, who, with less necessity, have acted a worse part, as if impatient for the opportunity of a bare-faced abandonment of their principles, as if fearful of being, for a few more days, suspected of cherishing some lingering regret. There was great curiosity to see how Frankland was to shape his course ; what flying bridge his ingenuity was to construct to carry the patriot decently over to the enemy's lines. Was he to feign excessive alarm—a very common pretext with apostates?—And whether was it to be for the safety of the Church, the Monarchy, or which other of our venerable institutions? But night after night passed, and he gave merely a silent sullen vote with the division to which he was, hand and foot, bound. Was he, then, to pocket his retaining fee, and do no more actual service than the most stolid vociferator of *Ay* in the House? Mrs Frankland became impatient for her husband's maiden speech ; his friends astonished at his silence ; Lord Tilsit displeased by the failure of his reasonable expectations from the champion he had engaged. He spoke, at last, in a frenzy-fit, stimulated to fury by the indecent, though indirect sarcasms levelled at him, in consequence of the wretched pittance lately granted to his sisters-in-law. The spell was now broken. What he considered an unprovoked attack produced fierce retort. His chafed spirit heated in the nightly struggle, the cheers of his stanch party-friends acted upon his excitable sympathics, and animated a contest, which, if not for right, was for glory and mastery. He soon felt his power, and learned to take a fierce joy in its abuse, unheedful of everything, so that, for the moment, he overwhelmed his adversary by the bitterness of his invective and the blighting of his scorn. On several occasions, he made speeches which the newspapers of his party lauded to the skies, and which, also, drew forth the compliments of his rivals. But they were not exactly upon party questions; and it became a matter of dubiety among the Tory leaders, before the end of the session, if Frankland was, after all, a *safe* man. A useful or zealous partisan he had not yet proved himself, though he had received every kind of encouragement. His new friends feared that he was not what they termed a *practical* man. He often made admissions startling by their candour. He wandered into the discussion of general constitutional principles ; and, though he might, sometimes, wisely abstain from their application, he had no talent to fashion his doctrines to the varying hour. In short, he made his political sponsors uneasy ; even when holding to the ignoble condition of his bond, and voting, night after night, against his conscience. Liberality of sentiment, so native to his mind that it seemed involuntary or spontaneous, and not to be kept down, shook the confidence of the party in the equivocal partisan, who was a liberal at heart, and pointed the sneers of those who congratulated themselves upon enjoying the benefit of his speeches, while his votes were given to the other side.

Before the close of the first session, it was fully ascertained that, though Frankland might be a formidable enemy, he was, save for his simple vote, and the celebrity of his name in certain town-circles, almost a dead-weight upon his friends. It was well known to them that he had earnestly wished for some responsible situation, to improve his straitened pecuniary circumstances, and especially to free him from the degrading imputation of being a bought sinecurist; and different places of moderate emolument fell vacant, which were, in turn, refused to him, either from rising doubts among the higher powers of how far dependence could be placed upon him as a *thick-and-thin man*, or from other arrangements. It must soon have become evident to himself, that, however highly he might be considered as a tool or a useful and keen instrument of the administration, he must not aspire farther. He was neither constituted with the requisite degree of callousness and flexibility, nor yet endowed with the tact and discretion desirable. He had forfeited the pure fame of his youth ; and he lacked the intrepidity which has so often enabled men of his profession, in like circumstances, to vamp up a false reputation by impudent pretension, and maintain it by bustle and effrontery, until the counterfeit passed current with the unthinking world.

It was from this period that Frankland became thoroughly miserable ; his life a burden more than he was able to bear ; distrusted by every party ; baffled in that path of perverted ambition upon which his indiscreet involvements had thrust him ; degraded before the world, and lowered in his own esteem ; finding the wages of his disgrace quite inadequate to the still increasing wants of his household ; and the wife of his bosom, the joint cause of his ruin, altogether incapable of comprehending why "Frankland was so very wretched, now that their prospects were so much

improved, *would he only exert himself a little more.*"

He rallied a little during the summer and autumn months, which he spent somewhere in the country, in composition; finding at once relief to his spirits, and a needful addition to his income, in literary employments. But the meeting of Parliament could not be averted by his reluctance to enact a hateful part. Questions were impending which left no refuge for temporizers. As one of the ablest and most eloquent men of his party, he was expected, for its interests, or in its defence, to unsay all that he had ever maintained; to outrage his feelings; to belie his conscience; to immolate his character in the face of the disgusted public, and with his own suicidal hand. As the time drew near, his intellect must, I think, have become partially disordered; for the worst part of madness is surely already realized, when the unfortunate man is haunted by the horrible apprehension that his reeling mind is about to be prostrated beneath the accumulating load of a misery composed of so many struggling and chaotic elements. A lamentable change was now wrought upon his temper, which became fitful, moody, and suspicious—misanthropic gloom alternating with paroxysms of fury, which made the possessed man a terror to himself and all around him. This distressing symptom was, in part, and, I believe, rightly, attributed to the excessive use of wine and opiates, to which he had become fatally addicted within the last two years—the insidious slave having, during this long interregnum of his reason, become the imperious master. He had been seen more than once in the House of Commons under this destroying influence. The failure of his mental faculties under this withering and blight of the heart, and freezing up of all that was living and genial in the spirit, was soon painfully manifest to his friends; and, at what might be called his *lucid intervals*, tormentingly so to himself—to whose proud mind, insanity itself appeared a lighter infliction than drivelling, maudlin imbecility.

Upon a certain night, about the middle of the the Session, it had been arranged in divan, at Tilsit House, that Frankland was to open an important debate in introducing a bill. The question was a point of international law with which he was known to be well acquainted, and one, at the same time, which afforded scope for his poetic fire, his earnest eloquence, and the range of apt and felicitous illustration over which he held unrivalled mastery. His really friendly patron, Lord Tilsit, who now well knew both his strength and his weakness, had taken the precaution to enjoin Caroline V—— to keep her brother-in-law in proper trim, as much depended that night upon his self-possession, and the cool and entire command of all his faculties. Where so much was at stake, the *esprit de famille* of Miss V—— would, I am certain, not allow her to be negligent. Frankland himself had a double motive to play his part well. There was responsibility and honour connected with it; and the manner in which he performed his task was to be the vindication of the minister with the public in doing a generous thing. It had been suggested—partly, perhaps, in compassion, but, quite as likely, to gratify a colleague, and be rid of an encumbrance—that Mr Frankland, this bill well through, should obtain a judgeship in India. Here was, at last, the prospect of ample income, sweetened to Helena and her family, by the magic title of "My Lady:"—an Indian judge is always knighted. This night Frankland hoped might be—nay, he passionately longed that it should be—his final active appearance in that arena, to figure in which had been the highest dream of his youthful ambition. The hope of long, perhaps interminable exile, from the country in which he had lately suffered so much, came to his withered spirit like the rush of waters to the parched traveller of the desert. It had already made him a new man. His dormant sympathies were awakened, his temper softened; his heart melted and overflowed. But, once more, he was to appear in Parliament; and, like the phœnix, he would expire in purifying and revivifying fires; and, when he had passed away, the memory of his errors might be forgotten, and men think of him more in sorrow than in anger.

Though he had been constantly, for months, more or less, under the influence of fever, he seemed in better and more tranquil spirits on this evening. He wrote me the last note I was ever to receive from him, with an order for admission into the House of Commons, and a request, that I would come and hear his *last speech and confession*. I presumed, that he intended to make some apology or vindication of his public conduct. He informed me of his Indian prospects, and added a few of those touching words, which made my heart leap back to him, as the heart of a mother may cling to and yearn over her sinful, but ever beloved child.

While he drank coffee with his wife and her sister, he talked incessantly of India, and with somewhat of the light-heartedness of his brightest days. He took what afterwards became a memorably affectionate leave of his little daughter; and, turning back, advised Mrs Frankland to go early to bed, as the House would sit late. He then despatched Timothy with some volumes necessary for reference in the course of his speech, and said he would follow him. Frankland had received this faithful black, at the age of ten or twelve, as a legacy from his mother. Timothy, with his coxcombry, his broken English, his hilarity, and simple good-heartedness, was a favourite with every one, from peevish Mrs V—— to her infant grand-daughter; and to every one, he was obliging—but to his master, devoted, with what looked like the worship of an inferior nature to some protecting beneficent intelligence. No degree of caprice, or harshness of temper, in his altered master, could alienate the affection of Timothy. Mrs Frankland

might repine and complain of her husband; but Timothy would only look somewhat grave; or, if much pressed, remark that "Massa hab bery much to wex him." Frankland was naturally too aristocratic to have endured any degree of sociality in a white servant: the tie which connected him with Timothy for so many years was more like that which binds a man to his faithful dog, than the bond existing between a gentleman and his domestic. It implied blind fidelity and affection upon the one side, and unlimited protection upon the other. Timothy was well known about the purlieus of the House of Commons to the party-coloured loungers there, as Mr Frankland's servant—Frankland the Barrister, the famous RAT; and the poor fellow had been subjected to taunts and insults from the liberals of the shoulder-knot, upon his master's apostasy, which the instinct of affection alone could have led him to comprehend and conceal. He had parried or endured these attacks with all the temper and patience he could muster, until this evening, when the insolent varlets so jostled and crowded him as to throw the books he carried into the mud, while they jeered him as usual with his master's dishonour. His fervid African blood was raised to the boiling pitch, and he was skirmishing all around, in a kind of general *melee*, blood streaming down his distorted visage, when his master came up, and, in a passionate, and what the by-standers considered an imperious tone, demanded who had dared to insult his servant; at the same time, collaring and dragging forward a fellow, whom he supposed the ringleader in the assault. There was now a general rush and tumult; and the negro, blind with rage, struck out with both hands at a man dressed like a respectable mechanic, who, he blubbered, was "The dam rascal say Massa Frankland turn him coat." The mortal pang which shot through the proud heart of Frankland may be imagined, as the crowd raised a rude laugh, and yelled back, in mockery, the words employed by the black. Insult like this must have wound to frenzy the sensitive mind of a man of proud nature, who, from childhood, had been taught to cherish a feeling of personal dignity, morbid in its delicacy and excess. His pale haughty countenance, distorted by passion, and his contemptuous and defying tone, were not suited to the humour of John Bull, who might naturally fancy himself entitled to a little fun at the expense of his own pensioner. Though the persons nearest at hand stood off in decent respect, the yelling and hooting on the outskirts of the crowd increased, and stones were thrown, not at Timothy, but his master. Frankland had been thus baited for some minutes, before he fell into a fit from the violence of his overwrought feelings. The savages became tame on the instant; and he was carried into the nearest coffee-house. He was not long of recovering sense, and the recollection of his position and duties; and, in spite of the bold dissuasions of Timothy, the innocent cause of all this mischief, he persisted in going to the House; and, accordingly, leaning on the black, staggered out, shivering, as the poor fellow, in his affectionate jargon, afterwards informed me, as if in an ague-fit.

The Speaker was already in the chair; the members were fast gathering; and Lord Tilsit's private Secretary had the satisfaction to report, by note, to his employer, then in the House of Peers, that Mr Frankland was in his place, and sitting very quietly, as if concentrating his ideas. I was already at my post, and congratulating myself on being able to tell some of my acquaintances among the reporters, that Mr Frankland was to redeem himself to-night. The House was opened, the routine business despatched—and Frankland's hour was come. He seemed still buried in thought, abstracted or absent; and one of the ministerial party beside him on the bench, and acquainted with the programme of the night, hastily pushed and whispered to him. He rose, and commenced with the customary words; but in a low and tremulous, though perfectly distinct voice, the tones of which, however, struck on my ear, as it were the echo of the thrilling whispers of his exquisitely modulated oratorical voice. There was a deep hush throughout the House. He suddenly ceased. Still there was an unbroken respectful silence. He attempted again and again to resume; but appeared spell-bound, or as if his faculties had suddenly deserted him. The patience, the good-breeding—let me give it the true name—the humane sympathy of his auditors with the fallen man, were, indeed, remarkable, time and place considered. There were some muffled encouraging cheers, or rather murmurs: and the winks and whispers about his suspected condition, were, I am sure, not meant to be perceived by himself. Lord Byron has somewhere told of poor Sheridan talking of himself, until he at midnight would shed tears. "Perhaps he was maudlin," observes his Lordship?—"and does not this make it but the more affecting?" I forget the words; but the sentiment shews Byron to have had a more profound sensibility than I can discover in much of his most admired poetry. In the House of Commons, there were a few men who could feel the deeper compassion for Frankland, that he was thus cast down—he who had stood so high—who had shone a light among his fellows. He sat down for, perhaps, about ten seconds, as if to recover himself. HE alone who has breathed upon man, and from the dust created the living spirit, can reckon the measure of agony which, in that brief space of time, may be sustained by the ethereal essence. I was almost paralysed myself before Frankland feebly rose again, and repeated by rote the customary words—then abruptly stopped, and, after a thrilling pause, whispered, "Gentlemen, I fear I have forgot it all," and burst into an agony of tears! While I breathe, I shall, from my soul detest the brutal ruffian, dishonouring a chivalrous name, whose vociferous laugh, preceding the words—

"Maudlin, by Jove!" set the House into a roar.

Frankland, on the instant, raised his head,

drew himself up and back, and regarded the unfeeling fox-hunter with a look which no one who beheld it can ever forget. His high spirit burst its earthy tenement: he fell forward, and was borne away.

It was a full half hour before I could trace whither he had been carried, so that I might follow him. I was shewn to a locked-up chamber at the top of a neighbouring coffee-house, across the threshold of which lay the negro, grovelling like a dog, and howling in his despair. I passed over his prostrate body into the apartment. Upon a long table, in the centre of it, lay, stretched in his clothes——— I need tell no more. I turned down the corner of the napkin which covered the face, and started and thrilled to behold the very lineaments of the lofty and benign countenance which had beamed upon me in the pit of Drury Lane seven years before, and which I had never seen since then, until the present hour.

* * * * *

Poetic justice! It is, indeed, the merest chimera—a mockery for rhymers and fictionists to point their tales withal. Within less than two years, Mrs Frankland became the wife of Lord Tilsit's former secretary—a man certainly not "of genius," and sufficiently prudent and beneficed to satisfy even the desires of Mrs V——. The ladies declare that Helena is more beautiful than ever, a finer woman, and a more fashionable matron. Her house is still in Berkeley Square.

As her carriage rolls past me, if in a quiet street, she will smile and kiss her hand. Once, lately, she summoned me to its steps, as it drew up opposite a shop in Bond Street; and, between the whiles that the cringing shopmen brought out their wares, to be inspected at her ease, she said many kind things and flattering things, almost in the voice of her sister Caroline, about my friendship for Mr Frankland. I was even affected by the rush of tears which flowed to her "violet eyes," until she sighed, "Poor Frankland and I would have been so happy, save for those wretched *pecuniary involvements! Apropos*, you must call some morning, and see if we can make nothing of his masses of old papers."

There is a certain picturesque churchyard within a few miles of London, to which I, every spring, for the last five years, have made an Easter Sunday-morning pilgrimage. Among its numerous monuments and tombstones, is one plain white marble slab, which bears this simple inscription:—

* *

JAMES CHARLES FRANKLAND, ESQ.,
BARRISTER AT LAW,
DIED ON 7TH APRIL 182–. AGED THIRTY-TWO.

THIS STONE IS ERECTED TO HIS MEMORY,
BY HIS GRATEFUL FRIEND,
JOHN GREENE.

L. S. D.!

If your minister, catechising you, ask what is the one thing needful, reply—"Money, now-a-days."
Specimens of John Bullism.

Go search the lore of ancient times,
And the glowing tales of Eastern climes;
Go turn the page of each wild romance
Of Moorish Spain and chivalrous France:
But neither in Eastern nor Southern land,
Can Aladdin's lamp, or Merlin's wand,
Compare with the talismanic three,
The great, all-powerful L. S. D.!

Whenever you hear a Tory prate,
About "Constitution in Church and State,"
Do you think he cares a tittle or jot,
Whether Religion is honoured or not?
He values canon and civil law
Just as he estimates a straw:
For place and for pension prateth he—
His zeal burns only for L. S. D.!

Do you think that a man, in seeking a wife,
Looks only for love and a peaceful life,
Like romantic people, in days of old,
Ere Cupid's darts were aimed at gold?
Oh, no! he seeks, in his better half,
For an animated *golden calf*;
Like the Israelites, he bends the knee
To it—or its symbol—L. S. D.!

Time was, I believed in a thoughtless hour,
With the sage of old, that "Knowledge is Power;"
But *now* I see 'tis moonshine and gammon—
The only power we covet is Mammon.
For it rules us all, it rules us all—
The rich and the poor, the great and the small:
Do we honour the Garter, or K. C. B.
So much as the order of L. S. D.?

Does your draper cheat an inch in the yard?
Is the butter you pay for just one half lard?
Do you buy sloe leaves instead of tea?
Or, for coffee, purchase chickory?
Doth your tailor presume (as no doubt he doth)
To try your temper and cabbage your cloth?
All this, and all similar trickery,
Is wrought by the spirit of L. S. D.!

Whenever you hear of a patriot elf
Pity his country, and laud—himself—
In short, whenever you hear or see
Cant, deceit, or hypocrisy,
Or villany, under vile pretence,
Assuming the garb of innocence—
Scorn not the truth unfolded by me—
The agents of mischief are L. S. D.!

E.

LOOSE FISH.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

As sung with great Applause at the last Sederunt of the Pry Bureau, and now published, and dedicated to MR HUME.

FISH! loose fish! all ready for sale;
Some freshly caught, and some rather stale.
Come up to their price, they'll be yours without fail.
Fish! fish! who'll buy loose fish?

Gudgeons! fat gudgeons! come hither and choose;
Such flounders! their prices you'll never refuse;
You may judge of their value by seeing their *Hughes*.
Fish! fish! who'll buy loose fish?

Look to my basket—take heavy or lean;
Here are fish of all colours and shapes to be seen—
A Newcastle White and a Lancaster Greene.
Fish! fish! who'll buy loose fish?

Cheap! very cheap! Here is one rather plain,
Damaged and covered with many a stain,
He'll ne'er fit the Worcester market again.
Fish! fish! who'll buy loose fish?

A Knaresborough grampus—heavy and dull;
An eel out of *Wells*, with a very thick skull;
Feeding, fit feeding to throw to a gull.
Fish! fish! who'll buy loose fish?

Buy! who'll buy? I've a Derbyshire whale,
With a Cumberland porpoise beside him to sail;
Good heads, but uncommonly scant in the *tail*.
Fish! fish! who'll buy loose fish?

Cheap! very cheap! Sir Bob and his Grace
Would find them of use; but so hard is their case,
No fish suits their taste, but a very fat Place.
Fish! fish! who'll buy loose fish?

LITERARY REGISTER.

SOME of our learned *weekly* contemporaries talk with appropriate dignity of their LIBRARY TABLE. And happy are they in having a table large enough to contain one half of what the teeming press pours forth even in a week. But, for the *monthlies*, it must now either be the floor, or kicking down stairs. Cheap periodicals swarm like locusts; and, of pamphlets, the *crisis* has produced a forced double crop. We can only mention the names of the more conspicuous among the ephemeral works, reserving many of the most important books till next month.

SIR ROBERT PEEL'S ADDRESS REVIEWED, and ditto EXAMINED, forms the title of different pamphlets.

Proposals for a Reformation of the Church of England, in a Letter to a Friend about to secede from that Communion.

There is much that is excellent in this pamphlet; and hard, indeed, it would be if there should not be much to admire in the purified Church of Hooker, and Herbert, and Heber—to go no farther. This pamphlet contains, however, a frightful picture of the dissolute manners and abominable morals of Oxford. The accusations are not anonymous. The writer puts his name to his letter.

State of Politics in 1835, *in a letter addressed to Lord Durham.* By a Member of the Church of England.

This is another excellent pamphlet, written by a temperate Radical Reformer.

Letter from an Ex-M. P. to his late Constituents at Bodmin,

Is far too Whiggish for our taste. The Whigs cannot easily be vindicated for past conduct; but they may, with advantage, be warned against future blunders.

Dr Weatherhead's Pedestrian Tour through France and Italy.

The work contains a great mass of information, especially upon subjects of art and antiquity. The personal narrative is lively and amusing. A man who makes his legs his compasses, finds many things in a new country hidden from the observation of those who travel in a different mode, and whether by the diligence or in their private carriage. This enables our traveller to give freshness to a hackneyed route.

A Remonstrance addressed to the Lord Bishop of London.

This is the third edition of the pamphlet, by Mr Lushington, M.P., upon the atrocious calumnies of the writer who takes the signature of L. S. E., and which was commended by the Bishop to his clergy in his pastoral charge. The Bishop has since, we believe, had the Christian grace to give up L. S. E.; and the *Quarterly* has disclaimed him as *coarse* and violent. Thanks to Mr Lushington, however, for all this.*

The Revolutions of the Globe familiarly described. Translated from the French of Alexander Bertrand, by T. C. Horry.

Five editions of this work have appeared in the original, before it has found its way into an English dress. This succinct and luminous history of geological science does not require to be described to naturalists. It is to popular readers we wish to introduce it—to ladies and young persons who wish to know something of the structure of the earth they inhabit, and of the changes it has undergone. The work, which is in the form of letters, is a compendium of the lectures and books of the most eminent French naturalists.

Greener's Treatise on the Gun.

We must despatch Mr Greener by turning the tables on him. He has, he says, cultivated all manner of flowers, save those of literature. "The gun has occupied all his thoughts:" he can "detect the flaws in a gun barrel, but not so readily those of a sentence." If he confesses that gun-men know nothing of grammar, he has no right to expect that grammarians should know much of guns. He has a very bad opinion of all English guns, and a worse of those who, in Birmingham, manufacture them. "They are all rubbishy and dangerous" weapons, in which great frauds are practised. They are not *proved*. Mr Greener unfolds some not very creditable practices. Let the manufacturers look to it, and the public also. Every man who pretends to take an interest in the manufactures of the country, should watch over them, to prevent their deterioration. Ships built to sink, liquors brewed to act as slow poison, and guns constructed to burst, are all dangerous heresies.

* This work, by L. S. E., which drew forth this remonstrance, is, we believe, that adverted to by *John of the Girnel* and his friends, in a late sitting of the Pry Bureau.

Arcana of Science and Art.

This is the eighth volume of an Annual Register of interesting and valuable facts in mechanics, science, and social economy. The materials are looked for in America and on the Continent, as well as at home. It is a useful compendium of facts; so useful, indeed, that it seems a pity to occupy any part of it with the controversies and speculations of scientific men about points still untested.

A Systematic Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Draining Land, &c.; also on Sea, River, and Lake Embankments, Formation of Ponds and Artificial Pieces of Water, &c. By John Johnstone, Land-Surveyor. Third Edition. Edinburgh. 1834.

In agriculture, draining is a matter of the first importance. Until the land be laid dry, no other improvement can be attempted, without the certainty of failure. These are facts generally admitted; but, notwithstanding their acknowledged truth, there is, probably, not a farm in Scotland on which draining might not be executed, not only to the great improvement of the crops, but to the advantage of the proprietor. Every farmer imagines he understands the principles of draining, and seldom thinks of consulting any one who has studied the subject. But the proper execution of this operation is attended with great difficulty, and requires both much experience and much talent for observation. From the ignorance which generally prevails, great and unnecessary expenditure is often incurred, and without the attainment of the object in view. The value of a treatise on the subject of draining, founded on long observation and practice, cannot, therefore, be overlooked. This work originated in the desire of the Board of Agriculture to make extensively known the principles of draining, practised with so much success by Mr Elkington, a Warwickshire farmer, to whom the King, on the address of the House of Commons, issued a grant of £1000, as an inducement for him to discover his mode of draining. Mr Johnstone was, in consequence, sent by the Board of Agriculture, to visit, in company with Mr Elkington, the principal drainages he was executing, and to take drawings of them; and the result of the observations then made, was communicated by Mr Johnstone to the public, in the first edition of his treatise, published in the year 1797. In the period which has since elapsed, Mr Johnstone has been actively engaged in the formation of drainings in many parts of Great Britain; so that he has had ample opportunity of acquiring experience.

It is impossible for us, in the space to which we are limited, to give anything like an analysis of the work. We may merely mention, that it is the only treatise on draining, on a comprehensive and detailed scale, which has yet appeared. It is written in a clear style; and the numerous plates remove most of the difficulties which render it often so hard to reduce written directions to practice. No agriculturist should attempt any extensive drainage without thoroughly studying this book; nor should it be wanting in the library of any land proprietor, who takes any interest in the improvement of his estate. On embankments, whether against the effects of the sea or of rivers, the construction of dams and wears, and the making of wells, many valuable observations will also be found. Much saving of time and of money would have been effected, had the facts stated and principles explained by Mr Johnstone been always kept in view.

The Sorrows of a Bashful Irishman, or the Exile of Erin.

The great beauty of this very clever and lively novel, is the entire unconsciousness, sprightliness, and good-humour with which Mr O'Blarney, the hero, (an Irish Gil Blas,) relates his adventures, without once dreaming of what a pitiful scamp he is. Nothing can be better kept up. One has something of the same feeling of amusement, which results from witnessing the airs and strutting of a coxcomb on the stage, who does not know that his face is grotesquely blackened, or that some ludicrous appendage is attached to his person. Mr O'Blarney goes through his whole life and misfortunes, with something far beyond mere power of face. The induration and the brazenness are all in his mind. He is plated with brass: it covers him like chain-mail. And the impudent dog is so thoroughly impudent and callous, that one feels it impossible to be angry with him, and can only laugh at his tricks. Even the father that begot him, an honest small farmer, cannot resist the ludicrous sense of his son's indomitable impudence, and is convulsed with laughter at Terence being tossed in a blanket for making love to a young lady of rank in the neighbourhood.

To be thus outraged by a mob and jeered by a parent! To have one's earliest and holiest sensibilities thus blighted, as it were, in the bud! Flesh and blood could not endure the shock; so, like a maniac, I rushed from the scene of action, nor once halted, till many long miles lay between me and the scene of my humiliation.

We next hear of him thus in the newspaper of Mollymoreen.

"Last night a Mr Terence Felix O'Blarney made his first appearance here as Romeo in the immortal bard's well-known play of that name. Barring a slight brogue, this young aspirant possesses every qualification for the part. He has excellent lungs; is exceedingly vigorous in his movements; and stands nearly, if not quite, six feet in his shoes. His dress was singulary picturesque, and he was received with enthusiasm by a most respectable and fashionable audience. We understand he appears to-morrow night as Harlequin. Judging from his Romeo, we should conceive he would play this very difficult part to admiration."—This able criticism brought me into instant notice at Mollymoreen.

We cannot follow Mr O'Blarney's brilliant histrionic career. His fame and figure procured him the hand of the heiress of a tradesman; and the happy couple set off to spend the honeymoon on the Continent. The *notes* in the early part of the tour, are very piquant.

The magnificence of some of the minor German principalities quite astounded me. Think of his Serene Highness the Prince of Saxe Schweighausen, with upwards of sixty quarterings on his arms, being absolute lord and master of a territory containing nearly ten thousand inhabitants, yielding a clear revenue of almost nine hundred pounds *per annum*, and supporting an army of some twelve dozen private soldiers, exclusive of six field officers, and a band worthy to vie with the orchestra of one of our minor theatres! To this most puissant sovereign I had the honour of being publicly presented at court. To be sure the exhibition cost me half-a crown in fees. But what of that? Royalty is not, like Punch, an everyday show. Besides, his Highness was, without exception, the fattest man I had ever seen, and in England it would have cost me a shilling only to see a prize ox.

At Naples, money runs short. The fortune is nearly gone, and Mrs O'Blarney, like an undutiful wife, refuses to give up her annuity. When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window; and Mr O'Blarney followed love's example; left Mrs O'Blarney, like another Dido, on the *Strada Chiaja*, and became the Irishman in London, and a man of letters. His adventures at this stage are extremely amusing, and perhaps not so improbable as they may seem to strangers to "the town." The anecdotes of an old military *roué*, afford materials for the Fashionable Novel of BON TON. It is most "favourably noticed" by the literary journals in the service of whatever Mr Bentley was the publisher. "Quite a prose Byron," said one magazine. "Forcibly reminds us of Sheridan," quoth another. "Puns like Rogers," said the *John Bull*. "Penned in the good old spirit of Smollett and Fielding," said the *Weekly Repository*. BON TON might have been the joint composition of Hook and Bulwer, for aught we see, and certainly was a marvellous work.

It will naturally be concluded that "Bon Ton" created quite a sensation in the world of fashion and literature. But no—nothing of the sort. Notwithstanding I attired my hero in lavender-coloured slippers; made him sarcastic on port wine; intolerant of those abandoned miscreants who eat fish with a knife and fork; learned on all gastronomic matters; and profoundly ignorant of the locality of Russell Square;—notwithstanding all this, "Bon Ton" fell as still-born from the press, as if no Royal Duke had been conjectured to be its author!

But we must check our vein. O'Blarney becomes a penny-a-line writer, and finally the editor of a scurrilous Sunday print, which procures him the horse-whipping which the editors of all ribald, indecent, and scandalous Sunday prints deserve quite as richly as the writer for the *Planet*. While editor, he is admitted to several famous literary *conversaziones;* contrives to throw the consequences of a libel upon a Sir Bone Brocas, for an elopement with Lady A——, upon his coadjutor; obtains the editorship of the *Humbug Flying Reporter;* and cuts with the metropolis. This gives us the humours of an election, with provincial great men, and lessons in

"*turning one's coat becomingly*," intermixed with interludes of love-making or fortune-hunting. Alderman Snodgrass, the disappointed candidate, for whom the editor had managed the bribing, puffing, and all the rest, throws him into jail as a swindler and impostor. The prison affords many rare scenes. Indeed, the author kicks about O'Blarney, like Fortune's tennis-ball, to obtain scope for his own humour and satire, and observation on life and manners. Escaped from jail, our hero wends forth.

On a warm, mellow summer evening, when the sheep were browsing on the Black Mountains, and the vale of Towy, which lay beneath him, caught a thousand glowing tints from the West, a stranger, manifestly young, intelligent, and, perhaps, handsome, but with his expressive features sicklied over with melancholy, stood alone, with folded arms and downcast eyes, on the highest summit of Llynn-y-van. That interesting stranger was—*myself*.

In Wales we have a quite new and original set of characters. Indeed, Mr O'Blarney drops old friends as easily as did Roderick Random, or rather Tobias Smollett. "The world is all before him," and he never looks back. "How to make the most of one's situation, philosophically," induces him to take the well-sounding name of Fitzmaurice, and, quite inadvertently, to adventure a second matrimonial catastrophe, and to commence the practice of medicine, setting up with an universal potent elixir, in the use of which his operations became nearly as memorable as those of St John Long, of rubbing memory, or of Dr Hornbook himself. The village gets happily rid of the pettifogging attorney; and, with the aid of bleeding, the elixir does as much for the exciseman. We must not follow the mysteries of Dr Fitzmaurice's rural practice until his eminence procures him yellow retired nabobs and Welsh squires and sportsmen for patients. This train of prosperity is brought to an untimely end by the traveller for Hoax & Co., Chemists in Humbug, recollecting our hero, who runs home, borrows twenty pounds from his avaricious second wife, and flies back to his native county. He now commences patriot in Ballinabrogue, is once more an editor, and attends Catholic meetings. The gentleman with the two wives, five trades, and three *aliases*, is at last disturbed by some dim gropings of conscience, awakened by love for a beautiful girl who works a short-lived miracle.

Miss Mahon and I were much together, yet, strange to tell, notwithstanding such favourable opportunities, I could not bring myself to turn them to account. Passion and principle kept perpetually clutching at my heart-strings; while, to aggravate my suffering, in stepped modesty, bepainting my cheeks with blushes, whenever anything like an avowal of love rose to my lips.

Mr Fitzmaurice would, however, have found means to be rid of these impertinent compunctious visitings, which had, for the first time in his life, disturbed him, had not a lady, one night, called at his lodgings. It was his first wife, Kate O'Brien. And over, to aid her revengeful purpose, came, from Wales, Mrs Fitzmaurice. A capital trial for bigamy takes place at the assizes, in which Mr O'Crommell and Mr Sheilly are pitted against each other, and, in spite of the eloquence of the former, his client is condemned to transportation for life! Mr Terence Felix O'Blarney Fitzmaurice could not help thinking himself a martyr, and altogether very ill-used. Two patriotic friends, "liberal, high-minded, intelligent Irishmen," abandoned the poor patriot to his fate. The peasantry, whose idol he had been, treated him with equal indifference. Such are the vicissitudes in the lives of great men. Behold him now on the waters!

"Oh, Erin!" I exclaimed, "ungenerous Erin! Like Aristides, I have sacrificed my all in your behalf, and, like him, I am rewarded with banishment. Though, conjointly with abler, but not more disinterested spirits, I taught you the secret of your strength; lit up the beacon-fires of freedom in your farm-houses; and roused you from the state of base, contented tranquillity in which I found you but too willing to indulge;—how have you repaid me? By thrusting me from your presence with contempt and obloquy! Such was ever the patriot's lot! Belisarius begged his bread; and I am driven forth to herd with the kangaroos of Australia. Oh, that I had never been born, or, being born, that my face, like the statue of Achilles, had been cased in triple brass! But bashfulness first sowed the seeds of that ruin of which patriotism has since reaped the harvest."

The reader may easily conceive the scope which this rapid survey of British, Irish, and Continental society, from its Indus to its Peru, gives to so acute and *knowing* a writer. His *patriotism* is somewhat caricatured, as we cannot conceive how intelligent and respectable men could be deceived by so impudent a rogue. This is the only blemish we can perceive in this lively, piquant, and, we fear, only too accurate picture of living manners.

SECOND EDITIONS.

A second edition of WILSON'S HINDOO THEATRE has appeared—a book which, at first interesting chiefly to Oriental scholars, has now taken hold of the literary tastes of this country.

Mr LAWRENCE'S TREATISE ON THE HORSE has reached a second edition. This gentleman is the historiographer of the *Horse*. His work is full of humorous anecdotes, and, altogether, highly amusing, with slang, flash, and stories of noted sportsmen, jockeys, drivers, guards, coaches, &c. &c. &c.

WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Lee's Life of the Emperor Napoleon. Vol. I. London: Boone.

We do not venture to pronounce upon a work from seeing merely the first volume: this is to be completed in four—large octavo size. It aspires to supply the want which is stated to be generally felt, of "an impartial and accurate" Life of Napoleon. The accuracy of Mr Lee we cannot impeach; but, as to impartiality, he is more entitled to be named the idolatrous worshipper of Bonaparte than his impartial historian. It is in this enthusiasm and almost blind devotion, that the merit of the book, so far as it has gone, consists. The author writes of Napoleon, as a cavalier might of the first Charles. He attacks almost every man who has composed Memoirs of Napoleon, or of his times. Scott, Lockhart, Bourrienne, Norvins, the Duchess of Abrantes, and many others. In short, it is impossible to satisfy his voracious appetite for praise for his hero. Hazlitt's Life—he whose enthusiastic admiration of Napoleon seemed pushed to the extreme in so enlightened and true a lover of liberty—does not come up to Mr Lee's standard. It is only allowed to be impartially written, "with more than judgment." Above one-half of the volume is occupied with a copious appendix, in which the errors, blunders, falsehoods, and misrepresentations of former writers, and especially those of Sir Walter Scott, are detected and exposed. The inaccuracies of Sir Walter, the effects of haste and inadvertence, certainly far exceed in number the license granted to the faithful, diligent chronicler of moderate abilities. But our author does not stop short with this censure. He accuses Sir Walter of a fixed purpose of misrepresenting Napoleon, to please a certain class of politicians and men in power in this country; and attacks him boldly and elaborately. His work might, we think, be as aptly named a Vindication, as a Life of Napoleon. Still it is exceedingly curious and interesting. The author's acquaintance with the surviving members of the Bonaparte family, has given him access to much new and amusing information, particularly of the childhood and schoolboy days of Napoleon. The book is printed in Paris, though it is published in London. It has been much less talked of than it deserves to be. We trust there is no desire in certain circles *to cushion it*; for, though the author be a fanatical Bonapartist, he has produced a portion of a singularly interesting work. Of the Appendix, in particular, we may say, as some one did of the notes to Scott's poems —"They are more amusing than the text." As soon as another volume appears, we propose to give our readers a fuller account of this new Life. In the meanwhile, we commend this one to notice. It brings the Memoir down to 1796, but the notes wander over the entire life.

Boswell's Life of Johnson.

Mr Murray has issued the first volume of one of the most entertaining books in the world—"Boswell's Life of Johnson." This work is to be concluded in eight cheap and very elegant volumes, if they come up to the first. The main embellishment is, however, the profusion of anecdotes, notes, and annotations, by those numerous writers who have found something to say about Johnson. Some original materials have been obtained, but we should imagine them of no great value; and, indeed, a diamond mine does not require the addition of a few brilliants. We have but one regret about this book—it is still too dear for the many; and we could rejoice to see

such a rare body of wit, wisdom, and of the best sort of *table-talk*, universally diffused. We can think of no work in which the science of daily life, and of sound thinking upon its homely and yet all-important concerns, is so effectually and pleasantly taught.

POETRY.

Poems by Louisa Anne Twamley.

A lady in her twentieth year has launched a *first venture*, which, to us, appears a very hopeful one. Here at least, "thinks we to ourselves," there must be some *stamina*, some originality. Miss Twamley, like a gentlewoman, throws overboard the hackneyed plea of the solicitation of friends, and honestly pleads to *vanity* as her motive of publication. Now, this candour does not make us suspect her of a more inordinate degree of a very pardonable failing than other young authors. She considers vanity more excusable than fibbing. She is morally right; and, if the world mend, she will soon be conventionally so. Miss Twamley is "vowed and dedicate" to another muse. She is a painter. Her volume—a very pretty one externally—is illustrated by her own original drawings, etched upon copper by herself; so that she is at once poet, painter, and engraver. She is a relation of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, and was his pupil. Verses written by her at sixteen, we are informed, astonished a gentleman, "the first tragedian of his day, and a distinguished scholar." Was he Mr Young? He declared her productions of the highest merit; but, at the same time, persuaded her to refrain from poetry, and give all her time to painting. Painting is, without doubt, the better *paying* muse, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, though painting is lowering her terms. Miss Twamley, we presume, followed this prudent counsel; for her poems are the productions of hours which could not be devoted to her principal avocation. A certain degree of proficiency in metrical composition, is become almost as common as dexterous execution on the piano-forte. Both are nearly alike mechanical. Our young authoress takes a much higher place than that of certain phrases arranged in a prescribed order.

The following is, we think, very beautiful and graceful. It soars far, indeed, beyond the regions of ordinary *lady* verse, however polished.

THE BLUE HAREBELL.

Have ye ever heard, in the twilight dim,
A low, soft strain,
That ye fancied a distant vesper-hymn,
Borne o'er the plain,
By the zephyrs that rise on perfumed wing
When the sun's last glances are glimmering?

Have ye heard that music, with cadence sweet,
And merry peal,
Ring out like echoes of fairy feet,
O'er flowers that steal?
And did you deem that each trembling tone
Was the distant vesper-chime alone?

The source of that whispering strain I'll tell—
For I've listened oft
To the music faint of the blue Harebell
In the gloaming soft:—
'Tis the gay fairy-folk that peal who ring,
At even-time, for their banqueting.

And gaily the trembling bells peal out,
With gentle tongue,
While elves and fairies career about,
'Mid dance and song.
Oh! roses and lilies are fair to see,
But the wild Blue-bell is the flower for me!

* * * * * *

Unless the subjoined song become exceedingly popular, we are deceived. It is one of the frequent compositions in the volume which shew that the fair young authoress possesses genuine humour and shrewd sense; qualities more remarkable, and of far higher promise, than correct versification and a fluent use of the commonplaces of poetry in thought and diction:—

THE DAMES OF THE OLDEN TIME.

AIR—"*Old English Gentleman.*"

Found among the papers of the late *Anthony Antiquarius, Esq.*, who died of a violent attack of *Bas-bleu-phobia*, occasioned, it is said, by the bite of a lady in a rabid state, whose disorder had taken the awful turn called POLITICAL ECONOMY.

I'll sing you a song to-night—a song of the good old days,
Of the fair and stately dames of old, and all their ancient ways;
When cook'ry books alone were read, and she won greatest praise,
Who could, with fair and dexterous hands, a pie-crust highest raise.
They were fair and thrifty housewives then—the dames of the olden time.

And when snow-clad Christmas came, to end the closing year,
How joyously each noble dame set forth her Christmas cheer!
Amid mince-pies, and roasts, and fries—goose, turkey, fish, and deer—
Each country gentleman's good-wife moved in her proper sphere,
Like fair and thrifty housewives all—the dames of olden time.

And, then, the dress of olden times! it seems forgotten quite:
The graceful train, the rich brocade, that e'en could stand upright;
The Brussels' ruffles drooping low, the waist, so long and slight;
The spangled and embroidered shoe, with heel of wondrous height—
They are all, all passed away with the dames of olden time.

Instead of Rundell and Meg Dods, of trains and high-heeled shoes,
We've now some dozen foreign tongues, and bustles, and *bas-bleus*;
Our modern ladies scorn to study seas'ning and ragouts;
Politicians and astronomers have far more lofty views
Than the fair and simple housewives of the merry olden time.

Our recreations e'en are changed: the good old country-dance
No more may its far-lengthened lines on modern eyes advance!
The cold coquettish prim quadrille—the gallopade of France—
With Germany's wild whirling waltz, our giddy heads entrance;
No more majestic minuets—no dames of olden time.

* * * * *

I hate the cupboards crammed with trash, tooth, skeleton, and bone;
Here, a fish's tail in lime—there, a goose head in stone,
Where cordial, jam, and pickle, once in goodly order shone;
My powdered locks grew thickly then; but, ah! those days are flown,
And with them all the housewifery of bonny olden times.

Ye beauteous dames of England, &c. &c.

* * * * *

For the *moral* we must refer to the volume. Of the same character is the *Sonnetta*, with *variations*, to Baron Paganini. The mysterious secrets of the Signor's mira-

culous performances on the violin are here darkly intimated. Instead of employing the *catgut*, used by ordinary fiddlers, the modern Orpheus, it would appear, employs the *thairms** of a late musical pope. The idea is capital. The Signor's superiority is at once satisfactorily accounted for by means of his Holiness.

It may be doing injustice to Miss Twamley to afford no specimen of those of her lyrics which are likely to be the greatest favourites in "gay young" society. But our space forbids all but this one stanza of a

* See Jameson. An imagined indelicacy is always now supposed to be veiled when it appears under a French term. Why not a Scotch one as well? We make the experiment.

CHRISTMAS GLEE.

A wreath for merry Christmas quickly twine,
A wreath for the bright red sparkling wine;
Tho' roses are dead,
And their bloom is fled,
Yet for Christmas a bonny, bonny wreath we'll twine.
Away to the wood where the bright holly grows,
And its red berries blush amid winter snows!
Away to the ruin where the green ivy clings,
And around the dark fane its verdure flings!
Hey! for the ivy and holly so bright!
They are the garlands for Christmas night.

* * * * *

POLITICAL REGISTER.

PARLIAMENT met on the 19th February, the day appointed for the return of the writs. The strength of parties was immediately put to the test, by the election of the Speaker. Lord Francis Egerton proposed the late Speaker, Sir Charles Manners Sutton, and he was seconded by Sir Charles Burrell. Mr Abercromby was proposed by Mr W. J. Dennison, and the motion was seconded by Mr Ord, one of the members for Newcastle. After a debate, which presented nothing remarkable, Mr Abercromby was elected by a majority of 316 to 306. Of the Tory Members, there were only six absent, so well organized are their forces on all important occasions. This victory was obtained by the votes of the Scotch and Irish Members; the Tories having a majority of 23 on the votes of the English, as appears from the following analysis of the vote:—

	For Mr Abercromby.	*For Sir C. M. Sutton.*
English Members,	224	247
Irish, . . .	60	42
Scotch, . . .	32	17
	316	306

This vote gave great satisfaction throughout the country; and it was not doubted that the vote on the address would exhibit a much greater majority, there being many considerations to induce some of even the Reformers to vote for Sir C. M. Sutton, which would not operate on the Address. Hence a majority of from 30 to 40 was confidently anticipated. But, to the surprise of the Liberals, the majority on the address was absolutely less than that on the Speakership, many of the waverers having joined Lord Stanley, who may now be considered a Tory, whatever his conduct or professions may formerly have been. The consequence was, that the amendment was, after a debate of three days, carried by a majority only of 7, the numbers being 309 and 302.

The King's speech was a longer document than usual: but little or nothing could be discovered as to the intentions of the Ministry from its contents. It is rather an ominous circumstance, that the word Reform does not occur in it from beginning to end. It set out with regretting the destruction of the Houses of Parliament by fire; and, after alluding to our foreign relations, stated, that the estimates of the year had been prepared with the strictest attention to economy, and that the amount of the demands for the public service will be less on the present than on any former occasion, within recent experience. It was then said, that the trade and commerce, and the public revenue of the country, were in a satisfactory state; but that the agricultural interest continued much depressed. Parliament was recommended, in somewhat ambiguous language, "to devise a method for mitigating the pressure of those local charges which bear heavily on the owners and occupiers of land, for distributing the burden of them more equally over other descriptions of property." It is yet to be seen what is the meaning of this recommendation; for it is now certain that it does not allude to a repeal of the malt-tax. After mentioning that the colonial legislatures had given their general concurrence in effecting the abolition of slavery, and that there was no reason for abating the earnest hopes entertained of a favourable issue to the measure—the equitable and final adjustment of the tithe question in Ireland, the commutation of tithes in England and Wales, the improvement of civil jurisprudence and of the administration of justice in ecclesiastical causes, the more effectual maintenance of ecclesiastical discipline, and the relief of Dissenters from the necessity of celebrating their marriages according to the rites of the Church of England, were noticed as subjects deserving the attention of Parliament. The commission recently appointed for investigating into the state of the Church of England was then alluded to, and the speech proceeded—"I feel it also incumbent on me to call your attention to the condition of the Church of Scotland, and to the means by which it may be enabled to increase the opportunities of religious worship for the poorer classes of society in that part of the United Kingdom." In conclusion, the House was warned to use caution and circumspection in the alteration of laws affecting very extensive and complicated interests, interwoven with ancient usages, to which the habits and feelings of the people have conformed.

The amendment, after alluding to the passing of the Reform Bill, and the expectation which had been entertained that municipal corporations would be placed under vigilant popular control, and that the well-founded grievances of the Protestant Dissenters would be removed, represented that the Commons could not "but lament that the progress of these and other reforms should have been interrupted and endangered by the unnecessary dissolution of a Parliament, earnestly intent upon the vigorous prosecution of measures, to which the wishes of the people were most anxiously and justly directed." It was a great mistake in the Opposition to bring forward so tame an amendment. It ought to have been of such a description as would have rendered it impossible, after it had been carried, for the Ministry to continue longer to keep their seats. Instead, however, of having this effect, Sir Robert Peel maintained, that the vote upon it was no indication of a want of confidence in Ministers being entertained by the House; and he, therefore, notwithstanding his defeat, continued in office.

In the House of Lords, an amendment similar to that in the Commons was moved by Lord Melbourne. He called on the Duke of Wellington to shew the necessity which justified his assumption of so many offices after the dismissal of the late Ministry. He considered the dissolution of Ministers an uncalled for proceeding, and reprobated the conduct of Sir Robert Peel, who, at the Mansion-house dinner, represented the country as sighing for repose, while he was at that very time contemplating the dissolution of Parliament, a step which was certain to agitate the country from one end to the other. Lord Brougham made a fierce attack on the Ministry; and, in pointed and sarcastic language, exposed the inconsistency of the Tories in now pretending to be Reformers; and he taunted them with their former change of opinion on the Catholic question. Lord Lyndhurst defended his consist-

ency with much warmth, and charged Lord Brougham with making hasty, flippant, and unfounded attacks upon him, and even accused him of an intention to "pervert." After much altercation between the Chancellors, the amendment was negatived without a division.

The King, in answer to the Address of the Commons, stated, that he learned with regret they did not concur with him as to the policy of the appeal to the sense of the people; that he never had, and never would exercise any of his prerogatives, except for the public good; and that he confidently trusted that no measure conducive to the general interests would be endangered or interrupted by the dissolution of Parliament.

For some days after the debate on the Address, no discussion of any consequence took place in Parliament. It appeared from a conversation arising on a motion of Mr O'Dwyer, for a copy of an order by the Commander of the Forces in Ireland, to the military, that the soldiers, in rencontres with the peasantry, have been directed to fire not over their heads, but point blank. The order was defended by the Ministry on the score of humanity, though it was admitted that the issuing of the order had been concealed from the peasantry. The effect of this piece of humanity was experienced at Rathcormac, where the peasantry, anticipating, no doubt, that the soldiers would, as usual, fire over their heads, exposed themselves unwittingly to a murderous fire. The same *humane* order has, it is understood, been extended to England and Scotland. A bill for the Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt in England and Wales has been brought in by Sir John Campbell; and a similar bill for Scotland, but limited to sums not exceeding £8: 6: 8, (the greatest amount for which an action can be raised in the Small Debt Sheriff Courts,) has been introduced by the Lord Advocate. His Lordship has also introduced several other bills for the regulation of sequestrations, diminishing the number of clerks and other officers in the Court of Session, whereby a saving of £15,000 will be effected, and for amending the forms of process in that Court. On the motion of Mr Ward, a committee has been appointed to devise means for giving publicity to the votes of Members, by correct and authentic lists of the divisions. This is a subject of vital importance; for by his votes alone can the conduct of a Member be properly judged of by his constituents, and the lists at present published almost always contain errors, sometimes to a great extent. It is not, however, a measure by any means popular in the House, and many obstacles may be expected to be thrown in its way. Mr Hume has obtained leave to bring in a bill, founded on the report of the Select Committee of last Session on election expenses. A very beneficial alteration in the Reform Act is proposed, by limiting the duration of elections to one day, by which means much jobbing, by unprincipled voters hanging back to the second day, to enhance the value of their votes, will be put an end to. A similar measure for Scotland is to be introduced by Mr J. A. Murray. On the appointment of a Committee to consider the most effectual means of preventing bribery, corruption, and intimidation in the election of Members of Parliament, Sir John Campbell said, that he had seen so much of intimidation and improper influence exercised, that he was almost obliged to come to the conclusion that the ballot was necessary. He considered it an evil: but still, if means could not be found for protecting the voters from intimidation in exercising the franchise, they must have recourse to the ballot.

We rejoice to see so many converts to the ballot, among the Whigs. They are finding out that intimidation, and the corrupt influences, work so much better for Tories than for Whigs, that the long-known remedy must at length be applied. Let the Whigs, if they will, talk of the ballot as an *evil*. The people know it to be no more an evil than a greatcoat or an umbrella is an evil. It is not less certain that there will be cold and rain to the end of this world, than that, even under the best institutions, the rich and powerful will seek to exercise an improper influence over their connections and dependents. Is the only protection from that influence an evil?

On the 9th March, Mr Roebuck presented a petition from certain Members of the Legislative Council and House of Assembly of Lower Canada, complaining of numerous grievances. He informed the House that the pseudo-English party, or Tories, in the province did not exceed 10,000, while there were 1,300,000 stout hearts ready to resist oppression, and they lived side by side with thirteen millions of Republicans. He warned the Ministry, that, if a redress of grievances was not speedily given, we might expect to see the same results as had occurred half a century ago with the colonies we then possessed in the same quarter of the globe. Mr Spring Rice and Sir Robert Peel defended the conduct which had been pursued towards Canada, and the latter stated that a Commissioner was to be sent out to inquire on the spot into the state of affairs.

On the 10th March, the Marquis of Chandos brought forward his motion for the repeal of the malt-tax. In opposing the motion, some curious statistical details were given by Sir Robert Peel. The gross produce of the malt-tax last year was £5,150,000. In the year 1831, the net receipts were £4,208,000; in 1832, £4,675,000; in 1833, £4,722,000; in 1834, £4,812,000. He attributed the decrease in the consumption of malt to the increased consumption of tea, coffee, and spirits. More beer was consumed in 1720, in proportion to the population, than in any year before or after. The population was then six millions, and the number of barrels of beer which paid duty, 6,000,000. The quantity of beer consumed for the three years previous to 1832, with a population of 14 millions, was, on the average, 8,200,000 barrels. In 1722, the total quantity of tea consumed in this country was 370,000 lbs., or one ounce to each person; in 1833, the total quantity was 31,829,000 lbs., about 2½ lbs. to each person. In 1722, about three millions of gallons of spirits were consumed; in 1833, twelve millions of gallons. The consumption of coffee had also greatly increased. In 1760, the total quantity consumed was 262,000 lbs., or three quarters of an ounce to each person in the population; in 1833, the quantity was 20,691,000 lbs. or 1½ lbs. to each person. The duty on malt is 2s. 7d. per bushel, a tax of 57 per cent.; on coffee, 63 per cent.; on port and sherry, 75 per cent.; on rum, 407 per cent; on English spirits, 313 per cent.; on brandy, 627 per cent; and on Geneva, 930 per cent. His most efficient argument was felt, however, to be, that, if the malt-tax was repealed, a property-tax must be imposed; and Sir James Graham added, that the corn laws must also be repealed, as there would no longer be any ground for the argument, so long maintained by landholders in defending these laws, that they are subjected to peculiar burdens. The debate was remarkable, by the attempts of several of the Tory Members to defend their now voting against the repeal of the malt tax, which they had always supported while in opposition. As the Whigs joined with the Tories in this question, the motion was lost by a majority of 192 to 350. Mr Hume, Dr Bowring, and Mr Gillon, were in the minority; the first expressing a clear opinion, that the government, by proper retrenchments, could be carried on without the tax or any equivalent. If it be true, however, as Sir R. Peel stated, that the repeal would reduce the price of beer only one halfpenny a quart, the public would derive little benefit. The landholders would be the chief gainers by the repeal. By the increased demand for barley, their rents would rise, while the corn laws exist.

On the 13th March, a motion was made by Mr Shiel for a copy of the appointment of an Ambassador to St Petersburgh. This led to a discussion relative to the appointment of the Marquis of Londonderry to that office—a step which was almost universally reprobated by the House. It did not escape the animadversion even of Lord Stanley, though he seems in general inclined to support the Tories. It was with the greatest difficulty that Sir Robert Peel could be brought to give a distinct answer to the question by Sir John Hobhouse, whether he, as Prime Minister, intended to persevere in this appointment; but at last he answered, that, notwithstanding the speeches of that night, he was not prepared to advise the Crown to cancel the appointment. Mr Hume's motion for limiting

the supplies for three months, which stood for the 13th March, was withdrawn by him, on the ground that, as the Ministry had considered neither the vote on the Speakership nor that on the Address a test of a want of confidence, neither would the voting of the supplies for three months only, be viewed in that light. He therefore withdrew the motion, in order to bring forward, at the first fit and proper moment, another, shewing decisively that the House has no confidence in Ministers. Colonel Leith Hay, in moving for a copy of a despatch to the Governor of British Guiana, from the Colonial Office, dated 29th November 1834, observed, that his object in moving for this document, was to demonstrate the mischievous effects of the concentration of great offices of the State in one person; and gave notice that, on the production of the despatch, he would make such a motion as would bring that great Constitutional question before the House in a proper form. We are glad that the unprecedented assumption of power by the Duke of Wellington, after the dismissal of the Melbourne Cabinet, is not to pass over unnoticed in Parliament.

ENGLAND.

The Reformers of the metropolis have established a Club for the purpose of effecting various improvements on the register of the electors for the city of London; to watch the progress of every new registration, in order to defeat fraudulent claims, and to prevent the omission of the names of persons entitled to vote; to obtain correct information regarding the intellectual, moral, and political character of candidates: and to secure various other objects connected with the proper exercise of the elective franchise. Each member pays a sum of not less than ten shillings annually. We earnestly hope that this example will be extensively imitated throughout the country. The Tories are exerting every nerve to reassert their baleful dominion; and unless they are met with equal energy, the victory will be theirs.

Lord Brougham.—At a meeting of the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution, his Lordship thus alluded to his secret services in promoting the diffusion of knowledge:—"If I have done some public service with my name, I have accomplished much more privately, and in a manner that no one knows, in periods stolen from my professional avocations. Not a thousandth part of what I have written upon subjects calculated to be of public benefit, is known or supposed to be mine. Ten or twelve years ago, I wrote courses of lectures which were then delivered, and are now delivering over the country, but which were anonymous; and the author was known but to one individual, the person who directed their distribution. People may work in a good cause for the love of employment; they may be actuated by enthusiasm: but it does not follow that the motive is a selfish one. I merely state this, in consequence of the allusion that has been made to the expense of lectures, and to shew the possibility of my being able to lecture anonymously perhaps for the next twenty-five years."

Thames Tunnel.—The late government advanced £247,000 in Exchequer bills, a sum sufficient, in the opinion of the engineer, to complete the Tunnel. Operations have, accordingly, been recommenced; the part which has been completed remaining in a safe and secure state.

Window Duties.—Several meetings have been held in London for the purpose of obtaining a repeal of this tax. A deputation from Westminster waited on Sir Robert Peel, to learn the intentions of Government, but he declined to say anything on the subject.

Sir Francis Burdett.—Old Glory has been for some time in expectation of a Peerage; to accomplish which object, it is necessary to be in favour with the powers that be. While the Whigs were in power, he was a zealous Whig: but the moment they were dismissed, he gave unequivocal symptoms of ratting, so that his constituents have no right to complain that he is doing all he dares to assist the Tories. Several deputations of his constituents have waited on him to remonstrate with him on his conduct; but his promises of amendment are vague and unsatisfactory He has been too much at Court of late to be depended on.

Expense of Law.—In the appeal, Small v. Attwood, Mr Sergeant Wilde has been retained by the defendant, in consequence of the elevation of Sir Edward Sugden to the bench. Mr Wilde has received a fee of four thousand guineas. Mr Knight, who is for the plaintiff, has received a fee of £2000.

The Conservatives are forming electioneering clubs in all parts of the country. At a late meeting of the South Lancashire Conservative Association, nearly two hundred new members were enrolled, and measures were adopted for the erection of a spacious building for the meetings of the Association. A society has also been formed in Leeds, termed the "Operative Conservative Society." This is probably an engine for bribery.

The Methodists of Leeds have scarcely completed a new chapel, which cost them £4500, every shilling of which is subscribed, when they have undertaken the erection of another. The Dissenters of the Independent persuasion are also erecting a handsome chapel in the same town.

Flogging.—A commission has been appointed by Government to ascertain whether any substitute can be devised for this brutal punishment. The Tories take the merit of this, but Mr Ellice had began it.

SCOTLAND.

Since the Voluntary Churchmen have become so active, much alarm has been given to the adherents of the Establishment; who, finding themselves unable to cope with the Dissenters in the open field, have had recourse to stratagem to overcome their opponents. The established clergy are well aware, that their dissenting brethren derive their stipends solely from the rents of the seats in their churches, and from this source also is the expense of building the churches themselves ultimately defrayed. If, therefore, the revenue derived from seat-rents be materially diminished, a serious blow would be given to the Dissenters. With this view, the established clergy have set about raising subscriptions, and have made applications to Government for funds to erect numerous chapels in connexion with the Establishment; the object in view being, by letting the seats at a very low price, to withdraw part of their congregations from the Dissenters, and thereby diminish the only sources of ecclesiastical revenue they possess. The ostensible motive, (affording additional accommodation to the poorer classes of society, held out by them,) and even inserted in the King's speech, is a downright pretence. Wherever a proper investigation has been made, it has been found that, instead of there being a deficiency, there is a superabundance of church accommodation for all classes, and more especially for the poorer. Thus, it appears, from a minute and careful inquiry by the Town Council of Edinburgh, that, on the 20th February last, in the thirteen churches of the city of Edinburgh, there were let, (exclusive of 416 set apart for hospitals, and 1000 for schools, Sessions, Judges, and Magistrates,) only 9290 seats, while there were 5009 unlet; and that the decrease in the number of seats let as compared with 1830, was 501. The proportion of unlet seats to the let varies from two to no less than ninety-two per cent. Of the lowest sittings, no less than eighty-eight per cent. are unlet; of the highest, only two per cent. Of the seats of ten shillings and upwards, only sixteen per cent. are unlet; of those under ten shillings, sixty-eight per cent. are unlet. Of the whole population of the Old Town, being 27,036 in 1831, only 715, or one in forty—of the population of the New Town, being 28,196, 4791, or one in six, have seats in the Established Churches. How is it possible to pretend that there is not enough of church accommodation in Edinburgh, while one-third of the whole seats, and greatly more than the half of the low-priced seats are empty? Yet petitions are handing about from door to door for signatures, praying the legislature to grant a sum of money for additional church accommodation!

Nothing can be more unfair than the manner in which the Established Clergy attempt to make out that there is a deficiency of church accommodation. They entirely overlook the chapels of Dissenters of all kinds, including even Episcopalians, Catholics, and Jews. Thus, in Glas-

gow, the population of which is 202,000, it is asserted, that while there ought to be church accommodation for 97,500, there is only accommodation for 26,000. But, in the first place, there are in reality sittings for 31,000, and the churches of the Dissenters furnish accommodation for 48,000. Farther, there are not fewer than 7000 or 8000 seats in the Established Churches unlet. What, therefore, would be the use of more churches? Is it imagined that any of the Episcopalians, Catholics, or Jews, would become Presbyterians? No; but it is imagined that some of the Dissenters might be induced, by the offer of cheap seats, to withdraw from the churches they presently attend, and that thus the established clergy would weaken the Dissenters.

EDINBURGH CLERGY.—The Town Council have offered the Clergy of Edinburgh stipends of £500 a-year, more than double what almost any of their brethren in the country receive. In Glasgow, certainly as expensive a place of residence as Edinburgh, the city Clergy have only £420, yet our Edinburgh Clergy will not accept of less than £600 a-year, or the whole produce of an annuity tax at five per cent.! Were they to be allowed the latter, the inhabitants would soon find it more oppressive than the present tax at six per cent., as the Clergy would lay it on the rack rent, and thus raise from it much more than £600 a-year.

MR PETER M'KENZIE has been presented, by a number of the liberals of Glasgow, with an elegant silver snuff-box, containing sixty-three sovereigns, and bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to Peter M'Kenzie, Esq., by a few of his fellow-citizens, as a mark of esteem for his efforts in exposing Richmond and the Spy System. Glasgow, 1835."

INVERNESS ELECTION.—A petition has been presented by Macleod of Macleod against Mr Charles Grant's return, on the ground of several of his voters not being duly qualified.

THE CONTINENT.

A change has taken place in the French Ministry. Marshal Mortier has resigned the presidency, and the Duc de Broglie has been appointed in his stead. Marshal Maison, at present ambassador at St Petersburgh, has been named Minister of War, and the other Ministers have not moved. The Ministers have been much annoyed by the Chamber of Deputies having agreed, by a majority of 241 to 140, to refer to the consideration of a committee, consisting of seven Opposition and two Ministerial Members, the question of continuing the monopoly of the tobacco manufacture to the government.

The Emperor Francis of Austria died at Vienna on the 2d March. He is succeeded by his son Ferdinand, styled King of Hungary during his father's lifetime. It was supposed that there would be a change of policy on the Emperor's death; but Metternich is continued in office, and the new Emperor has assured him that nothing will be altered.

The British Ministry, it is reported, have offered their mediation for the settlement of the claims of Don Carlos and the Queen of Spain; but the Liberals have rejected the offer. There seems no prospect of a speedy termination of hostilities.

The British Fleet in the Mediterranean, consisting of six ships of the line, three frigates, and four smaller vessels, has put to sea from Malta. The cause is not known. The Duke of Wellington stated in the House of Peers, that there is no reason to apprehend any uneasiness from the Russians.

Lord Napier died at Macao on the 11th October. The Chinese authorities at Canton forced him to leave that city, by prohibiting the natives from supplying him with necessaries. The trade, immediately after Lord Napier's death, is said to have been re-opened.

The dispute between France and the United States of America is still unsettled. The committee of the House of Representatives, as well as that of the Senate of the United States, have resolved to withhold their report on the question of the indemnity, until they ascertain the decision of the French Chambers on the subject. The tone of the American House of Representatives is rather hostile towards France. Mr John Quincy Adams has declared that there is no longer any reasonable ground to expect that France will render the American claimants justice; and it appears, by letters from Mr Livingston, the American ambassador at Paris, that he has little hope of obtaining the money.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

The Factory Act must be amended without delay, as the manufacturers find it impossible to comply with its provisions. It is now unlawful to work any child under twelve years of age more than eight hours a-day, in any woollen, worsted, flax, or cotton mill. The consequence of this provision has, in some instances, been to prevent the employment of such children altogether; as it is found impossible to work with relays of children, or to provide for their education, in terms of the act. It is the general opinion, that the present restriction, as to employing children, must be taken off, and the prohibition restricted to employing children under ten years of age more than eleven hours a-day.

The woollen cloth trade at Leeds continues brisk. There is a fair demand for wool, but the prices continue stationary. The linen weavers at Barnsley are all employed. At Bury, the blanket trade is brisk, and in that neighbourhood several new cotton factories are about to be built. At Nottingham, the demand for stockings and lace continues steady. In that county there are not less than 13,000 men engaged in these branches of manufacture.

AGRICULTURE.—The weather having of late been cold, moist, and changeable, the young wheat has lost its hold on soft land, and is on other soils looking sickly; but as the stock of wheat is considerable, there is little chance of a rise for some time. Wheat was never, it is believed, so low in price, in proportion to other kinds of grain, as at present. The Gazette average for the week ending March 6, was, wheat, 39s. 10d.; barley, 32s. 1d.; oats, 32s. 5d.; beans, 36s. 1d.; peas, 36s. 9d. If we contrast these prices with the average of the five years ending with 1824, we will be struck with the difference:—Wheat, 57s. 2d.; barley, 29s. 11d.; oats, 22s.; beans, 34s. 4d.; peas, 36s. 1d. Thus, while wheat has fallen 17s. 4d. a quarter, all the other kinds of grain are now dearer than on the average of the above five years. The price of wheat has indeed fallen continually since December 1830. It was then 66s. 6d.; the average of 1831, 61s. 8d.; of 1832, 55s. 2d.; of 1833, 48s. 5d.; of 1834, 41s. 1d. We have seen no attempt to account for this singular circumstance.

Wheat has often been double the price of barley, and has not been so low as it is at present since the year 1779, when it was £1 : 16 : 1 per quarter. At the present relative prices of grain, we are strongly inclined to think that, when the superior nutritive qualities are taken into consideration, flour is a cheaper article of food than either oat meal or barley meal.

The feeding of cattle has not, in any respect, remunerated the farmer; and the feeding of sheep has been still a worse business, the prices at which they were bought having, in some instances, not been realized.

HORSE MARKETS.—At Dumfries Fair, on the 18th of February, there was a brisk demand. For the best harness and saddle horses, £35 to £55 were obtained, and for a few of very superior description, considerably more was realized. Draught horses brought from £27 to £35; and some a much higher price—from £40 to £45. At Mauchline Fair, prices for fresh country horses ran from £18 to £30; few, however, being sold for more than £25.

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